18996/c

Original edition of this
translation of Cowley's
'Six libri Plantarum'

—

Not mentioned by Lowndes

[redacted]

# The Third Part
# OF THE
# WORKS
# OF
# Mr Abraham Cowley,

BEING

## His Six Books of Plants,

Never before Printed in Engliſh:

Viz. { The *Firſt* and *Second* of HERBS.
The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

*Now made* Engliſh *by ſeveral Hands.*

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*With a Neceſſary* INDEX.

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**Licenſed and Entered.**

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*LONDON:*
Printed for *Charles Harper*, at the *Flower-de-luce* over
againſt S. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1689.

17091

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## To his GRACE
# CHARLES
## Duke of
# SOMERSET.

My LORD,

*I Dare appeal to that Learned Univerſity, that at preſent enjoys the Honor of being under Your Graces Patronage, to juſtifie me in preſenting theſe Remains of their ever Celebrated* COWLEY *to your Graces Protection. I have long had the Ambition of Addreſſing ſome part of my Endeavours to your Grace, that might come recommended to a following Age, by being devoted to a Patron that was the Glory and Ornament of his* own. *But while I deſpair'd of performing what could merit Encouragement from a*

Perſon of your Graces Worth and Honor, I was obliged to Fortune for this Opportunity of gratifying my Wiſhes in a way that renders my Application a juſt Homage and Duty, that otherwiſe had been Preſumption. The beſt Products of my Invention muſt have proved too mean an Offering for your Graces Acceptance: But coming embarqu'd in COWLEY'S rich Bottom, laden with the Treaſures of his Divine Fancy, I can with the more aſſurance approach your Altar. The Author ſufficiently obliged the World with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the Tranſlation here attempted, I muſt leave others to determine; but am certain, that if he had lik'd the Undertaking, he would conſequently have allowed me in aſcribing this Verſion to the Illuſtrious Duke of SOMERSET. I dare not attempt your Graces Character which would have been a proportioned Task for the mighty Genius of COWLEY himſelf; I will only preſume to ſay (and have all Mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accompliſh'd with all thoſe noble Qualifications which his elevated Muſe would have choſen to celebrate. Virtue and Honor were the Themes he delighted in, and would have been tranſported to have ſeen in his own Age and Climate an Example that might compare with the moſt noble of the Ancient Romans. Beſides the Advantages of Birth and Quality, your Grace is endow'd with ſuch greatneſs of Soul, ſuch Piety of Mind, ſuch Generoſity of Temper, with all thoſe Charms of condeſcending Goodneſs and Courteſie,

*teſie, as have even in your blooming Years procur'd you an univerſal Love and Admiration. It is upon theſe Accounts that the Muſes claim a ſhare in your Favour. It has in all times been the Province of the moſt worthy to patronize Wit and Learning.*

Carmen amat quiſquis carmine dignus.

*It is from thence I am encouraged ( at leaſt, in behalf of my Fellow-Undertakers ) to entitle your Grace to the Verſion of this Latin Volumn, which we hope is not ſo much diſpirited by the Transfuſion, but that a modeſt Cenſure may in a manner allow it to be* COWLEY's *ſtill. Could we have done him that Right which he performed to the beſt of the Latin Poets, it might confidently take Sanctuary under your Graces Name. However I may conclude my ſelf ſafer in this Tranſlation than in any Original which I was capable of deſigning. I propoſed in ſetting forward this Work, that every Engliſh Man, as far as was poſſible, ſhould be maſter of their beloved* COWLEY *entire; and hope your Grace will approve my Zeal, if not the performance: At leaſt, I will have recourſe to that Indulgence you never fail of extending to your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of ſubſcribing my ſelf, with all ſincerity,*

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

*N. Tate.*

# TO THE
# READER.

BEing obliged before we ſpeak of this Tranſlation, to give ſome prefatory Account of the Original; it will be neceſſary to reſume what has been delivered on that Subject by the incomparable Dr. *Spratt*, the preſent Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, in the Account he has given us of the Life and Writings of Mr. COWLEY. Concerning theſe Six Books of Plants, he has thus expreſs'd his Sentiments with that ſtrength of Judgment and freedom of Ingenuity which was requiſite.

"The occaſion (ſays he) of his chooſing the Subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this: When he returned into *England*, he was adviſed to diſſemble the main intention of his coming over, under the diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſetled Profeſſion. And that of Phyſick was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſections, he proceeded to the conſideration of Simples; and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants, of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he preſently digeſted it into that form which we behold.

The two firſt Books treat of Herbs, in a Style reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the Verſe; but excelling them in the ſtrength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Sence. The third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horace*'s Numbers; for the laſt of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the ſtately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar eaſineſs of his Epiſtles and Speeches. The two laſt ſpeak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*: Of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honor of his Country. For making the *Britiſh* Oak to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Foreſt Trees, upon that occaſion he enlarges on the Hiſtory of our late Troubles, the King's Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* Wars; and manages all in a Style, that (to ſay all in a word) is equal to the Valor and Greatneſs of the *Engliſh* Nation.——

This was as much as could be expected in a tranſient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Eſſay. As the nature of the Subject has ſometimes furniſh'd our Author with great and beautiful occaſions of Wit and Poetry, ſo it muſt be confeſs'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He muſt ſo frequently deſcend to ſuch minute Deſcriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which adminiſter ſo feeble occaſions for Thought, and unfurniſhed of Variety, that ſince the enumerations are no where tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it muſt be wholly aſcribed to the Faculty of the Artiſt, with a *Materiem ſuperavit Opus.*

This wonderful Performance put me on a conſideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could poſſibly effect it: I was ſenſible that the ſmalleſt Subjects were capable of ſome Ornament in the hands of a good Poet,

*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria, ſiquem*
*Numina læva ſinant auditque vocatus Apollo.*

This was actually hinted by *Virgil* when he came to his Deſcription of Bees, to raiſe the credit of his own Performance; whereas thoſe Manners, Politicks, and Battels with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the moſt part true in Fact, and the reſt lay obvious to

Invention ; but our Author was oblig'd to animate his ſilent Tribe of Plants, to inſpire them with Motion and Diſcourſe, in order to lighten his Deſcriptions with Story : But where he is confin'd to the deſcriptive part it ſelf, where he is to regiſter them ſtanding mute in their Beds, diveſted of that imaginary Life which might beautifie the Work, *Hic labor*, *hoc opus*, it is there it ſeems worth our while to obſerve the ſagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Inſtances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat of in their own naked Nature, and ſimply conſider'd, could afford but ſlender Matter ; yet that many things were greater in their Circumſtances than they are in themſelves : Accordingly he has moſt nicely faſtened upon each minute Circumſtance of the places where his Plants and Herbs delight to ſpring, the Seaſons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or ſhort Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring ; all which he has managed with ſuch dexterity of Fancy and unexhauſted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dreſs'd and ſet them out) appears with a different Aſpect and peculiar Beauty : The very agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of their Names to thoſe Diſpoſitions wherewith Nature has indued them, are frequently the ſurprizing and diverting occaſion of his Wit.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, Judgment, that is to ſay, a juſt regard to his Subject is every where conſpicuous, being never carried too remote by the heat of his Imagination and quickneſs of his Apprehenſion. His Invention exerts its utmoſt Faculties, but ſo conſtantly over-rul'd by the Dictates of Senſe, that even thoſe Conceits which are ſo unexpectedly ſtarted, and had lain undiſcover'd by a leſs piercing Wit, are no ſooner brought to light, but they appear the reſult of a genuine Thought, and naturally ariſing from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furniſhing him with diverting Fables relating to ſeveral Plants, which he never ſuffers to eſcape his hands, of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter, but delivers them with ſo new a Grace, ſuch an ingenious connexion and application to his Deſign, that in every one, inſtead of a ſtale Tradition, we have the pleaſure of a Story firſt told.

Having mention'd our Authors Deſign in this Work, we muſt ſpeak ſomething of the Oeconomy thereof, the moſt important part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial caſt and drift, it can never be able to ſupport it ſelf, the boldeſt Efforts of Wit and Fancy being otherwiſe but extravagant Excurſions. This it is that has compleated the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, where each Book is concluded with a ſurpriſing and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall ſhort of him in Contrivance and artificial Periods. For having in his Firſt and Second of theſe Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the Firſt is a promiſcuous Account (not without poetical Starts upon all Occaſions.) The Second is an Aſſembly of ſuch chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are ſerviceable in Generation or Birth: The Scene which he has choſen for calling this Council is the Phyſick Garden at *Oxford*, which having adjuſted Matters for the benefit of the teemingSex, they are not at laſt tumultuouſly diſſolved, but artificially broke up by the approach of the Gardiner, whom our Author fancies to have entered that Morning more early than uſual, to gather ſuch Herbs as he knew would be of aſſiſtance to his Wife who was fallen in Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges thoſe that appear in the Spring, in the Fourth he muſters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are aſſembled before *Flora*, to offer their reſpective Claims for the Precedency; the Goddeſs at laſt being doubtful how to determin amongſt ſuch noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Deciſion, ſhe puts them in mind of the Inſolence of *Tarquin*, the dangerous Conſequences of a ſingle and arbitrary Principality; that ſhe was a *Roman* Deity, and they themſelves were Flowers of a *Roman* Breed; ſhe therefore adviſes them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and reſolve themſelves into a Common-Wealth of Plants, where the Preferments or Offices being annual and ſucceſſive, there would be room left to gratifie their ſeveral Merits. Here we ſee the utmoſt force of Judgment and Invention in moſt happy Conjunction, what more beautiful Caſt or Turn could the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where can we ſee the Drama it ſelf wind up with a more artificial cloſe. In his Fifth Book, the Competition is between the Trees of the *American* World and ours. *Pomona* ſeated in one of the fortunate Iſlands between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is aſſembled before; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Indian* Plants, yet unwilling to determin for the Savage Climate, prevents the Deciſion by a quarrel between *Omelichilus* the *Indian Bacchus*, and the *European*: The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage. When *Apollo* diſarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Muſick, which is ſo beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have reſted ſatisfied with the Diſcovery. Our Author purſues his Advantage, and beſides the Conqueſt of his Harp, puts a Song into *Apollo*'s Mouth, and faſtens upon the moſt noble as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford, of *Columbus* his Diſcovery of *America*. The drift of his laſt Book, which yet ſeems to top upon the reſt, is deſcribed to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judge if *Virgil* himſelf has better deſigned for the Glory of *Rome* and *Auguſt*, than *Cowley* for his Country and the Monarch of his time.

As for the Tranſlation we have here preſented, I fear I ſhall be thought too much a Party to ſpeak with any great Freedom: I will only preſume to ſay, that if the Reader conſiders the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Verſion altogether unworthy of the Original: He that takes the pains to compare them, will at leaſt find a juſtneſs to the Authors Senſe, and I hope that the performance of the reſt that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only ſupport their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Defects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diverſion I propoſed, it is all that is expected by

*Your Humble Servant,*

N. TATE.

## THE

# Author's Preface

## To his Two firſt Books of

# PLANTS,

## Publiſhed before the reſt.

*Conſidering the incredible Veneration which the beſt Poets always had for Gardens, Fields, and Woods, inſomuch that in all other Subjects they ſeem'd to be baniſhed from the Muſes Territories, I wondered what evil Planet was ſo malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inſpired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular, beſides its pleaſant Hiſtory (the extent whereof every body, or to ſpeak more truly, no body, can ſufficiently underſtand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Phyſick: From whence I am induced to believe, that thoſe great Men did not ſo much think them improper Subjects of Poetry, as diſcouraged by the greatneſs and almoſt inexplicable Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a Work which they deſpaired of finiſhing. I therefore who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and ſcarce ſufficient to expreſs the Virtues of the vile Sea Weed, attempt that Work which thoſe Giants declaim'd: Yet wherefore ſhould I not attempt? Foraſmuch as they diſdained to take up with leſs than comprehending the whole; and I am proud of conquering ſome part. I ſhall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of ſome Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inſcribed upon a few Flowers. You muſt not therefore expect to find ſo many Herbs collected for this Fardle, as ſometimes go to the compounding of one ſingle Medicine. Theſe Two little Books are therefore offer'd as ſmall Pills made up of ſundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightneſs of Stile; in the choice whereof I have not much* *labour'd, but took them as they came to Hand, there being none amongſt them which contain'd not plenty of Juice, if it were drawn out according to Art, none ſo inſipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extracted. The Method which I judged moſt genuine and proper for this Work, was not to preſs out their Liquor crude in a ſimple enumeration, but as it were in a Lymbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to diſtil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I choſen to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a diſguſt for want of Variety; I rather connected thoſe of the moſt different Qualities, that their contrary Colours, being mixt, might the better ſet off each other.*

*I have added ſhort Notes, not for oſtentation of Learning (whereof there is no occaſion here offered; for what is more eaſie than to turn over one or two Herbaliſts?) but becauſe that beſide Phyſicians (whom I pretend not to inſtruct, but divert) there are few ſo well vers'd in the Hiſtory of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philoſophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to ſuch Perſons I was to ſupply the place of a Lexicon. But for the ſake of the very Plants themſelves, leſt the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that ſhould ſeem not to attribute to them thoſe Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them, (who ſtudies what is beſt to be done, not what is moſt capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feigned thoſe Qualities which would afford the greateſt Matter for Pomp and empty Pleaſure. For, becauſe Poets are ſometimes allowed to make Fictions, and ſome have too exceſſively abuſed that Liberty, Truſt is ſo wholly denied to us, that we may not without heſitation be believed when we ſay,*

> O Laertiade quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.
>
> *Hor. Serm. 25.*

*I was therefore willing to cite proper Witneſſes, that is, ſuch as writ in looſe and free Proſe, which compared with Verſe, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my ſelf with Two of thoſe, (which is the Number required by Law)* Pliny *and* Fernelius *I have chiefly made choice of, the firſt being an Author of unqueſtion'd Latin, and the latter amongſt the Moderns of the trueſt Sentiments, and no ill Maſter of Expreſſion. If any except againſt the former, as too credulous of the Greekiſh idle Tales, that he may not ſafely be credited, he will find nothing in this Subject mention'd by him, which is not repreſented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, becauſe I have made my Plants to diſcourſe, forthwith (as if he were in* Dodona*'s Grove) to expect Oracles, which, I fear, my Verſes will only reſemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old delivered from their Temples to thoſe who conſulted them.*

*Having given you this Account, if any ſhall light upon this Book who have read my former, publiſhed not long ſince by me in Engliſh, I fear they may take occaſion from thence, of reprehending* *ſome things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my ſelf before I proceed. In the firſt place, I foreſee that I ſhall be accuſed by ſome of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great Subjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have ſtopt through Lazyneſs and Deſpondency, of reaching home, or poſſeſs'd with ſome new frenzy, have ſtarted into ſome other Road, inſomuch, that not only the half (as they ſay) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole performance: Away (they cry) with this Deſultory Writer. Yet with what Spirit, what Voice threatning mighty Matters; he begins*

> Of War and Turns of Fate I ſing.

*Thou ſing of Wars, thou Daſtard, who throweſt away thy Arms ſo ſoon, or betakeſt thy ſelf to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the firſt Charge is ſounded? or if at any time thou adventureſt to engage, it is like the Ancient* Gauls, *making the Onſet with more than the Courage of a Man, and preſently retreating with more than that of the Coward: Whereas, he that has once applyed himſelf to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, ſhould ſtick to it for better for worſe, whether the Matter be grateful and eaſie, or harſh and almoſt intractable, ought neither to quit it for tireſomneſs, nor be diverted by new Loves, nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquiſh, till he has brought it to a concluſion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and ſince I cannot deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examin.*

*In the firſt place therefore, that which is moſt truly aſſerted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is beſt never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die: And if my Eſſays ſhould be carried on to their* Omega. (*to which the Works of* Homer *by a peculiar Felicity were continu'd vigorous*) *there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable is, that they give off ſeaſonably, that is ſuddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tired behind him. Theſe Conſiderations, if I write ill, will excuſe my brevity, though not ſo eaſily excuſe the Undertaking; nor ſhall my Inconſtancy in not finiſhing what I have begun, be ſo much blamed, as my Conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begin, and being like* Fortune, *conſtant in Levity. But if Reader ( as it is my deſire ) we have furniſhed you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part, that we have uſed ſuch moderation, as neither to ſend you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much ſatiety: To this you muſt add, that our Attempts, ſuch as they are, may excite the Induſtry of others who are enabled by a greater genius and ſtrength to undertake the very ſame or more noble Subjects. As* Ageſilaus *of old, who thought he made no great progreſs into* Aſia, *yet being the firſt in that Adventure, he opened the way to* Alexander *for a glorious and entire Conqueſt. Laſtly ( to confeſs* *to thee as a Friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee ) I thus employed my ſelf, not ſo much out of Counſel as the Fury of my Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diverſion of my Troubles; therefore through a weariſomneſs of humane Affairs to theſe more pleaſing Selaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Cuſtom and Nature) my ſick Mind betakes it ſelf; and not long after from an irkſomneſs of the ſelf ſame things, it changes its courſe and turns off to ſome other Theme. But they preſs more dangerouſly upon, and as it were ſtab me with my own Weapon, who bring thoſe things to my mind, which I have declaimed ſo vehemently againſt, the uſe of exolete and interpolated repetitions of old Fables in Poetry, when Truth it ſelf in the ſacred Books of God and awful Regiſters of the Church has laid open a new more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exerciſed upon.*

*When thou thy ſelf (ſay they) haſt thus declared with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy* Davideis *for others to imitate; doſt thou, like an Apoſtate Jew loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of Egypt? After the appearance of Chriſt himſelf in thy Verſe, and impoſing ſilence on the Oracles of Demons, ſhall we again hear the voice of* Apollo *from thy profane Tripod? After the Reſtauration of* Sion, *and the Purgation of it from Monſters, ſhall it be again poſſeſſed by the drery Ghoſts of antiquated Deities. And what the Prophet threatned as the extremity of Evils; Your Muſe is in this no leſs an Object of Shame and Pity, than if* Magdalen *ſhould backſlide again to the Brothel. Behold how the juſt Puniſhment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it: The very lowneſs of your Subject has retrenched your Wings. You are faſtned to the ground with your Herbs, and cannot ſoar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your halting than at your fabulous* Vulcan, *when he had fallen from the Skies.*

*A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the firſt ſight; but I eſteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far diſtant from a ſacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of ſeveral Plants; therefore amongſt other things of a more noble ſtrain, the Divine Poet upon that account praiſes the Deity,* VVho brings forth graſs upon the mountains, and herbs for the uſe of man. *Pſal.* cxli. 8. *Nor do I think the Liberty immodeſt, where I introduce Plants ſpeaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it ſelf does ſpeak, as to intelligent Beings:* Bleſs the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth, praiſe and exalt him for ever. *Dan.* iii. 53. Apocr. *Thoſe Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor deſire to be ſo. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and fabulous Transformations are ſometimes intermixt, the Matter it ſelf compell'd me againſt my Will, being no other way capable of embelliſhment, and it is well if by that means they are ſo. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dreſs and living Colours of Truth; yet in ſome Perſons, and on ſome Occaſions it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not miſbecome a*

*King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. You are not therefore to expect in a Work of this nature the Majeſty of an Heroick Style (which I never found any Plant to ſpeak in) for, I propoſe not here to fly, but only to make ſome Walks in my Garden, partly for Health's ſake, and partly for Recreation.*

*There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps ſo eaſily be ſolved. I had ſome time ſince been reſolved in my ſelf to write no more Verſes, and made thereof ſuch publick and ſolemn proteſtation, as almoſt amounts to an Oath:*

Si quidem hercle poſſim nil prius, neque fortius.
*Eunuch. Scen.* 1.

*When behold I have ſet in anew. Concerning which matter, becauſe I remember my ſelf to have formerly given an account in Metre: I am willing (and* Martial *affirms it to be a Poets Right) to cloſe my Epiſtle therewith; they were written to a learned and moſt ingenious Friend who laboured under the very ſame Diſtemper, though not with the ſame dangerous Symptoms.*

More Poetry? You'll cry, doſt thou return,
Fond Man, to the Diſeaſe thou haſt forſworn,
'T'as reach'd thy Marrow, ſeiz'd thy inmoſt Senſe,
And Force nor Reaſon cannot draw it thence:
Think'ſt thou that Heaven thy Liberty allows,
And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows;
Forbear my Friend to wound with ſharp Diſcourſe
A wretched Man that feels too much Remorſe.
Fate drags me on againſt my Will, in vain
I ſtruggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.
Thrice I took Hellebore, and muſt confeſs,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of my Diſeaſe.
But the Moons Power to which all Herbs muſt yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field.
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,
And in one Morn three hundred Rhymes let fall;
Which in the Tranſport of my Frentick Fit,
I throw like Stones at the next Man I meet:
E'en thee my Friend, *Apollo*-like, I wound,
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow reſound.
What Methods canſt thou ſtudy to reclaim,
Whom, nor his own nor publick Griefs can tame.
Who in all Seaſons keep my chirping Strein,
A Graſhopper that ſings in Froſt and Rain.
Like her whom Boys and Youths and Elders knew,
I ſee the Path my Judgment ſhou'd purſue,
But what can naked I, 'gainſt armed Nature do?
I'm no *Tydides* who a Power divine
Could overcome; I muſt, I muſt reſign.

E'en thou, my Friend, (unleſs I much miſtake)
VVhoſe thundring Sermons make the Pulpit ſhake,
Unfold the Secrets of the VVorld to come,
And bid the trembling Earth expect its doom;
As if *Elias* were come down in Fire,
Yet thou at night doſt to thy Glaſs retire,
Like one of us, and (after moderate Uſe
Of th' *Indian* Fume and *European* Juice,)
Sett'ſt into Rhyme and doſt thy Muſe careſs,
In learn'd Conceits, and harmleſs wantonneſs.
'Tis therefore juſt thou ſhouldſt excuſe thy Friend,
VVho's none of thoſe that trifle without end:
I can be ſerious too when Buſineſs calls,
My Frenzy ſtill has lucid Intervals.

## The Author's EPITAPH upon himſelf, yet alive, but withdrawn from the buſie World to a Country-Life; to be ſuppoſed written on his Houſe.

*Here Paſſenger, beneath this Shed*
*Lies* **COWLEY**, *though entomb'd, not dead;*
*Yet freed from human Toil and Strife,*
*And all th' Impertinence of Life;*
*Who in his Poverty is neat,*
*And even in Retirement, Great.*
*With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he*
*Holds endleſs War and Enmity.*
*Can you not ſay he has reſign'd*
*His breath, to this ſmall Cell confin'd?*
*With this ſmall Manſion let him have*
*The Reſt and Silence of the Grave:*
*Strew Roſes here as on his Hearſe,*
*And reckon this his funeral Verſe:*
*With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn*
*The yet ſurviving Poet's Urn.*

THE

# The EPITAPH in the Frontiſpiece of this Book tranſcrib'd from the Author's Tomb in WESTMINSTER-ABBY, attempted in Engliſh.

Here under lies

**ABRAHAM COWLEY,**

The *Pindar*, *Horace*, and the *Virgil*

Of the Engliſh Nation.

*WHile through the World thy Labors ſhine*
*Bright as thy ſelf, thou Bard divine;*
*Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be*
*A Partner with Eternity.*

*Here in ſoft Peace for ever reſt,*
*(Soft as the Love that fill'd thy Breaſt:)*
*Let hoary Faith around thy Urn,*
*And all the watchful Muſes mourn.*

*For ever ſacred be this Room,*
*May no rude Hand diſturb thy Tomb;*
*Or ſacrilegious Rage and Luſt*
*Affront thy venerable Duſt.*

*Sweet* COWLEY*'s Duſt let none profane;*
*Here may it undiſturb'd remain:*
*Eternity not take, but give,*
*And make this Stone for ever live.*

THE

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## The Tranſlation of Mr. COWLEY's Six Books of PLANTS.

*Book* I. *and* II. *Of* Herbs, *by* J. O. *Pag.* 1. 33.
III. *Of* Flowers, *by* C. Cleve. 60.
IV. *Of* Flowers, *by* N. Tate. 83.
V. *Of* Trees, *by* N. Tate. 105.
VI. *Of* Trees, *by Mrs.* A. Behn. 131.

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## ERRATA

### In the Fourth and Fifth Books.

### BOOK IV.

PAge 83. line 11. read *Howing*. p. 85. l. 10. r. *Fennel-flower*. p. 87. l. 2. r. *gratifie*. p. 97. l. 10. r. *followed*. *ibid.* l. 25. r. *harm*.

### BOOK V.

Page 106. line 12. read *walks*. p. 107. l. 14. r. *ſurely*. p. 109. l. 22. r. *head*. p. 114. l. 3. r. *good*. *ibid.* l. 4. r. *wood*. p. 116. l. 50. r. *may*. p. 122. l. 24. r. *Apples*. *ibid.* l. 48. r. *other's*. p. 123. l. 4. r. *we*. p. 124. l. 39. r. *while*. p. 125. l. 4. r. *wherewith*. p. 126. l. 24. r. *The gods*. p. 127. l. 17. r. *but laughs*. *ibid.* l. 44. r. *Thy skill*.

# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK I.

Lifes loweſt, but far greateſt Sphere, I ſing,
Of all things, that adorn the gawdy Spring:
Such as in Deſerts live, whom, unconfin'd,
None but the ſimple Laws of Nature bind;
And thoſe, who growing tame by human care,
The well-bred Citizens of Gardens are:
Thoſe that aſpire to *Sol*, their Sires bright Face,
Or ſtoop into their Mother Earths embrace:
Such, as drink Streams, or Wells, or thoſe, dry fed,
Who have *Jove* only for their *Ganymede*:
And all, that *Solomon*'s loſt Work of old,
(Ah fatal Loſs!) ſo wiſely did unfold.
Though I the Oaks vivacious Age ſhou'd live,
I ne'r to all their Names in Verſe could give.
Yet I the Riſe of Groves will briefly ſhow
In Verſes, like their Trees, rang'd all a-row.
To which ſome one perhaps new Shades may joyn,
Till mine, at laſt, become a Grove Divine.
Aſſiſt me, *Phœbus!* Wit of Heav'n, whoſe care
So bounteouſly both Plants and Poets ſhare.
Where-e'er thou com'ſt, hurl Light and Heat around,
And with new Life enamel all the Ground;
As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light,
Break through the Bonds of the dead Winters Night:
When thee to * *Colchis* the gilt Ram conveys,
And the warm'd North rejoyces in thy Rays.
Where ſhall I firſt begin? For, with delight
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
My ſelf to ſlaviſh Method I'll not tye,
But, like the Bee, where-e'er I pleaſe, will flie;
Where I the glorious hopes of Honey ſee,
Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me.

* When the Sun enters *Aries*, i. e. in *March*. *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the Black Sea, whence the Ram with the Golden Fleece was ſaid to have been tranſlated into a Conſtellation.

Here no fine Garden Emblems ſhall reſide,
In well-made Beds to proſtitute their Pride:
But we rich Nature, who her Gifts beſtows,
Unlimited (nor the vaſt Treaſure knows)
And various plenty of the pathleſs Woods
Will follow; Poor Men only count their Goods.
Do thou, bright *Phœbus!* guide me luckily
To the firſt Plant by ſome kind Augury.
The Omen's good; ſo, we may hope the beſt,
The Gods mild Looks our grand Deſign have bleſt.
For thou kind *Bet'ny!* art the firſt we ſee,
And opportunely com'ſt, dear Plant! for me;
For me, becauſe the Brain thou doſt protect,
See, if y'are wiſe, my Brain you don't neglect.
For it concerns you, that in Health *that* be,
I ſing thy Siſters, Betony! and thee.
But who, beſt Plant! can praiſe thee to thy merit,
Or number the Perfections you inherit?
The Trees, he, in th' *Hercynian* Woods as well,
Or Roſes, that in *Pæſtum* grow, may tell.
† *Muſa* at large, they ſay, thy Praiſes writ,
But, I ſuppoſe, did part of them omit.
*Cæſar* his Triumphs wou'd recount; do thou,
Greater than he a Conquereſs! do ſo now.

† *Antonius Muſa*, Phyſician to *Auguſtus*.

## BETONY.

TO know my Virtues briefly, you in vain
Deſire, all which this whole Book can't contain.
O'er all the World of Man great I preſide,
Where-e'er red Streams through milky Medows glide;
O'er all you ſee throughout the Body ſpread,
Between the diſtant Poles of Heel and Head.
But in the * Head my chief Dominions are,
The Soul commits her Palace to my Care.
I all the Corners purge, refreſh, ſecure,
Nor let it be, for want of Light, obſcure.
That Soul, that came from Heav'n, which Stars adorn,
Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born,
Alas! to what a frail Apartment now,
And ruinated Cottage does ſhe bow!
Her very Manſion to Infection turns,
And in the Place, wherein ſhe lives, ſhe burns.
When Falling-Sickneſs thunder-ſtrikes the Brain,
Oft Men, like Victims, fall, as Thunder-ſlain.
Oft does the Head with a ſwift Whimſie reel,
And the Soul's turn'd, as on *Ixion*'s Wheel.
Oft pains i'th' Head an Anvil ſeem to beat,
And like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with heat.

Betony is hot and dry in the ſecond degree. Wine or Vinegar impregnated with it, is excellent for the Stomack and Sight. The Smell of it alone refreſhes the Brain. Tis an Italian Proverb. *He has as many Virtues as Betony*. i. e. innumerable.

Some parts the Palſie oft of Senſe deprives *Fernel.*
And Motion, (ſtrange effect!) one ſide ſurvives
The other. This *Mezentius* fury quite *Virg. Æn.*
Outdoes; in this Diſeaſe dead Limbs unite
With live ones. Some with Lethargy oppreſt
Under Deaths weight ſeem fatally to reſt.
Ah! Life, thou art Deaths Image, but that Thee
In nought reſembles, ſave thy Brevity.
* Vain Phantoms oft the Mind diſtracted keep,
And roving thoughts poſſeſs the place of Sleep.
† Oft when the Nerves for want of Juice grow dry
(That Heavenly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye)
Each feeble Limb as 'twere grows looſe, and quakes,
Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body ſhakes.
Theſe, and all Evils which the Brain infeſt
(For numerous, ſawcy Griefs that part moleſt)
Me *Phœbus* bad, by conſtant War reſtrain;
Saying, my Kingdom (Child!) ſee, you maintain.
And ſtraight he gave me Arms well forg'd from Heav'n,
Like thoſe t'*Æneas* or *Achilles* giv'n.
One wondrous Leaf he wiſely did create
'Gainſt all the Darts of Sickneſs and of Fate,
And into that a Sovereign myſtick Juice,
With ſubtile heat from Heav'n he did infuſe.
'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you beſtow
Such Arms on me, nor ſhall they ruſty grow.
No; from that Crime not the juſt Head alone
Acquits me, but th' inferior Limbs will own,
I'm guiltleſs. ‖ When the Lungs with Phlegm oppreſt
Want Air, to fan the Heart, and cool the Breſt,
A fainty Cough ſtrives to expel the Foe,
But ſeeks the help of powerful Medicines too.
It comes to me, I my aſſiſtance lend,
Open th' obſtructed Pores, and gently ſend
Refreſhment to the Heart. Cool Gales abate
Th'internal Heat, and it grows temperate.
The Quartan Ague its dry Holes forſakes,
As Adders do; Dropſies like Water-Snakes,
With liquid Aliment no longer fed,
By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry Bed.
I loſs of Appetite repair, and heat
The Stomach, to concoct the Food men eat.
Torturing Gripes I in the Guts allay,
And ſend out murmuring Blaſts the backward way.
I waſh the Saffron Jaundice of the Skin,
And eaſe the Kidneys of dire Stones within.
Thick Blood that ſtands in Womens veins I ſoon
Force to flow down, more powerful than the Moon.
But then th' unnatural Floods of Whites ariſe;
Ah me! that common Filth will not ſuffice.

* Betony is drunk as a Remedy againſt Madneſs, *Plin. l.* 26. 11.

† This is according to Dr. *Gliſſon's* Opinion, which ſee in *L. de Anatomia hepatis.* And *Plin. ut ſupra.*

‖ Concerning theſe Diſeaſes help'd by Betony, ſee *Pliny* and *Fernelius.*

See *Plin. l.* 26. 19.

I likewiſe ſtop the Current, when the Blood
Through ſome new Channel ſeeks a purple Flood.
I all the Tumults of the Womb appeaſe,
And to the Head, which that diſturbs, give Eaſe.

*Fernel.*

Womens Conceptions I corroborate,
And let no Births their time anticipate.
But in the ſacred time of Labor I
The careful Midwifes Hands with help ſupply.

* It is every where made uſe of againſt the Gout and Sciatica.

† Betony is ſaid to have ſo great a Virtue againſt Serpents, that if they are incloſed in a circle made thereof, they'll laſh themſelves to death. *Plin. l.* 25. 8.

* The lazy Gout my Virtue ſwiftly ſhuns,
Whilſt from the Joynts with nimble heels it runs.
All Poyſons I expel, that men annoy,
† And baneful Serpents by my Power deſtroy.
My pointed Odor through its marrow flies,
And of a ſecret Wound the Adder dies.
So *Phœbus*, I ſuppoſe, the *Python* ſlew,
And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrew.
From every Limb all kinds of Ach and Pain
I baniſh, never to return again.
The wearied Clown I with new vigor bleſs,
And Pains as pleaſant make as Idleneſs.
Nor do I only Lifes Fatigue relieve,
But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.
I make the colour of the Blood more bright,

‖ It has a particular faculty to amend the dead colour of the skin, and to render it vivid and clear. *Id. l.* 26. 11.

‖ And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White.
*Spain* in her happy Woods firſt gave me Birth,
Then kindly baniſh'd me o'er all the Earth;
Nor gain'd ſhe greater Honor when ſhe bore
*Trajan* to rule the World, and to reſtore
*Romes* Joys. 'Tis true, he juſtly might compare
With my Deſerts; his Virtues equal were.
But a good Prince is the ſhort Grant of Fate,
The World's ſoon robb'd of ſuch a vaſt Eſtate.
But of my Bounty Men for ever taſte,
And what he once was I am like to laſt.

## *MAIDEN-HAIR, or VENUS-HAIR.*

† Capillary Plants.

I Being the chief of all the † Hairy State,
Me they have choſen for their Advocate,
To ſpeak on their behalf: Now We, you know,
Among the other Plants make no ſmall ſhow.

* From the likeneſs of their Leaves.

† Alluding to the Name.

And * *Fern* too, far and near which does preſide
O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.
Some † Hairy Comets alſo hence derive,
And Marriages of Stars with Plants contrive.
But we ſuch Kindred do not care to own,
Rather than rude Relations we'll have none.
My Hair of Parentage far better came,
'Tis not for nought, it has Loves gentle Name.

|| Beauty her ſelf my Debtor is, ſhe knows,
And of my Threads Love does his Nets compoſe.
Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay
For wanton Curls, and ſhady Locks, that play
Upon their Shoulders. Friend ! whoe'er thou art,
(If thou'rt in Love ) to me perform thy part,
Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling coils
Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy ſpoils.
For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,
In vain you boaſt of Treaſures lodg'd within.
The Women won't believe you, nor will prize
Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to pleaſe the Eyes.
So I to *Venus* my aſſiſtance lend
(I'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly † Name-ſakes Friend )
Though I am modeſt, and content to go
In ſimple Weeds, that make no gawdy ſhow;
* For I am cloth'd, as when I firſt was born,
No painted Flow'rs my rural Head adorn.
But above all, I'm ſober; I ne'er drink
Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirſt make Rivers ſink.
When *Jove* to Plants begins an Health in ſhow'rs,
And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,
You ſee the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,
When they ought only modeſtly to ſup:
You'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,
Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.
Mean while I bluſh; ſhake from my trembling Leaves
The Drops; and *Jove* my Thanks in drought receives.
But I no Topers envy; for my meen
Is always gay, and my complexion green.
Winter it ſelf does not exhauſt the Juice,
That makes me look ſo verdant and ſo ſpruce.
Yet the Phyſicians ſteep me cruelly
In hateful Water, which I drink and die.
† But I ev'n dead, on Humors operate,
Such force my Aſhes have beyond my Fate.
I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe
Purſue, whilſt they with ſpeed before me flow.
Ten thouſand Maladies down with 'em they
Like Monſters fell, in bracky Waves convey.
For this I might deſerve, above the Air,
An higher place than || *Berenices* Hair;
But if into the Sea the Stars turn round,
Rather than Heav'n it ſelf, I'd chuſe dry ground.

|| The Name it bears, becauſe it tinges the Hair, and is to this purpoſe boil'd in Wine with Parſley-ſeed, and plenty of Oil, which tenders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin. l.* 22. 21.

† Being called in Latin *Capillus Veneris.*

* 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

† It forces Urine, is good againſt the Dropſie, Strangury, &c. Plin.

|| The Wife of *Ptolomy Euergetes*, who having vowed, if her Husband had ſucceſs in his *Aſian* Expedition, that ſhe would cut off and dedicate her Hair: at his Return ſhe did ſo; and on the morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolomy* was highly enraged, till one *Conon*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there made a Conſtellation of ſeven Stars near the *Lion's Tail*; which ſtill bears this Name.

SAGE.

## *SAGE.*

The Virtues of *Sage* are highly celebrated by all Authors; particularly the Writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be conſulted.

SAge! who by many Virtues gain'ſt renown,
Sage! whoſe Deſerts all happy Mortals own.
Since thou, dear Sage! preſerv'ſt the Memory,
I cannot ſure forgetful prove of Thee.
Thee, who || *Mnemoſyne* doſt recreate
Her Daughter Muſes ought to celebrate,
Nor ſhalt thou e'er complain, that they're ingrate.

|| The Memory.

It is hot in the firſt, and dry in the ſecond degree; it is eaſily aſtringent, and ſtays Bleedings. It ſtrengthens the Stomach and Brain; and rowzes a dull Appetite; but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the Nerves, and to oppoſe all Diſeaſes incident unto them. Hence it hath the higheſt reputation among Medicaments for the Memory.

High on a Mount the Souls firm Manſion ſtands,
And with a view the Limbs below commands.
Sure ſome great Architect this Pile deſign'd,
Where all the World is to a Span confin'd.
A mighty throng of Spirits here reſide,
Which to the Soul are very near alli'd.
Here the grand Council's held; hence to and fro
The Spirits ſcout to ſee what News below.
Buſie as Bees, through every part they run,
Thick as the Rays ſtream from the glitt'ring Sun.
Their ſubtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid Journey ſtays.
But with much toil they weary grow, at length
Perpetual Labor tires the greateſt Strength.
Oft too, as they in pains beſtow their hours,
The airy vagrants hoſtile Heat devours.
Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire,
Or burnt by Wine, and drown'd in liquid Fire.
Then Leaden Sleep does on the Senſes ſeize,
And with dull drowzineſs the Vitals freeze.
Cold Floods of dire Diſtempers ſwiftly rowl,
For want of Dams and Fences, o'er the Soul.
Then are the Nerves diſſolv'd, each member quakes,
And the whole ruinated Fabrick ſhakes.
You'd think the Hands fear'd Poyſon in the Cup,
They tremble ſo, and cannot lift it up.
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifeſt what thou canſt do,
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.
The Foe, by cold, and humors ſo inclos'd,
From his chill Throne by thy ſtrong heat's depos'd.
And to the Spirits thou bring'ſt freſh Recruits,
When they are wearied in ſuch long Diſputes.
To Life, whoſe Body was almoſt its Urn,
New Life, (if I may ſay it) does return.

The members by their Nerves are ſteady ty'd,
A Pilot, not the Waves, the Veſſel guide.
You all things fix: Who this for truth wou'd take,
That thy weak Fibres ſuch ſtrong Bonds ſhou'd make?
Looſe Teeth thou faſten'ſt; which, at thy command,
Well riveted in their firm Sockets ſtand.
May that fair, uſeful Bulwark ne'er decay,
Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way!
* Conceptions, Women by thy help retain,
Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.
Ah! Death, don't Life it ſelf anticipate,
Let a Man live, before he meets his Fate.
Thou'rt too ſevere, if, in the very Dock,
Our Ship, before 'tis built, ſtrikes on a Rock.
Of thy Perfections this is but a taſt,
You bring to view things abſent, and what's paſt
Recal; ſuch tracts i'th' mind of things you make,
None can the well form'd Characters miſtake.
And leſt the Colours there ſhou'd fade away,
Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

* *Agrippa* calls It the *holy Herb*, and ſays the Lioneſſes eat It when they are big. See *Heurnius* concerning its Virtues this way.

## *BAUM.*

Hence, Cares! my conſtant, troubleſome Company,
Be gone! * *Meliſſa's* come and ſmiles on me.
Smiling ſhe comes, and courteouſly my Head
With Chaplets binds from every fragrant Bed:
Bidding me ſing of her, and for my ſtrains,
Her ſelf will be the Guerdon of my pains.
My Heat, methinks, is much more lightſome grown,
And I thy influence, kind Plant! muſt own:
Juſtly thy Leaves may repreſent the Heart,
For that, among its Wealth, counts thee a part.
As of Kings Heads Guinies th' impreſſion bear,
That Princely part you in Effigie wear.
All Storms and Clouds you baniſh from the mind,
But leave Serenity and Peace behind.
*Bacchus* himſelf no more revives our Blood,
When he infuſes his hot, purple flood:
When in full Bowls he all our ſorrow drowns,
And flattering hopes with ſhort-liv'd riches crowns.
But thoſe Enjoyments ſome diſturbance bring,
And ſuch delights flow from a muddy Spring.
For *Bacchus* does not kill, but wound the Foe,
Whoſe rage and ſtrength increaſes by the Blow.
But without force or dregs thy pleaſures flow,
Thy Joys no after-claps of Torments know.
Thy Hony, gentle Bawm! no pointed Stings,
Like! † Bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.

* *Baum* is hot and dry in the firſt degree; it is excellent againſt Melancholy, and the Evils ariſing therefrom. It cauſes chearfulneſs, a good digeſtion and a florid colour. The leaves are ſaid, by thoſe who mind Signatures, to reſemble a Heart.

† It is very much loved by the Bees, and is a preſent Remedy againſt the Stings of them and Waſps, &c. *Plin.*

Oh! Heavenly Gift to ſickly human kind,
All Goddeſs, if from care thou freeſt the mind.
All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man ſeiſe:
Whene'er we labor under this Diſeaſe.
Theſe, though in proſp'rous affluence we live,
To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give.
Frail humane Nature its own Poyſon breeds,
And Life it ſelf thy healing Virtue needs.

## SCURVY-GRASS.

A Malady there is, that runs through all
The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.
There is no proper Greek word for the *Scurvy*.
Thrice happy *Greece*, that ſcorns the barbarous Word,
Nor in its Tongue a neater does afford.
Deſtructive Monſter! God ne'er laid a Curſe,
On Man like this, nor could he ſend a worſe.
A Thouſand horrid Shapes the Monſter wears,
Deſcription of the *Scurvy*.
And in as many hands fierce Arms it bears.
This Water-Serpent, in the Belly's bred,
By muddy Fens, and ſulph'rous Moiſtures fed.
Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,
He both from Eaſe and Pain it ſelf proceeds.
Oft from a dying Fever he receives
His Birth, and in the Aſhes of it lives.
Of him juſt born you eaſily may diſpoſe,
Then he's a Dwarf, but ſoon a Giant grows.
That a ſmall Egg ſhould breed a Crocodile,
Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtrength, the wondering *Nile*
Thinks he as much amazed ought to ſtand,
As men, when he o'rflows the drowned Land.
With naſty Humors and dry Salts he's fed,
By ſtinking Wind and Vapours nouriſhed.
Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows
(Though he be Son of ſloth, no ſloth this ſhows)
His Toils no ſooner *Hercules* began;
Monſters now ape that Monſter-murdering Man.
E're he's well born the Limbs he does oppreſs,
And they are tired with very Idleneſs.
They languiſh and deliberating ſtand,
Loth to obey the active Souls command.
Nor does it to your wildred Senſe appear,
Where their pain is, 'cauſe it is every where.
When Men for want of breath can hardly blow,
Nor Purple Streams in azure Channels flow,
Then the bold Enemy ſhews he's too nigh,
One ſo miſchievous cannot hidden lie.
The Teeth drop out, and noiſome grows the Breath,
The man not only ſmells, but looks like Death.

Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within
Beſides unſeemly ſpots upon the skin
His other ſymptoms are; with clouds the mind
He overcaſts, and, fettering the Senſe,
To Life it ſelf makes Living an Offence.

Scurvy-Graſs is reckoned among the Medicines peculiar to this Diſeaſe. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and groſs humours, purges by urine and ſweat, and ſtrengthens the entrails.

This Monſter Nature gave me to ſubdue,
(Such feats with herbs t'accompliſh 'tis not new)
So the fierce Bull and watchful Dragon too
On *Colchis* ſhoar the valiant *Jaſon* ſlew,
But whether thoſe defeated Monſters fell
By virtue of my Juice I cannot tell.
But them he conquer'd and then back he row'd
O'r the proud waves; nor was it only Gold
He got; he brought away a Royal Maid
Beſide (may all Phyſicians ſo be paid.)
The hardneſs of my task my courage fir'd,
A powerful Foe was that I moſt deſir'd.
I love to be commended, I muſt own,
And that my Name in Phyſick-books be ſhown.
I envy them, whom *Galen* deigns to name,
Or old *Hippocrates*, great Sons of Fame.
*Achilles Alexander* envy'd; why,
If he complain'd ſo juſtly, may not I?
When *Grecian* Names did other Plants adorn
And were by them as marks of honour born,
*I grew inglorious on the Britiſh coaſt,
(For *Britain* then no reaſon had to boaſt)
Hapleſs I on the *Gothick* ſhoar did lie,
Nor was the Sea-weed leſs eſteem'd than I.
Now ſure 'tis time, thoſe loſſes were regain'd,
Which in my youth and fame ſo long I have ſuſtain'd.
'Tis time, and ſo they are; Now I am known,
Through all the Univerſe my fame has flown:
Who my deſerts denies, when by my hands
That Tyrant falls, that plagues the *Northern* Lands?
Sing *Io Pæan*; yea thrice *Io* ſing,
And let the *Gothick* ſhoar with Triumphs ring;
That wild Diſeaſe which ſuch diſturbance gave,
Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

* Not but that 'tis by ſome thought to be the Britannica of *Pliny*.

## DODDER.

THou neither leaf nor ſtalk, nor root can'ſt ſhow;
How, in this penſile poſture doſt thou grow?
Thou'rt perfect Magick; and I cannot now
Thoſe things you do, for Miracles allow;
Thoſe wonders, if compar'd to you, are none;
Since you your ſelf are a far greater one.

To make the ſtrength of other Herbs thy prey,
The Huntreſs thou thy ſelf for Nets doſt lay,
Live Riddle! He that would thy myſteries
Unfold, muſt with ſome *Oedipus* adviſe.
No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,
Thou being all Arms muſt them needs ſo infold.
For thee large threads the fatal Siſters ſpin,
But to your work nor woof nor web put in.
Hence 'tis, that you ſo intricately twine
About that plant * Flax which yields ſo long a line.
Oh! Spouſe moſt conſtant to a Plant moſt dear,
Than whom no Couple e'r more loving were.
No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boaſt,
Her kindneſs is th' effect of nought but Luſt.
Another ſhe enjoys; but that her Love
And She are * Two, many diſtinctions prove.
Their ſtrength and leaves are different, and her fruit
Puts all the Difference beyond diſpute.
The likeneſs to the Parent does profeſs,
That She in that is no Adultereſs.
Her root with different juices is ſupply'd,
And She her Maiden name bears though a Bride.
But *Dodder* on her Spouſe depends alone,
And nothing in her ſelf can call her own.
Fed with his juice ſhe on his ſtalk is born,
And thinks his Leaves her head full well adorn.
Whoe'r he be, She loves to take his Name,
And muſt with him be every way the ſame.
*Alceſte* and *Evadne* thus enflam'd
Are, with ſome others, for their paſſion fam'd.
So, *Dodder!* for thy husband *Flax* thoud'ſt die
I gueſs; but may'ſt thou ſpeed more luckily.
This is her living paſſion; but ſhe grows
Still more renown'd for kindneſs, which ſhe ſhows
To mortal Men, when ſhe' as reſign'd her breath;
For She of them is mindful even in Death.
† The Liver and the Spleen moſt faithfully
Of all oppreſſions ſhe does eaſe and free,
Where has ſo ſmall a Plant ſuch ſtrength and ſtore
Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor?
Who'd think the Liver ſhou'd aſſiſtance need,
A noble part, from ſuch a wretched Weed?
Uſe therefore little things; nor take it ill
That Men ſmall things preſerve; for leſs may kill.

* The *Ivy* is always call'd *Ivy*, whatſoever it cleaves to: but this Herb takes the name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom alſo it partakes its Virtues, as *Epithymum*, *Epilinum*, *Epiurtica*, &c.

† Concerning its manifold Virtues, conſult *Heurnius* and *Fernelius*.

## *WORMWOOD.*

’Mong Children I a baneful Weed am thought,
By none but Hags or Fiends deſir'd or ſought.
They think a Doctor is in jeſt, or mad,
If he agrees not, that my juice is bad.
The Women alſo I offend, I know,
Though to my bounteous hands ſo much they owe.
Few Palates do my bitter taſt approve,
How few, alas! are well inform'd by *Jove*!
Sweet things alone they love; but in the end
They find what bitter guſts thoſe ſweets attend.
Long nauſeouſneſs ſucceeds their ſhort-liv'd joys,
And that which ſo much pleas'd the Palate, cloys.
The Palate juſtly ſuffers for the wrong
Sh'as done the Stomach, into which ſo long
All taſteful food ſhe cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
She loaths the Dainties ſhe before admir'd,
A grievous ſtench does from the ſtomach riſe,
And from the mouth *Lernæan* Poiſon flies.
Then they're content to drink my harſher juice,
Which for its bitterneſs they n'er refuſe.
It does not idle in the ſtomach lie,
But, like ſome God, give preſent remedy.
(So the warm Sun my vigour does reſtore,
When he returns and the cold Winter's o'r.)
There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw,
And *Hercules*'s labour undergo.
The Stomach eas'd its Office does repeat,
And with new living fire concocts the meat.
The purple Tincture ſoon it does devour,
Nor does that Chyle the hungry veins o'rpower.
The viſage by degrees freſh Roſes ſtain,
And the perfumed breath grows ſweet again.
The good I do *Venus* herſelf will own,
She, though all ſweets, yet loves not ſweets alone.
She wiſely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different ſtudies are inclin'd,
And every faction does its Author find.
Some *Epicurus*'s ſentiments defend,
And follow pleaſure as their only end.
It is their pride and boaſt ſweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flowry Chaplets wear.
Whilſt others courting rigid *Zeno*'s Sect,
In Virtue fruitful, all things elſe neglect.
They love not pomp, or what delights the ſenſe,
And think all's well, if they give no offence.

*Pliny* ſpends all Chap. 7. l. 27. in enumerating the Virtues of *Wormwood*, and *Fernelius* is large upon it; whom conſult.

It ſtrengthens the Stomach, and purges it of Choler, Wind and Crudities.

And none a greater Stoick is, than I,
The *Stoa*'s Pillars on my Stalk rely.
Let others pleaſe, to profit is my pleaſure,
The Love I ſlowly gain's a laſting treaſure.
In Towns debauch'd he's the beſt Officer,
Who moſt cenſorious is and moſt ſevere;
Such I am; and ſuch you, dear *Cato* ! were.
But I no dire, revengeful paſſion ſhow,
Our Schools in Wiſemen Anger don't allow.
No fault I puniſh more than that which lies
Within my Province; wherefore from my eyes
Choler with haſty ſpeed before me flies.
Aſſoon as Me it in the ſtomach ſpies,
Preparing for a War in Martial guiſe,
Not daring in its lurking holes to ſtay,
It makes a ſwift eſcape the backward way.
I follow him at th' heels, and by the ſcent
Find out which way the noiſom Enemy went.

It is good againſt the Dropſie.

Of Water too I drain the fleſh and bloud,
When Winter threatens a devouring flood.
The *Dutchmen* with leſs skill their Country drain,
And turn the courſe of Waters back again.
Sometimes th' obſtructed Reins too narrow grow,
And the ſalt floods back to their Fountains flow.
Unhappy ſtate! the neighbouring members quake,
And all th' adjacent Country ſeems to ſhake.
Then I begin the Waters thus to chide;
Why, ſluggiſh Waters, do you ſtop your Tide?
Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampires down,
That ſtop the Channel where you once have flown.
I do ſo; ſtraight the Currents wider grow,
And in their uſual banks the Waters flow.
This all the members does rejoice and chear,
Who of a diſmal Deluge ſtood in fear.

And Worms which occaſion'd the Name, *Wormwood*.

Men-eating Worms I from the body ſcare,
And conquering Arms againſt that Plague prepare.
(Voracious Worm! thou wilt moſt certainly
Heir of our bodies be, whene'r we die;
Deferr a while the meal which in the Grave,
Of humane Viands thou e'r long muſt have.)
Thoſe Vermine Infants bowels make their food,
And love to ſuck their fill of tender bloud.
They cannot ſtay till Death ſerves up their feaſt,
But greedily ſnatch up the meat undreſt.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of fleas? ſuch Foes I hate,
So baſely born, ev'n to enumerate,
Such duſt-born, skipping points of life; I ſay,
Whoſe only virtue is, to run away.
My Triumphs to ſuch numbers do amount,
That I the greater ones can hardly count.

To ſuch a bulk the vaſt account does ſwell,
That I ſome Trophies loſe which I ſhould tell.
Oft wandring Death is ſcatter'd through the Skies,
And through the Elements infection flies.
The Earth below is ſick, the Air above,
Slow Rivers prove they're ſickly, whilſt they move.
All things Deaths Arms in cold embraces catch,
Life even the vital Air away doth ſnatch.
To remedy ſuch evils God took care,
Nor me as leaſt of Med'cines did prepare.
Oft too, they ſay, I ( though no Giant neither )
Have born the ſhock of three ſtrong Foes together.
Not without reaſon therefore, or in vain
Did conquering *Rome* my Honour ſo maintain:
The Conqu'ror a Triumphal draught of Me
Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.
Holding the crowned Goblet in his hand
He cry'd aloud, This Cup can health command.
Nor does it, cauſe 'tis bitter, pleaſe me leſs,
My toils were ſo, in which I met ſucceſs.

And uſeful in time of Peſtilence.

Concerning this cuſtom ſee *Pliny, ut ſuprà.*

## *WATER-LILY.*

D'ye ſlight me, 'cauſe a bog my Belly feeds,
And I am found among a crowd of Reeds
I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,
But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
I was a Goddeſs of no mean degree;
But Love alas! depos'd my Deity.
He bad me love, and ſtraight my kindled heart
In *Hercules*'s triumphs bore a part.
I with his Fame, and actions fell in love,
And Limbs, that might become his Father *Jove.*
And by degrees Me a ſtrong impulſe hurl'd,
That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.
To tell you true, that Night I moſt admir'd,
When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd.
Now bluſhing, ſuch deeds hate I, to profeſs;
But 'twas a Night of noble wickedneſs.
He ( to be ſhort ) my honour ſtain'd, and he
Had the firſt flow'r of my Virginity.
But He by's Father *Jove*'s example led
Rambled and cou'd not brook a ſingle bed.
Fierce monſtrous Beaſts and Tyrants, worſe than they,
All o'r the World he ran to ſeek and ſlay.
But He, the Tyrant, for his Guerdon ſtill
A Maid requires, if he a Monſter kill.

*Deianira's* blood is ſaid by *Calepine* to be turn'd into this Herb, after ſhe had kill'd her ſelf with *Hercules* his Club, for grief that ſhe had been the cauſe of his death.

All Womankind to me his Harlots are,
Ev'n Goddeſſes in my ſuſpicion ſhare.
Periſh me; let the Sun this Water dry,
And may I ſcorch'd in this burnt puddle die;
If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,
And thought I ſhew'd her hatred in my own.
(Perhaps, ſaid I, my paſſion he derides,
And I'm the ſcorn of all his virtuous Brides.
Grief, anger, ſhame and fury vex my mind,
But, maugre all, Loves darts thoſe paſſions blind.)
If I from tortures of eternal grief
Did not deſign by Death to ſeek relief.
But Goddeſſes in Love can never die,
Hard Fate! our puniſhment's Eternity.
Mean time I'm all in tears both night and day,
And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.
Into a Lake the ſtanding ſhowers grow,
And o'r my feet th' united Waters flow:
Then (as the diſmal boaſt of miſery)
I triumph in my griefs fertility.
Till *Jove* at length, in pity, from above,
Said, I ſhou'd never from that Fen remove.
His Word my body of its form bereft,
And ſtraight all vaniſh'd, that my grief had left.

It is call'd by ſome *Hercules*'s *Club*.

My knotty root under the Earth does ſink,
And makes me of a Club too often think.
My thirſty leaves no liquor can ſuffice;
My tears are now return'd into my eyes.

There are two ſorts, a white and a yellow.

My form its ancient Whiteneſs ſtill retains,
And priſtine paleneſs in my Cheeks remains.
Now in perpetual mirth my days I paſs,
We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race.
We truly feel the Suns kind influence,
Cool winds and warmer Air refreſh our ſenſe.
Nectar in dew does from *Aurora* riſe,
And Earth *Ambroſia* untill'd ſupplies.
I pity Man, whom thouſand cares perplex,
And cruel Love, that greateſt plague, does vex;
Whilſt mindful of the ills I once endur'd

'Tis ſaid to be a great allayer of Lechery.

His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
I triumph, that my Victor I o'rthrow,
Such changes Tyrants Thrones ſhou'd undergo.
Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave ſhou'd beat,
*Alcides* Monſters taught me to defeat.
And left, unhappy Boy! thou ſhou'dſt believe,
All handſom folks thy cruel Yoke receive;

It takes away Morphews and Freckles.

I have a Waſh that beautifies the Face,
Yet chaſtly look in my own wat'ry Glaſs.
*Diana*'s meine, and *Venus* face I lend,
So to both Deities I prove a friend.

But leſt that God ſhou'd artfully his Flame
Conceal, and burn me in anothers Name;
All Heats in general I reſiſt, nay I *
To all that's Hot am a ſworn Enemy.
Whether diſtracting flames with fury flie,
Through the burnt brain, like Comets through the skie;
Or whether from the Belly they aſcend,
And fumes all o'r the Body ſwiftly ſend.
Whether with ſulphurous fire the veins within
They kindle, or juſt ſinge the outward skin.
Whate'r they are, my awful juice they fly;
When glimmering through the pores they run and die.
Why wink'ſt thou? why doeſt ſo with half an eye
Look on me? Oh! my ſleepy root's too nigh.
Beſides my tedious Diſcourſe might make
Any Man have but little mind to wake,
Without that's help; Thus then our leaves we take.

* It is cold in the ſecond degree, its root and ſeed are drying; but the flower moiſtens, being applied to the forehead and noſtrils it cures the Head-ach ariſing from Phlegm, and is very cooling. *Fernel.*

## *SPLEENWORT* or *MILTWAST.*

ME cruel Nature, when ſhe made me, gave
Nor ſtalk, nor ſeed, nor flow'r, as others have.
The Sun ne'r warms me, nor will ſhe allow,
I ſhou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.
And to augment the torment of my years,
No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
You'd think me Heav'ns averſion, and the Earth
Had brought me forth at ſome chance, ſpurious Birth;
Vain outward gaudy ſhews mankind ſurprize,
And they reſign their Reaſon to their eyes.
To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
For there, God wot, the painted Tulip reigns.
But the wiſe Gods mind no ſuch vanity;
*Phœbus* above all Tulips values me.
So does that Coan, old *Hippocrates*,
Who the next place to *Phœbus* challenges.
For when the Members Nature did divide,
And over ſuch or ſuch bad Herbs preſide;
I of the ſavage and unruly Spleen,
A ſtubborn Province, was created Queen.
I that reſtrain, though it reſiſt my power,
And bring its ſwelling, rebel humor lower.
The paſſages with Rampires it in vain,
Obſtructs; I quickly break them down again.
All Commerce I with ſpeedy force reſtore,
And the ways open all my Kingdom o'r.
If I don't take that courſe, it furious grows,
And into every part Contagion throws.

The Virtues of this Herb are told in its name.

With poiſonous vapours it infects the blood,
And Life it ſelf drinks of a venomous flood.
Foul Leproſie upon the skin appears,
And the chang'd viſage Deaths pale colours wears.
Hence watchfulneſs, diſtracting cares, and tears,
And pain proceeds; with haſty, killing fears.
Hence Halters, cruel Love! our necks releaſe
From thy more fatal Yoke; and Daggers eaſe
Our Souls of Life's incurable Diſeaſe:
May no ſuch monſtrous evils good Men hurt,
*Jove* and my Virtue all ſuch things avert!
The Treaſury *Trajan* rightly to the Spleen
Compar'd; for, when that ſwells, the body's lean.
Why do you laugh? Is it, becauſe that I
Pretend to know the *Roman* Hiſtory.
I a dull ſtock and not a Plant ſhou'd be,
Having ſo long kept Doctors company,
If their diſcourſe ſhou'd not advantage me.
It has; and I great wonders cou'd relate,
But I'm a Plant, that ne'r was given to prate.
But to return from whence I have digreſt,
I many Creatures eaſe by Spleen oppreſt.

*Vitruvius* ſays that in *Creet*, where this Herb abounds, the Swine have no Spleen.

*Creet*, though ſo uſed to lye, you may believe,
When for their Swine their thanks to me they give.
The wretched Aſs, whom conſtant labour tires,
Sick of the Spleen my ſpeedy aid deſires.
Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
He cheerfully reſumes his work again.
Now, if you can, vain, painted Flow'rs admire,
Delights, ſcarce ſooner born, than they expire.
They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're green;
But I, though ſad, procure a gladſom mein.

## *LETTUCE.*

*Auguſtus* is ſaid to have been preſerved in his Sickneſs by Lettuce. *Plin.*

SOme think your commendation you deſerve,
'Cauſe you of old *Auguſtus* did preſerve.
Why did you ſtill prolong that fatal breath,
That baniſh'd *Ovid*, and was *Tully*'s death?
But I ſuppoſe that neither of 'em you,
Nor Orator nor Poet ever knew;
Wherefore I wonder not, you ſhou'd comply,
And the Worlds Tyrant ſo far gratify.
Thou truly to all Tyrants art of uſe,
Their madneſs flies before thy pow'rful juice.
Their heads with better wreaths, I pri'thee, crown,
And let the World in them thy kindneſs own.
At thy command forth from its ſcorched Heart,
Of Tyrants Love the greateſt does depart.

Falſe Love, I mean; for thou ne'r try'ſt t'expel
True Love, who, like a good King, governs well,
Juſtly that Dog-ſtar, *Cupid*, thou do'ſt hate,
Whoſe fire kills Herbs, and Monſters does create.

## Upon the ſame.

EAT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'r repine,
Or ſay, in Summer you want meat to dine.
The Worlds firſt golden Age ſuch Viands bleſt,
I was the chief ingredient at a Feaſt:
Large bodies for the Demigods my juice,
And blood proportionable, did produce.
Then neither fraud nor force, nor luſt was known,
Such ills their riſe from too much heat muſt own.
Let their vile Name religiouſly be curſt,
Who to baſe Glutt'ny gave dominion firſt.
For thence ſprang Vice, whoſe Train Diſtempers were,
And Death did in new, ghaſtly ſhapes appear.
Shun cruel Tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And Banquets by deſtructive Death ſuppli'd.
Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

## *EYEBRIGHT.*

ENter, ſweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal
Thy ſelf, and gratefully thy Poet heal.
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my Verſe their Honour be preſerv'd.
Thus, lying on the Graſs and ſad, pray'd I,
Whilſt nimbly *Eye-bright* came and ſtood juſt by.
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a Champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſh' appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue.
While pretty Flowers on her top ſhe bore,
With yellow mixt and purple ſtreaks all ore.
I knew her ſtraight; her Name and Viſage ſute;
And my glad Eyes their Patroneſs ſalute.
Strange News! To me ſhe bow'd with Flow'r and ſtalk,
And thus, in Language fit for her, did talk.
'Twas low; for Herbs that modeſt cuſtom love,
Hoarſe murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.
Thou only Bard, ſaid ſhe, o'th' verdant Race,
Who in thy Songs do'ſt all our Virtues trace.

All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,
Though ſuch reſpect to you, our Friend, we bear,
We hate the cuſtome, which with Men obtains,
To ſlight a kind, ingenuous Poets pains.
I wiſh my root cou'd heal you, and I'm ſure,
* Of Plants.
Our * Nation all wou'd gladly ſee the Cure.
But if by Natures ſelf it be withſtood,
The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.
Natures injunctions none of us withſtands,
We're Slaves to all her Ladyſhips commands.
Let what She gives your Appetite ſuffice,
Nor grumble, when ſhe any thing denies,
For ſhe with ſparing Hands large gifts ſupplies.
But if ſome Malady impair the Sight,
Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light;
Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,
Or numerous other things, that hurtful are;
Then am I uſeful: If you wou'd engage
To count my Conqueſts, or the Wars I wage,
The Ev'ning Star much ſooner wou'd go down,
And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.
Several Diſeaſes of the Eye are recounted.
Oft a ſalt Flood which from the head deſcends,
With the Eyes freſher ſtreams its current blends.
*Epiphora.*
That Pain, which cauſes many watery Eyes,
*Ophthalmia.*
From its own tears it ſelf does here ariſe.
Oft times the Channels of a paler Flood
Are fill'd and ſwell with ſtrange, unnatural blood;
And by a Gueſt, who thither lately came,
The Houſe is ſet all on a raging flame.
Take care, if your ſmall worlds bright Sun appear
Blood-red, or he'll ſoon leave your Hemiſphere.
*Suffuſio.*
Oft fumes and wandering Flies obſcure the Eye,
And in thoſe Clouds ſtrange Monſters ſeem to fly.
Fume, what does thy dull, ſooty viſage here?
I ſee no fire, that thou ſhoud'ſt be ſo near.
Or what (with a Miſchief) means the troubleſome Fly?
I'd as ſoon have the God of Flies as nigh.
*Leucoma.*
Oft times the ſight is dark'ned with falſe ſnow,
And night it ſelf in blanched Robes does go;
Whilſt ſhapes of diſtant things, that real were,
In different colours, or in none, appear.
*Ægilopes.*
Tumours, and Cankers, Puſtles, Ulcers why
*Carcinomata.*
Shou'd I recount, thoſe torments of the Eye?
*Phlyctænæ.*
Or thouſands more which I'm affraid to name,
*Epicaumata.*
Leſt when I tell them they my Tongue inflame,
Or that which from its hollow length Men call
Fiſtula [ Pipe ] a name too Muſical.
All theſe I tame; the Air my vertue clears,
Whilſt the Clouds vaniſh and the day appears.

The joyful Face ſmiles with diffuſed Light;
What comelineſs is mix'd with that delight!
You know, *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'r)
Did ſight by me to Men ſtone-blind reſtore.
'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be
The more eſteem'd for that ſtrange Prodigy.
With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your Wines,
And profit with your pleaſure wiſely joins.
Thoſe Light will truly give, and ſacred bowls,
*Bacchus* will dwell in your enlarged Souls.
Then call thy Boy, with a capacious Cup,
And with that Wine be ſure to fill it up,
Till thou haſt drunk, for all the amorous Dames,
An Health to ev'ry Letter of their names.
Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they won't refuſe
(I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.
But we loſe time; go; carefully rehearſe
What I have ſaid in never-dying Verſe.
She ſpake, then vaniſhing away ſhe flew;
I (Reader) tell you nothing but what's true.

*Arnold. de Villa nova.* Lib. *de Vinis.*

## *WINTER-CHERRIES.*

WHen I ſtand muſing (as I often do)
I'm fill'd with ſhame and noble anger too;
To think that all we Plants (except ſome few
Whom *Phœbus* with more vigour did endue)
Cannot away with Winters nipping fare,
But more effeminate, than Mankind, are.
From Father Sun, and Mother Earth in vain
We ſprang; they both your figure ſtill retain.
To our Delights why don't the Seaſons yield,
And baniſh Winter from each verdant Field?
Why in *Elyſian* Gardens don't we grow,
Whe're no chill blaſts may on our beauties blow?
We're *Halcyons* forſooth, and can't with eaſe
Bring forth, unleſs the world be all at peace.
Nor is this ſoftneſs only to be found
Among ſmall Herbs, ſtill creeping on the ground:
Great Elms and Oaks themſelves it does controul,
In their hard bark they wear a tender Soul.
Theſe Huffs Effeminacy 'count no crime;
You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n wou'd climb.
But if the Year its back upon them turn,
Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth his Urn.
Here lies—— you on his bulky trunk may write;
For ſhame! There lie; let not the mold lie light.
But I, who very hardly dare receive
The name of *Shrub* (though *Pliny* gives me leave)

The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;
Though Heav'n it ſelf ſhou'd fall, I'd take no care.
The Winter comes; and I'm by ſtorms alarm'd,
She comes with Legions numberleſs, well arm'd.
Then I my fruit produce, and having firſt
Expos'd them to her, cry, Now do thy worſt.
Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Skie,
It will not waſt away their ſcarlet die.
Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright;
Some red in a white Veſſel gives delight.
So the red lip the Ivory teeth befriends;
And a white Skin the roſy Cheeks commends.
With ſuch like rudiments do I inure
My Virtue, and the force of it ſecure:
I, who rebellious Sickneſs muſt ſubdue,
And every day freſh Victories purſue.
Thus did I learn vaſt ſtones to break in twain,
And Ice, at firſt, put me to little pain.
For I not onely water do expel,
( That other weaker Plants can do as well )
But ſuch hard Rocks of Adamant I break,
As *Hannibal* to paſs wou'd prove too weak.
Unhappy He, who on this Rock is toſt,
And Shipwrack'd is in his own waters loſt!
Even *Siſyphus* might pity and bemoan
The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred ſtone.
How does he envy, ah, how much, the dead,
Whoſe Corps with ſtones are only covered!
Wou'd I not help him? might the Earth divide,
And ſwallow me, if I my aid deni'd.
Then I my ſelf child of ſome Rock muſt own,
And that my roots were veins of hardeſt ſtone.
But truly I do pity ſuch a Man,
And the obdurate matter quickly can
Diſſolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies,
And ſtraight into a thouſand parts it flies.
The long obſtructed ſtreams then glide away,
And fragments with them of the Stone convey.

It is excellent againſt the Stone and all diſeaſes of the Bladder, thence in *Latin* call'd *Veſicaria.*

## SUN-DEW or LUSTWORT.

Vulgarly call'd alſo *Roſa Solis.*

TO ſay the truth Nature's too kind to Thee,
For all thy days thou ſpend'ſt in luxury.
Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down
Covers thy body, like a Silken Gown:
Whilſt, to increaſe thy pomp and pride, each vein
Of thine a Golden humour does contain.
Each leaf is hollow made, juſt like a Cup,
Which Liquor always to the brim fills up.

The drunken Sun cannot exhauſt thy bowl,
Nor *Sirius* himſelf, that thirſty Soul.
Full thou ſurvey'ſt the parched Fields around,
And enviouſly in thy own floods art drown'd.
Drinking, the thirſty months thou laugh'ſt away,
The *Hydra* of thy Spring's reviv'd each day.
Thy *Nile* from ſecret ſources moiſtens Thee,
And bids Thee merry, though *Jove* angry, be.

## Upon the ſame.

THY conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus!* now throw down,
And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.
This Herb, with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;
Plenty which conſtantly it ſelf ſucceeds.
So thy extended Guts thy Godſhip ſwills,
And its own ſelf thy tilted Hogſhead fills.
So at *Joves* Table Gods the Goblet drain,
But ſtraight with Nectar it grows full again.
Nor do the Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need,
To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede.*
So in the Heart, that double luſty bowl
(In which the Soul it ſelf drinks Life and Soul)
That Heav'nly bowl, made by an Heav'nly hand,
With purple Nectar always crown'd does ſtand.
Of what ſhe ſpends Nature ne'r feels the lack,
What one throws out, another brings it back.
Bleſt Plant, brimful of moiſture radical!
No wonder thou the Spirits, leſt they fall,
Support'ſt, or that Conſumptive bodies you,
And the firm Limbs bind with a laſting glue.
Or that lifes Lamp, which ready is to die,
With ſuch vivacious Oil you can ſupply.
No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,
Thy conſtant waters feed that ſpongy part.
You *Venus* alſo loves, for though you're wet,
Your inſide, like your outſide's burnt with heat.
Theſe are Luſts Elements; of heat ſhe makes
A Soul, and moiſture for her Body takes.

## SOW-BREAD.

THE dropping, bloudy Noſe you gently bind,
But looſen the cloſe Hemorrhoids behind.
And 'tis but natur'al, that who ſhuts the Fore
Shou'd at the ſame time open the back-door.

Upon

## Upon the ſame.

The *Colewort* is ſaid to kill the *Vine*, and it ſelf kill'd by this Herb.

SEE how with Pride the groveling Pot-herb ſwells,
And ſawcily the generous Vine repells:
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,
A baſe, unworthy Colewort does ſubdue.
But though o'r that the wretch victorious be,
It cannot ſtand, puiſſant Plant! near Thee:
For Meat to Medicines ſtill muſt give the place,
That feeds Diſeaſes, which away theſe chaſe.
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, do'ſt impart,
And ev'n to thy own Garden Phyſick art.

*Cyclaminus.*

Though on me *Greece* beſtow'd a graceful Name,
Which well the Figure of my leaves became;
Th' Apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very *Greek* Words ſound)
And from a naſty Sow, (whoſe very name
Stinks on my tongue) have ſtigmatiz'd my Fame.
But I to them more than to Swine give bread,
They are the Hogs, by my large bounty fed.

## Upon the ſame.

MY Virtue dries all ulcerous, running Sores,
And native ſoftneſs to the skin reſtores.
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I liſt,
Either with water, or with fire reſiſt.
Of ſcars by burning caus'd I clear the Face,
Nor let Small-pox the Countenance diſgrace.
My conquering hand Pimpgenets cannot ſhun,
Nor blackiſh, yellow ſpots the Face o'r-run;
Morphew departs, and out each Freckle flies,
Though from our god himſelf they had their riſe.
Nor leave I ought upon the Cheeks of Laſſes,
To make 'em ſhie of looking in their Glaſſes.
Nor doubt I but that Sex much thanks will give,
For that the pangs of Childbirth I relieve.

## Upon the ſame.

The Jaundies, ſometimes call'd in Latin *Aurigo*, from *Aurum*.

IN my Fire, that falſe Gold, the Jaundice, I
Conſume, (true Gold ſcarce does more injury.)
Black blood, at my command, the back-way flows;
Naſty it ſelf through naſty holes it goes.

Choler and Phlegm yellow and white I drain,
They wear th' dear * Metals colours both in vain.
All Meteors from the eyes I drive away,
And whatſo'er obſcures the ſmall Worlds day.
I of the Gout remove the very ſeed,
And all the humours which that torment breed.
Thorns, ſplinters, nails I draw, who wondering ſtand
How they could ſo come forth without an hand.
This is the leaſt: all Poiſons I expel,
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
Infants that know not what it is to live,
Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive.
Oh Heavens! ſays th' ignorant amazed world; What's
Is't a Diſtemper to be born? Yes, 'tis. ( this?
For if we make a true account, 'tis more
Advantage life to hinder than reſtore.

* Silver and Gold.

## *DUCKS-MEAT.*

A Luſty Frog, a Duck ſwears is ſuch Meat
( Fat'ned by me ) as *Jove* himſelf may eat.
And if the learn'd *Apicius* * knew that Diſh,
He'd hungry grow, though dead, and life wou'd wiſh.
By this our value's in ſome meaſure ſhewn;
But I'm not born to fatten Ducks alone,
Nor o'r green Ponds did Nature Carpets ſtrow,
That She to ſlimy Frogs good-will might ſhow.
From me great benefits all the World muſt own,
Though long time hid, they're many, yet unknown.
In a ſmall Ring the Wits of learned Men
Run, and the ſame, confin'd, trace o'r agen.
The Plants which Nature through the Univerſe
In various ſhapes and colours does diſperſe,
Why ſhou'd I mention; this their ignorance ſhews,
That ev'n of Me Mankind ſo little knows.
Something they do; and more I wou'd reveal,
Which *Phœbus* and the Fates bid me conceal.
But this I'll tell you; dry, blew Cankers I,
And cholerick Fire of hot St. *Anthony*,
I ſoon extinguiſh; and all other flames,
Whatever are their Natures or their Names.
My native cold, and watery temper ſhow,
Who my chill Parent is and where I grow.
Thus when the water in the joints inclos'd
Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,
The boyling Caldron my ſtrong virtue rules,
And ſprinkled with my dew the fury cools.

* An antient *Roman* Author that wrote about good eating.

The Gout.

*ROSEMARY.*

## *ROSEMARY.*

*Touching the bite of the* † Tarantula.

† An Inſect of the Spider-kind.

* A Nimph turn'd into a Spider.

D*Aunian* * *Arachne!* who ſpinn'ſt all the day,
Nor to *Minerva* will't ev'n yet give way;
Whilſt thy own bowels thou to Lawn doſt weave,
What pleaſure canſt thou from ſuch pains receive?
Why thy ſad hours in ſuch baſe deeds doſt ſpill,
Or do things ſo ridiculouſly ill?
Why doſt thou take delight to ſtop our breath,
Or act the ſerious ſports of cruel Death.
Whom thou ſcarce toucheſt ſtraight to rave he's found,
He raves although he hardly feels thy wound.
One Atome of thy Poiſon in the veins,
Dominion ſoon o'r all the body gains.
Within upon the Soul her ſelf it preys,
Which it diſtracts a thouſand cruel ways.
One's ſilent, whilſt another roars aloud;
He's fearful, t' other fights with th' gazing crowd.
This cryes, and this his ſides with laughter ſhakes,
A thouſand habits this ſame Fury takes.
But all with love of Dancing are poſſeſt,
All day and night they dance and never reſt.
Aſſoon as Muſick from ſtruck ſtrings rebounds,
Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick ſounds;
The ſtiff old Woman ſtraight begins a Round,
And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the ground.
The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance
So nimbly as the reſt, he hops a Dance.
The old Man, whom this merry Poiſon fires,
Satyrs themſelves with dancing almoſt tires.
To ſuch a ſad, phrenetick Dance as this
A Siren, ſure, the fitteſt Minſtrel is.
Cruel Diſtemper! thy wild fury proves
Worſt Maſter of the Revels which it loves:
When this ſad * Pyrrhick meaſure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.
Tell me, Phyſicians! which way ſhall I eaſe
Poor mortals of this ſtrange, unknown diſeaſe?
For me may *Phœbus* never more protect
(Whoſe Godhead you and I ſo much reſpect)
If I know any more (to tell you true)
Whence this dire miſchief ſprings, than one of you.
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,
Thoſe diſtant Provinces, in which I reign,
(To you, my friends, I no falſe ſtories feign.)
Auxiliary troops of Spirits I
Send, and the Camp with freſh Recruits ſupply.

* A heavy ſort of Dancing in armor.

Many kind Plants beſides Me to the War
Attend, nor bluſh that under me they Soldiers are.
The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills,
Cent'ry, and Saffron from *Cilician* Hills.
And thou, kind *Birthwort*, whoſe auſpicious Name
From thy good deeds to teeming Women came.
The kind *Pomegranate* alſo does engage,
With her bright Arms, and my dear Siſter *Sage.*
*Berries* of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, *Tamarisk*,
*Ivy* nor *Juniper* are very brisk.
*Lavender*, and ſweet *Marjoram* march away,
*Sothernwood* and *Angelica* don't ſtay.
*Plantain*, the *Thiſtle* which they Bleſſed call,
And uſeful *Wormwood* in their order fall,
Then *Carrot*, *Aniſe*, and white *Cumin* ſeed,
With *Gith*, that pretty, chaſt, black Rogue, proceed.
Next *Vipers-graſs* a Plant but lately known,
And *Tormentil* and *Roſes* red, full blown;
To which I *Garlick* may and *Onions* join;
All theſe to fight I lead; go, give the ſign.
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
Soft Muſick that great praiſe ſho'd arrogate.
Poets will ſay, 'tis true (they're given to lye)
Willing their Miſtris ſo to gratifie.
But food I ſay it does, not Phyſick, prove
To madmen (witneſs, all that are in Love!)
She to a ſhort-liv'd folly does ſupply
Conſtant additions of new vanity;
And here (to ſhew her Wit and Courage too)
Flatters the Tyrant, whom ſhe ſhou'd ſubdue.
It is the greateſt part of the Diſeaſe,
That ſhe does ſo immoderately pleaſe,
'Tis part of the Diſeaſe, that ſo they throw
And toſs themſelves, which does for Phyſick go;
This Plague it ſelf is plagu'd ſo night and day
That tir'd with labour it flies quite away.
I alſo lend an hand, to eaſe her grief,
When from her own ſtrength Nature ſeeks relief.
'Tis ſomething that I do; but truly I
Think the Diſeaſe is its own Remedy.

## *MINT.*

Take my advice, Men! and no Riddles uſe;
Why won't you rather to ſpeak plainly chooſe?
If you're affraid, your ſecrets ſhou'd be told,
Your tongues you (that's the ſureſt way) may hold.

*Ariſtotle* gave the World a Rule, *Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of War*; which being variouſly underſtood by his Followers; The ſaid Herb does in this Speech make out, that it can with no ſenſe be interpreted to its diſhonour, by telling her Virtues in chearing the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.

Why ſhou'd we Senſe with barbarous cruelty
Put to the Rack, to make it tell a lye?
Of this juſt reaſon I have to complain;
Old dubious Saws long ſince my fame do ſtain.
How many ill conjectures grounded are
On this, that I muſt ne'r be ſet in War.
The Reader of a thing obſcure will be
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty.
Hence one ſays, *Mint*, *Mars* does entirely hate;
And *Mint* to *Venus* alſo is ingrate.
*Mars* loves as well to get as to deſtroy
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
*Mint* from the ſeed all ſeminal virtue takes,
And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes.
And then (to make the ſpreading error creep
Farther and farther ſtill) they hear I keep
Their Milk from thickning; but how this I do
I'll tell you on theſe terms alone, That you
Shall me before reſolve how firſt you gain
Notions of things, then, how you them retain.
This I dare boldly ſay; The fire of Love
With genial heat I gently do improve;
Though conſtantly the noble, humane ſeed
That ſacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed;
For what to *Venus* e'r will faithful ſeem,
If Heat it ſelf an Enemy you eſteem?
Whether I know * her *Proſerpine* can tell,
I by my puniſhment am clear'd too well.
Beſides, nought more the ſtomach rectifies,
Or ſtrengthens the digeſtive faculties.
Such, ſuch a Plant that feeds the amorous flame,
If *Venus* love not, ſhe is much to blame;
And with ingratitude the ſeed I may
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
But other cauſes others have aſſign'd,
Who make the reaſon, which they cannot find.
They ſay, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
And I wound wounds themſelves; 'tis very true.
For I a dry, aſtringent Pow'r retain,
By which all Ulcers of their gore I drain.
I Bloody-fluxes ſtop, my Virtue's ſure
The Wounds that Natures ſelf has made to cure.
On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I ſeize
And them (Wars hurts are ſlight) I heal with eaſe.
I ſcarce dare mention, that from Galling I,
If in the hand I'm born, preſerve the thigh.
D'ye laugh? laugh on, ſo I with laughter may
Requite the ſcandals which on me you lay.
Of which ſome I omit; and the true cauſe
Of all will tell (and then ſhe made a pauſe.)

* *Venus.*

*Minthe* was a Nymph, one of *Pluto*'s Harlots, whom *Proſerpine* therefore chang'd into this Herb. *Opp. Hal.* 3.

Though I abhor my ſorrows to recal
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)
I did not always in your Gardens grow,
But once a comely Virgins face cou'd ſhow.
Black though I was (*Cocytus* was my Sire)
Yet Beauty had to kindle am'rous fire.
Leſt any one ſhould think this is a lye,
*Ovid* will tell you ſo as well as I.

*Ovid Met.l.*10.

My Father had a pleaſant, ſhady Grove,
Where he perpetually to walk did love.
There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypreſs grow,
Whoſe melancholy Greens no Winter know,
With other Trees whoſe looks their ſorrow ſhow.
Here *Pluto*, (*Jove* of the infernal Throne)
Saw me, as I was walking all alone.
He ſaw me and was pleas'd; for his deſire
At any face, or white or black, takes fire.
Ah! if you knew him but ſo well as I,
He's an unſatiable Deity.
He never ſtands a tender Maid to woe,
But cruelly by violence falls to.
He caught me, though I fled till out of breath
I was; I thought he wou'd ha' been my death.
What cou'd I do? his ſtrength was far above
Mine; he, the ſtrength has of his Brother *Jove*.
In ſhort, Me to a ſecret Cave he lead,
And there the Raviſher got my Maidenhead;
But in the midſt of all his wickedneſs,
(How it fell out the Poets don't expreſs.
Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well
The cauſe at ſuch a time as that cou'd tell)
Lo! *Proſerpine*, his Wife came in, and found
My wretched limbs all proſtrate on the ground.
She no excuſe wou'd hear, nor me again
Let riſe; but ſaid, There fix'd I ſhou'd remain.
She ſpake, and ſtraight my body I perceiv'd,
(Each limb diſſolv'd) of all its ſtrength bereav'd;
My Veins are all ſtraight rooted in the Earth
(From whence my ruddy ſtalk receives its birth)
A bluſhing crown of Flowers adorns my head,
My leaves are jagged, of a darkiſh red,
And ſo a lovely Bed of *Mint* I make
In the ſame poſture, that ſhe did me take.
But the infernal Raviſher my Fate
('Twou'd move a Devil) did commiſerate;
And, his reſpect for what I was, to ſhow,
Great Virtue on my leaves he did beſtow.
Rich qualities to humble Me he gave,
Of which my fragrant Smell's the leaſt I have.

All this the Antients underſtood was true,
And thence their great Religious caution grew.
They thought me ſacred to th' infernal King,
And that 'twas ominous for me to ſpring
In times of death and danger, nor wou'd let
Me in the midſt of war and blood be ſet.
But they miſtaken were; for I take care
That others be not caught in his ſtrong ſnare,
Nor paſs the *Stygian* Lake without gray hair.

## *MISSELTOE.*

* *Teutates* and *Heſus* were the two greateſt Gods of the *Gauls*.

Concerning theſe Ceremonies, ſee *Plin.* l. 16.43.

WElcome, thrice welcome, ſacred *Miſſeltoe!*
The greateſt Gift, * *Teutates* does beſtow.
With more Religion, Druid Prieſts invoke
Thee, than thy ſacred, ſturdy Sire, the Oak.
Raiſe holy Altars from the verdant ground,
And ſtrow your various Flowers all around:
Next let the Prieſt when to the Gods h'as paid
All due Devotion, and his Or'ſons made,
Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be,
With Hands and Necks rais'd to the ſacred Tree.
Where that he may more freely it receive,
Let him firſt beg the Shrubs indulgent leave.
And when h'as cut it with a golden hook,
Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
Array'd in White, the falling Treaſure meet,
And catch it in a pure, clean, ſnowy Sheet.
Then let two ſpotleſs Bulls before him lie,
And with their grateful blood the Altars die.
Which when you've done, then feaſt, and dance, and ſing,
And let the Wood with their loud voices ring.
Such honour had the *Miſſeltoe*; which hate
And envy to it did in Gods create.
Th' *Egyptian* Temples do not louder ſound,
When there again th' adored Heifer's found.
Nor did ſhe ſeem leſs Majeſty to wear
(If any Tree there *Miſſeltoe* did bear)
When in *Dodonas* Grove upon an Oak
She grew, that in its hollow Ora'cles ſpoke;
For this one Plant the Antients, above all,
Protectreſs of their Life did think and call;
She onely from the Earth loaths to be born,
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks ſcorn.
Nor did ſhe from prolifick matter come,
But like the World from Nothings fruitful womb.
Others are ſet and grow by humane care,
Her leaves the product of mere Nature are.
Hence Serpents She of their black ſtings diſarms,
And baffles (Mans worſe Poiſon) Magick Charms;

It averts Charms being tied to the Neck. *Cluſ.*

Beſides all other kinds of Maladies
(How numberleſs; alas!) that on us ſeize.
Nor wonder, that all other ills it beats,
Since the *Herculean*-Sickneſs it defeats.
Than which none more Chimæra-like appears,
One part o'nt's dead, the other raves and tears.
This Monſter ſhe ſubdues; hence 'twas believ'd
(And truly though 'twas falſe, it was receiv'd
On no bad grounds) that leſſer Monſters She
Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory.
The Antients thought ſo in the infancy
O'th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy.
Nor was She then thought onely to defend
And guard Lifes Fort, but Life it ſelf to lend,
Ev'n the Wombs fruitful Soil t' improve and mend.
For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,
Which without Seed has its Nativity?
Or what to her cloſe ſhut and lock'd can ſeem,
That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard entrails teem?
That from a Tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
Like the *Athenian* Goddeſs from *Joves* brain.
But if that's true, which Antient *Bards* have writ
(For though they're Antient *Bards*, I queſtion it)
I wonder not, that *Miſſeltoe*'s ſo kind
To us, ſince her the ties of Nature bind.
For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas ſo)
Born out of Oaks, were the firſt *Miſſeltoe*.

**The Falling-Sickneſs.**

*Virg. Juven. Statius.*

## CELANDINE.

SEE how the yellow Gall the delug'd Eyes,
And *Saffron Jaundice* the whole Viſage dies.
That colour, which on Gold we think ſo fair;
That hue which moſt adorns the treſſed hair,
When, like a Tyrant, it unjuſtly gains
Anothers Throne, and there uſurping reigns,
It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
Than, with their Saddle-noſes, dusky Blacks.
So (I ſuppoſe) to the Gods Eyes, the Soul
Oth' Miſer looks; as yellow and as foul.
For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd,
It has th' *Aurigo*, from that Metal nam'd.
This the almighty Gods can onely cure,
And Reaſon, more than Herbs, our minds ſecure.
But th' outward Jaundice does Our help implore;
When with Gall floods the body's dy'd all o're.
I cannot tell what others do; but I
Give to that Jaundice preſent remedy;

**A Decoction hereof with White-wine and Anniſe-ſeeds, is ſaid to be excellent againſt the *Jaundies*. *Matthiolus* ſays it will cure the ſame, being applied to the ſoles of the feet.**

Nor do I raſhly undertake the cure,
I an Aſſiſtant have, that makes me ſure.
Natures own Patent gives me my command,

The Signature.

See, here's her own ſign manual, here's her hand.
Through leaves, and ſtalk and roots themſelves it goes,
The yellow blood through my whole body flows.
Whoever me diſſects, wou'd think, nay ſwear,
O'rflown with Gall I ſick o'th' Jaundice were.
Mean time my skin all o'r is freſh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you've ſeen.

## Upon the ſame.

The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes, is ſaid to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its young therewith.

Alluding to the Fable of *Philomel* turn'd into a Swallow.

TEN thouſand bleſſings may the Gods beſtow
Upon Thee, tuneful *Swallow!* and ne'r ſhow,
They bear the leaſt reſentment of that Crime,
Which thou haſt ſuffer'd for ſo long a time.
For that the uſe of a choice Plant thou'ſt taught,
Which ne'r before blind Man had ſeen or ſought.
Of Thee large Rent now e'ry Houſe receives
For th' Neſts which they to Thee let under th' eaves.
The painted Springs whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou ſeeſt which thou canſt more commend.
For this it is that makes thee all things ſee,
This Plant a ſpecial favour has for thee.
When thou com'ſt, th'others come; that w'on't ſuffice;
At thy return away This with thee flies.
Yet we to it muſt more engagements own;
'Tis a ſmall thing to heal the Eyes alone;

Its other Virtues.

Ten thouſand torments of our Life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, bleſt Birds, ſecures.
The Gripes by its approach it mitigates,
And tortures of an aking tooth abates.
The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt Arms at his own weapons beats:
Jaundice, which *Morbus Regius* they call
From a King; but falſly; 'tis Tyrannical.
Foul Ulcers too that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping Wounds one Lip, like any Brother,
Approaches nearer and ſalutes the other.
Nor do thy ſhankers now, foul Luſt! remain,
But all thy ſhealing Scabs rub off again.
The burning Cancer and the Tetter fly,
Whilſt all hot, angry, red biles ſink and dry.
Diſeaſes paint wears off, and places, where
The Sun once printed kiſſes, diſappear.
Purg'd of all blemiſhes the ſmiling face
Is cleaner far, and ſmoother than its Glaſs.

Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who giv'ſt not onely ſight,
But with it alſo Objects that delight.
She may be ſeen, as well as come to ſee,
Whatever Woman's doubly bleſt by thee:
The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
And blooming Beauties thy arrival own.

## *ROCKET.*

YOU! who in ſacred Wedlock coupled are,
(Where all joys lawful, all joys ſeemly are)
Ben't ſhie to eat of my leaves heartily,
They do not hunger onely ſatisfie.
They'll be a Banquet to you all the night,
On them the body chews with freſh delight.
But you, chaſt Lads, and Girls, that lie alone,
And none of Loves enjoyments yet have known,
Take care and ſtand aloof, if you are wiſe;
Touch not this Plant, *Venus* her Sacrifice;
I bring a Poiſon for you Modeſties.
In my Graſs, like a Snake, blind *Cupid* lies,
And with my juice his deadly weapons dies.
The God of Gardens no Herb values more,
Or courts, preſents, or does himſelf devour.
This is the reaſon, hot *Piapus!* why
(As I ſuppoſe) you itch ſo conſtantly,
And that your Arms ſtill ready are to do,
The wicked buſineſs that you put 'em to.
Let him who Love wou'd ſhun, from me remove,
Says *Naſo*, that *Hippocrates* in Love.
Yet to his Table I was duly ſerv'd,
Who my choice Dainty to himſelf reſerv'd.
Prove that from Love he ever wou'd be free,
More chaſt than Lettuce I'll conſent to be.
The praiſe of Chaſtity let others keep,
And gratifie the widow'd Bed with ſleep.
Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage,
And to precipitate the ſportive Rage.
Frankly I own my Nature, I delight
In Love unmix'd and reſtleſs Appetite.
From curing Maladies I ſeek no Fame,
(Though ev'n for that I might put in my Claim)
Fuel I bring that Pleaſure may not ceaſe:
Take that from Life, and Life is a Diſeaſe.
If thus you like me, make me your Repaſt,
I wou'd not gratifie a Stoicks taſt.
If Morals groſs and crude be your delight,
Marſh weeds can beſt oblige your Appetite.

*Rocket* is hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary nature to *Lettuce*, a friend to *Venus* and her affairs.

*Ovid. de Rem. Amor.* l. 2.

Its Medicinal Virtues, ſee *Plin.* l. 20. 13.

Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleaſure, go,
(For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?)
From theſe chaſt Herbs and their chaſt Poet flee,
Us thou offend'ſt and w'are aſham'd of thee.
With ſuch a Proſtitute to come in view,
Chaſt Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too.
Bluſhes pale Water-Lilies cheeks o'r-ſpread,
To be with thee in the ſame Volumn read.
Who ſtill the ſad remembrance does retain,
How, when a * Nymph, in thee ſhe gorg'd her Bane.
That very Night t'*Alcides* Arms betray'd
Through thy deceitful force the yielding Maid.
While I but mention thee (who wou'd believe?)
And but thy Image in my thoughts conceive,
Through all my Bones I felt thy lightning move,
The ſure fore-runner of approaching Love.
With this of old he us'd t'attack my Senſe,
Before the dreadful Fight he did commence.
But Love and Luſt I now alike deteſt,
My Muſe and Mind with nobler Themes poſſeſt.
Laſcivious Plant, ſome other Poet find,
For *Ovid*'s or *Catullus* Verſe deſign'd:
For thou in mine ſhalt have no place at all,
Or in the Liſt of pois'nous Herbs ſhalt fall.
The flames of Luſt of fewel have no need,
His Appetite without thy Sawce can feed.
Love in our very Diet finds his way,
And makes the Guards that ſhould defend, betray.
Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure,
*Venus*, who plague enough in thee endure,
Thoſe Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid,
Improperly are in thy work employ'd.
Yet *Venus* too much skill'd in impious Arts,
Theſe forein aids to her own uſe converts.
Who'd think green Plants with conſtant dew ſnpply'd,
(Life's Friends deſign'd) ſuch mortal Flame ſhou'd hide?
What wonder therefore if when Monarchs feaſt,
Luſt is of Luxury the conſtant Gueſt?
When * He who with the Herd on Herbage fed
Cou'd find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

* *See Water, Lily.*

* *Pythagoras*,

## The End of the Firſt Book.

# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK II.

CYBELES Holy Myſteries now begin;
Hence all you Males; for you it is a ſin
One moment in this hallowed place to ſtay,
You jibing Males, who no devotion pay.
Into the Female Secrets do not pry,
Or them at leaſt pretend you don't deſcry.
'Tis rude that Sex t' inſpect too narrowly,
Whoſe outſide with ſuch Beauties treats the Eye.
Auſpicious Glory of th' inlighten'd Skie,
More ſacred than thy Brothers Deity,
With thy whole Horns, kind *Luna!* favour me,
And let thy creſcent Face look luckily.
Thee many Names and Offices adorn,
By * thy kind aid poor, tender Babes are born:
Thou eaſeſt Women, when their Labour's hard,
And the Wombs vital Gates you, *Jana*, guard.
The menſtruous courſes you bring down, and them,
Changing convert into a milky ſtream.
Women, unconſtant as the Sea, you bind
To Rules; both flow according to thy mind.
Oh! may the Rivolets of my fancy glide
By the ſame ſecret force, which move the Tide.
Be thou the Midwife to my teeming brain,
And let it fruitful be as free from pain.
 It was the time, when *April* decks the year,
And the glad Fields in pompous garbs appear.
That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,
And at the Suns command dare ſhew their heads.
How pleas'd they are, the Heav'ns again to ſee!
And that from Winters fetters they are free!
The World around, and Siſters, whom they love,
They view; ſuch Objects are their ſmiles muſt move.

This Book treating only of female Plants, is dedicated to *Cybele*, at whoſe Myſteries no Man ought to be preſent.

* The Moon is call'd *Lucina*, the Goddeſs of Midwifry; and *Jana*, as the Sun, *Janus*; and *Mena*, as ſhe is the governeſs of Womens menſtruous courſes.

Straight

Straight their great work the diligent Nation ply,
And bus'neſs mind amidſt their luxury.
Each one contends with all her might and main
Each day an higher, verdant Crown to gain.
Each one does leaves with beauteous Flow'rs, produce,
And haſtens to be fit for humane uſe.
Equipp'd they make no ſtay, but one and all,
Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call.
Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old
Their cuſtome was) a ſeparate Council hold.
They're near a thouſand Tribes; their Minutes well
An hundred Clerk-like tongues can ſcarcely tell.
Nor cou'd I know them (for they don't reveal
Their ſacred Acts, but cautiouſly conceal)
Had not my Laurel told me (whoſe Tribes name
Gynæcilis. *The Female*'s ſtil'd) which ſummon'd thither came.
The ſecrets of the Houſe ſhe open laid,
Telling, how each Herb ſpoke and what it ſaid.
Ye gentle, *Florid* part of humane kind
(To you and not to Men, I ſpeak) pray' mind
My words, and them moſt ſtedfaſtly believe,
Which from the *Delphick* Laurel you receive.
'Twas midnight, (whilſt the Moon, at full, ſhone bright,
And her Cheeks ſeem'd to ſwell with moiſten'd light)
When on their looſen'd roots the Plants, that grow
In th' *Oxford* Gardens, did to Council go;
And ſuch, I mean, as ſuccour Womens pains;
*Orpheus*, you'd think, had mov'd them by his ſtrains.
They met upon a bed, neat, ſmooth and round,
And ſoftly ſate in order on the ground.
*Mugwort* firſt took her place (at that time She
The Preſident of the Council chanc'd to be.)
*Birthwort*, her Predeceſſor in the Chair,
Next ſate, whoſe virtues breeding Women ſhare.
Then *Bawm*, with ſmiles and pleaſure in her face,
Without regard to Dignity took place.
*Tyme*, *Sav'ry*, *Wormwood*, which looks ruggedly,
*Sparagus*, *Sothernwood* both He and † She,
And * *Crocus* too, glad ſtill ſoft Maids to chear,
Once a ſad Lover, merry does appear.
And thou, † *Amaracus*, who a trifling Ill
Didſt mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didſt ſpill
Of Ointment, in this place now far more ſweet
Than the occaſion of thy Death doſt meet.
There Lilies with red Peonies find a Room,
And purple Violets the place perfume.
Yea noiſome * *Devils-turd*, becauſe ſhe knows
Her worth, into that ſweet Aſſembly goes.
The milky *Lettuce* too does thither move,
And *Water-Lily*, though a foe to Love.

† Lavender-Cotton.

* i. e. *Saffron*; *Crocus* was a Boy that died for Love, and was turn'd into *Saffron*.

† The name of a Boy that ſpilt a box of ſweet Ointment, and was turn'd into ſweet *Marjoram*.

* If a Dog taſts it, he'll run mad. *Plin.*

Sweet *Ladies-glove* with ſtinking *Horehound* come,
And kind *Germander* which relieves the Womb.
*Poley* and *Calamint*, which on Mountains dwell,
But againſt Froſt and Snow are guarded well.
Next vital *Sage*, well join'd with wholſom *Rue*,
And *Flower-de-luce*, nam'd from its ſplendid hue.
Then *Hart-wort* (much more grateful to the Deer
Than *Dittany*) with *Wild Carrots*, enters there.
*Conſound* and *Plantain*; frugal * herbs are they,
* They are binding.
Who all things keep ſafe under Lock and Key.
And *Maſter-wort*, whoſe name Dominion wears,
With her, who an Angelick Title bears.
*Angelica.*
*Lavender*, *Corn-roſe*, *Pennyroyal* ſafe,
And that which Cats eſteem ſo delicate.
Cat-Mint.
After a while, ſlow-pac'd, with much ado,
*Ground-pine* with her ſhort Legs crept thither too.
Behind the reſt *Camomile* cou'd not ſtay,
Through ſtones and craggy Rocks ſhe cut her way.
From *Spaniſh* Woods the wholſom *Vett'ony* came,
*Betony*, call'd *Vettonica* from a People of *Spain* that firſt found it out, and are memorable only upon that ſcore.
The only glory of the *Vettons* name.
*Minerva*'s Plant did likewiſe thither hie,
And was Companion to *Mercury*.
There Scarlet *Madder* too a place did find,
Drawing a train of its long root behind.
Thither at laſt too *Dittany* did repair,
Half-ſtarv'd, and griev'd to leave the *Cretan* air.
With her the bold, ſtrong *Sow-bread* came along,
And hundreds more (in ſhort) to them did throng.
Many beſides from th' *Indies* croſs'd the main,
Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain.
But *Oxfords* Fame; through both the *Indies* told,
Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.
The Pigmey and Gigantick Sons o'th' Wood
Betwixt all theſe in equal ſpaces ſtood;
Spreading their verdant glories round above,
Which did delight and admiration move.
The ſcarlet Oak, that Worms for fruit brings forth,
Which the *Heſperian* fruit exceed in worth,
Was there, good Womens Maladies to eaſe,
And Sprains, which we as truly call, *Diſeaſe*.
Her treacherouſly the Ivy does embrace,
And kills the Tree with kindneſs in her face.
Hardly, in nobler Scarlet clad, the Roſe,
The envy of thoſe ſtately Berries grows.
Near which the *Birch* her rigid Arms extends,
And *Savine* which kind Sinners much befriends.
Next them the *Beech* with limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
With the *Buſh* purchas'd at ſo ſmall a charge.
Nor did the golden *Quince* her ſelf conceal,
Or * Myrrh, whoſe wounds diſtemper'd Mortals heal.
* It is cut that the Gum may flow forth.

Laſtly (ye Plants whom I forget to name
Excuſe me) *Juniper* too thither came,
And *Laurel*, ſacred to the Sons of Fame.
Such reverend Heads did the green Senate fill;
The Night was calm, all things were huſh'd and ſtill;
Each Plant, with liſtening leaves ſtood mute to hear
Their Pres'dent ſpeak; and theſe her Dictates were.

## *MUGWORT* [the Preſident, begins.]

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
(For th' good of ours (I hope) and human race)
This ſacred Garden, we whilſt others ſleep
Bleſt *Aprils* ſacred Nights come here to keep.
Our thanks to Thee, great Father, Sun! we pay,
And to thee, *Luna!* for thy nurſing Ray;
VVho the bright Witneſs art of what we ſay.
But the ſhort moments of our Liberty
(VVho fetter'd at Day-break again muſt lie)
Let us improve, and our affairs attend,
Nor feſtal hours, like idle Mortals, ſpend.
'Tis fit at this time we ſhou'd truly live,
VVhen Winters colds of half our life deprive.
Come then, from uſeful pains make no delay,
Winter will give you too much time to play.
How many Foes *Jove* has to you aſſign'd,
And what a task you in the Conqueſt find.
By numerous and great fatigues you've try'd,
And to th' oppreſt kind aid have oft ſupply'd.
You're generous, noble; female Plants, nor ought
The glory of your Sex cheap to be bought.
The ſelf ſame Battels you muſt wage again,
VVhich will as long as teeming Wombs remain.
But that to War you may ſecurer go
'Tis fit the foes and your own ſtrength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witneſs what you ſay,
Whilſt each ſuch tributes to their Countrey pay.
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their envy or their ſcorn.
And firſt (I think) upon the menſtruous ſource
My conſtant task, 'tis fit we ſhou'd diſcourſe.
From what original Spring that *Nilus* goes,
Or by what influx it ſo oft o'rflows.
VVhat will reſtrain, and what drive on the tide,
And what goods or what miſchiefs in it glide.
See you its ſecret Myſteries diſcloſe,
A thing ſo weighty 'tis no ſhame t' expoſe.
She ſpake, the reſt began, and hotly all
(As Scholars uſe) upon the buſineſs fall.

*PENNY-*

## PENNY-ROYAL.

FIrſt *Penny-royal*, to advance her Fame
(And from her mouth a grateful Odour came)
Tells 'em, they ſay, how many ills that ſource
Threatens, whene'r it ſtops its purple courſe.
That foggy dulneſs in the Limbs attends,
And under its own weight the body bends.
Things ne'r ſo pleaſant once, now will not pleaſe,
And Life it ſelf becomes a mere Diſeaſe.
Ulcers and Inflammations too it breeds,
And dreadful, bloudy, vomiting ſucceeds.
The Womb now labouring ſeems to ſtrive for breath,
And the Soul ſtruggles with a ſhort-liv'd Death.
The Lungs oppreſt hard reſpiration make,
And breathleſs Coughs ſoon all the fabrick ſhake.
Yea the proud foes the Capitol, in time,
And all the minds well-guarded Towers climb.
Hence watchful Nights, but frightful Dreams proceed,
And minds that ſuffer true, falſe evils breed.
Dropſie at laſt the wearied Life o'rflows,
Which floating from its ſhipwreck'd Veſſel goes.
How oft, alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids
(Before Loves pow'r their kinder hearts invades)
Does this ſad Malady with Clouds o'rcaſt,
Which all the longing Lovers paſſion blaſt?
The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale,
Like Roſes tinctur'd by a ſulphurous gale.
To aſhes, coals, and Lime their appetite
(A loathſom treat) their ſtomach does invite.
But 'tis a ſin to ſay, the Ladies eat
Such things; thoſe are the vile diſtempers meat.
Thus *Penny-royal* ſpake (more paſſionate
In words, than humane voice can e'r relate)
At which, they ſay, the whole Aſſembly mov'd
Wept o'r the loſs of Beauty, once belov'd.
So that good Company, when Day returns,
The ſetting of the Moon, their Miſtreſs, mourns.
She told the means too; by what ſecret aid
That conquering Ill did all the limbs invade.
Through the Wombs Arteries, ſaid ſhe, it goes,
And unto all the noted paſſes flows.
(Whether the Wombs magnetick pow'r's the cauſe,
As the whole bodies floods the Kidney draws;
Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid things
Directs and rules that, like the Oceans ſprings.)
But if the Gates it finds ſo fortified,
That the due current that way be deny'd;

It rages and it ſwells; the groſs part ſtays,
And in the neighbouring parts dire revels plays:
Whilſt the more liquid part does upward riſe,
And into veins of purer nature flies.
It taints the roſie Channels, as it goes,
And all the ſoil's corrupted, where it flows.
The bane its journey through the * *Cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the Liver makes,
And Heart, whoſe right-ſide Avenue it commands,
Whilſt that for fear amaz'd and trembling ſtands.
But the left Region ſo well-guarded ſeems,
That in her walls ſafe ſhe her ſelf eſteems.
Nor ſtops it there, but on the Lungs does ſeize,
Where drawing breath it ſelf grows a Diſeaſe.
Thence through a ſmall *Propontis* carried down,
It makes the Port and takes the left-ſide Town.
What will ſuffice that covetous Diſeaſe,
Which all the Hearts vaſt treaſures cannot pleaſe?
But Avarice ſtill craves for more and more,
And if it all things don't enjoy, is poor.
Th' *Äorta* its wild Legions next engage,
Bleſs me! how uncontroul'd in that they rage!
The diſtant head and heel no ſafety knows,
Through ev'ry part th' unbounded Victor flows.
But as the bloud through all the body's us'd
To run, this Plague through all the bloud's diffus'd.
They all agreed; for none of them e'r doubt,
How Life in Purple Circles wheels about.
That Plant they'd hiſs out of their company,
Which *Harvey*'s Circulation ſhou'd deny.

* *Vena Cava*, a large place.

## *DITTANY.*

D*ittany*, though cold Winds her Lips did cloſe,
Put on her Winter-gown and up ſhe roſe.
For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be
Rhetorical, when they occaſion ſee?
For *Penny-royal*, painting that Diſeaſe,
Her nice, and quainter fanſie did not pleaſe.
She ſpake to what the other did omit,
And pleas'd her ſelf with her own prating wit.
If this dire Poiſons force their duller Eyes
Can't ſee, whilſt in the body warm it lies,
Think with your ſelves how it offends the ſenſe,
When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence.
Let Dogs or Men by chance but taſt of it
(But on Dogs rather let ſuch miſchiefs light.)
Madneſs the tainted Soul invades within,
And ſordid Leproſie rough-caſts the skin:

*Lacerpitium*, the Gum of which is called *Aſſafœtida.*

Whilſt panting Dogs quite raving mad appear,
And thirſt for water, but the water fear.
It ſtabs an half-Man by abortive birth,
And from the Womb ( oh ! horrid ) drags it forth.
Now fanſie Children born of ſuch baſe bloud,
Which gives the Embryo Poiſon 'ſtead of food.
Nor is this all ; for Corn and Vines too know
Its baneful force, by which Fields barren grow.
A Tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
If young it fades, and, if new-born, it dies.
Witneſs the *Ivies* ('tis no ſhame) to you.
What good does their medicinal virtue do?
Theſe alſo, *Rue !* who all things do'ſt o'rcome,
From this ſtrong venom muſt receive thy doom.
Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,
And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, ſhow.
Offended Bees with one ſmall touch it drives
(Though murmuring to be exil'd ) from their hives.
The wretched Creatures leave their golden ſtore,
And ſweet abodes, which they muſt ſee no more.
Nor do ſtrong Fats their Wines within defend,
Which in their very youth draw to their end.
But I name things of little eminence ;
The warlike Sword it ſelf makes no defence ;
And Metals, which ſo oft have won the Field,
To this effeminate diſtemper yield.
For frequent bloudſhed, bloud now vengeance takes,
And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
Beauty, the thing, for which we Women love,
Th' occaſion of keen Swords does often prove ;
Let then the female-plague thoſe Swords rebate,
Yea even the mem'ry of what's ſo ingrate.
Maids with proud thoughts, alas ! themſelves deceive,
Whilſt each herſelf a Goddeſs does believe ;
Like Tyrants they miſuſe the pow'r they have,
And make their very Worſhiper their Slave.
But if they truly would conſider things,
And think what filth each month returning brings.
If they their cheating Glaſſes then wou'd mind,
( Which now they think ſo faithful and ſo kind )
How beautiful they are they needs muſt find.
The ſmooth Corrupter of their looks they taint,
Which long and certain ſigns at that time paint.
Each Maid in that ſtill ſuffers the diſgrace
Of being poiſoner to her own face.
What an unnatural Diſtemper's this,
Which ev'n to their own ſhadows mortal is.

Thus ſhe, and as much more ſhe was about
To ſay, the whole Aſſembly gave a ſhout.

Through all the boughs and all the leaves around
There went an angry, loud and murm'ring ſound.
For they of Womens honour tender are,
Though ſhe thereof had ſeem'd to take no care.

## PLANTAIN, or, WAY-BRED.

The many Virtues of *Plantain* are to be read in *Pliny* and *Fernelius.*

The old Phyſician *Themiſon* wrote a whole Volume concerning them.

NExt *Way-bred* roſe, propt by her ſeven nerves,
Who th' honour of a noble Houſe preſerves:
Her nature is aſtringent, which great hate
Of her among Bloud-letters does create.
But her no quarrels more than words engage,
Nor does ſhe ever like mad mortals rage.
I envy not the praiſes, which to you,
Ye num'rous race of Leechy kind, are due.
The purple Tyrant wiſely you expel,
And baniſhing ſuch murdering bloud, do Well,
Proudly he o'r the vital ſpirits reigns,
And-cruelly inſults in all the veins.
Arms he of deadly Poiſon bears about,
And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout.
But why ſhou'd you ſuch vain additions make,
And ills already great for greater take?
Whilſt you ſo tragically paint the Foe
More dreadful, but leſs credible they grow.
He leſſens that wou'd raiſe an Heroes fame
By Lyes; falſe praiſes cloud a glorious Name.
One *Geryon* ſlew, (a mighty feat) and He
Three bodies had, in this I can't agree.
You any Monſter eaſily ſubdue;
But I ſcarce think ſuch monſtrous lyes are true.

See *Dittany.*

*Greek* Poets, *Ditt'ny*, you who oft have read,
Keep up their Art of lying, though they're dead.
But * what their Countrymen once ſaid of you
Pray' mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
Let that which † blaſts the Corn a Goddeſs be,
I cannot think her courſes e'r cou'd be
So hurtful to the grain. And then, I'm ſure,
A Fat of luſty Wine is more ſecure
From danger, where a thouſand Damſels ſit,
Than if one drunken Beldam come at it.
None, cauſe a taſt of that rank bloud they've had,
But for the place, from whence it comes, run mad.
Madneſs of Dogs moſt certainly it cures,
As thy own Author *Pliny* us aſſures.
Whether by Womens touch the Bee's annoy'd
I cannot tell; but Maids ſhou'd Bees avoid.

* *Epimenides Cretenſis* ſaid, The *Cretans* were always Lyars.

† Rubigo.

*Rue* ought to let the fatal bloud remain
Wirhin its Veſſel and ne'r force a vein,
If for her pains nought but her death ſhe gain.
Thou, *Ivy*, too more careful oughtſt to be
Both of thy ſelf and thy great * Deity.
But when ſhe ſays, Swords edges it rebates,
I cou'd rejoice methinks and bleſs the Fates,
If that be all the miſchief it creates.
I only wiſh a Beauty might remain
Perfect, till that the Lookinglaſs wou'd ſtain.
But I waſt time—By this ſufficiently
Theſe *Grecian* wonders are o'rthrown, that I
No Woman ſee of this dread Poiſon die.
At which the *Bramble* roſe (whoſe fluent tongue
With thorny ſharpneſs arm'd is neatly hung)
And ſaid, all Serpents have the gift, to be,
As much as theſe from their own venom free;
Nor wou'd the *Baſilisk*, whoſe baneful Eye
All others kills, by his own Image die.
This mov'd 'em and they quaver'd with a ſmile,
Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought, paſs'd by the while;
For by that Cynick Shrub great Freedom's ſhown,
Which he by conſtant uſe has made his own.
*Way-bred* at this took pet, diſpleas'd, that ſhe
By ſuch an one ſhou'd interrupted be,
And ſate her down; when ſtraight before 'em all
Theſe words the *Roſe* from her fair lips let fall;
Whilſt modeſt bluſhes beautified her face,
Like thoſe in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

## The ROSE.

YOU *Cretan Dittany*, who ſuch Poiſons mix
(For on my Kinſman *Wild-roſe* I'll not fix)
With Womens bloud; ſee what a ſprightly grace
And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely face.
No Flower, no not *Flora*'s ſelf to ſight
Or touch than them appears more ſoft and white.
But at the ſame time alſo take a view
Of Mans rough, prickly limbs and ruſty hue.
You'll ſay with *Butcher's-broom* ſweet *Violets* grow,
And mourn that *Lilies* ſhou'd with *Brambles* go.
Then let their Eyes and Reaſon teſtifie,
Whether pure veins their purer limbs ſupply.
You cannot ſay that Dying Vat is bad,
From whence a florid colour may be had.
But this you'll ſay, committed ſome offence,
Or the juſt *Moon* had never driv'n it thence.

* *Bacchus*, to whom the *Ivy* is conſecrated.

No, you're miſtaken; it has done no wrong,
But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
It therefore from the reſt, by the great Law
Of publick ſafety, order'd to withdraw,
So if a Nation to ſuch numbers riſe,
That them their native Countrey can't ſuffice;
To ſeek new Lands ſome part of them are ſent,
And ſuffer, for their Countrey, baniſhment.
But why does Woman-kind ſo much abound?
Oh! think not Nature e'r was laviſh found.
Nor does ſhe lay up Riches to the end
(Like Prodigals) ſhe more may have to ſpend.
Whate'r ſhe does is good; what then remains?
No room for doubt; the thing it ſelf explains.
This bloudy Vintage, ſee, laſts all the year,
And the freſh Chyle duely does Life repair.
The Preſſes ſtill with juice ſwell to the brink,
Of which their fill the hot, male bodies drink.
But temperate Women ſeem to kiſs the Cup,
Nor does their heat ſuck all the liquor up.
A vital treaſure for great uſes She
Lays up, leſt Nature ſhou'd a Bankrupt be:
Leſt both the Parents ſhares of mingled Love
Too little to beget a Child ſhou'd prove,
Unleſs the Mother ſome addition made
To perfect the deſign they both had laid.
One part on't's red, the other white as ſnow,
And both from ſprings of the ſame colour flow.
One wood, you'd think, and t'other ſtones did yield,
Whilſt out of both a living Houſe they build.
The former, of ſuch poyſoning Arts accus'd,
In which you fanſie, venom is infus'd,
(Perhaps with this that fatal Robe was dy'd,
Which *Hercules* had ſent him from his Bride)
The tender Embryos body does compoſe,
And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
Nor is this all; but on the Mothers breaſt
Again it meets the little Infant Gueſt.
Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and courſe,
Like *Arethuſa* through a ſecret Source.
Then from the Paps it flows in double tides
Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
The golden Age of old ſuch Rivers drank,
That ſprang from Dugs of e'ry happy bank.
The candor and ſimplicity of Men
Deſerv'd the milky food of the Infants then.
How juſt and prudent is Dame Natures care
Who for each age does proper food prepare!
Before the Liver's form'd, the Mothers bloud
Supplies the Babe with neceſſary food.

And when to work the Novice Heat firſt goes
In its new ſhop, and ſcarce its bus'neſs knows,
Its firſt imployment is in Scarlet grain
(A childiſh task for learners) Milk to ſtain.
At laſt in e'ry kind its skill it tries,
And ſpends it ſelf in Curioſities.
Now ſay, it venom in the members breeds,
With which her Child the careful Mother feeds.
Their bane to Infants cruel Stepdames give,
Whilſt Mothers ſuck from better ſprings derive.
But how, you'll ſay, does that which Infants love
So prejudicial to their Mothers prove?
'Tis lively whilſt i'th' native womb it lies,
But by the veins flung out, decays and dies.
Then ſhipwrack'd on the neigbouring ſhore it lies,
And gaſping wiſhes for its Obſequies.
This being deni'd, new ſtrength it does recover,
And flies in vapours all the body over.
But what firſt taſt fruits from the tree receive,
When rotten, they no natural ſign can give.
So in pure ſeed the Lifes white manſion ſtands,
But ſurly Death corrupted ſeed commands.
Of Life Death's no good witneſs; do not think
A living Man can like a Carcaſs ſtink.
But you a running ſtream (that duly flows,
And no corruption by long-ſtanding knows)
To be as hurtful in their nature, hold,
As if from ſome corrupted ſprings they roul'd.
But now do you go on (for much you know,
Part falſe, I think, part very true) and ſhew:
If any hurtful ſeeds you can deſcry
In humane bodies (where they often lie)
How quickly Natures orders they obey,
When to the bloud the Flood-gates once give way.
The courſes this perhaps may putrifie,
'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company.
Is this the blouds fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
Though with my juice a Man ſhou'd Poiſon tope.
She ſpake, and with Ambroſial Odours clos'd
Her Speech, which many there, they ſay, oppos'd.
At laſt the *Laurels* thoughts they all deſir'd,
Th' Oracular *Laurels* words they all admir'd.

## *LAUREL.*

THat fate which frequently attends on all
Great Men, does Thee, egregious Bloud, befal.
Some praiſe what others too much diſapprove,
Exceſſive in their Hatred as their Love.

This Man in prejudice, that in favour lies,
Whilſt to their Ears a various rumour flies.
Hear *Dittany*; ſhe ſays, each Womans known
The Moon to bring each moneth with Poiſons down.
Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one
*Medea* proves in her own bloud alone.
Yet the fair *Roſe*, if all be true ſh' as ſaid,
Each Woman has in that a Goddeſs made.
From thence, ſhe ſays, Life ſpins its Purple thred,
And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed.
But if my dear *Apollo* ben't unkind,
Nor I in vain his ſacred Temples bind,
Such bloud nor form, nor nouriſhment ſupplies,
And ſo that triumphs in falſe Victories.
The many reaſons, here I need not tell
Which me induce; this one will ſerve as well:
Woman's the onely Animal we know,
Whoſe veins with ſuch immoderate courſes flow.
Yet every Beaſt produces young, we ſee,
And outdoes Mankind in fertility.
How many do ſmall Mice at one time breed!
Scorning the product of the *Trojan* Steed.
With what a bulk does yon vaſt El'phant come!
She ſeems to have a Caſtle in her womb.
Thy circuits, *Luna*, Conies almoſt tell
By kindling, near like thee their Bellies ſwell.
And yet their young no bank of bloud maintains,
Or nouriſhment that flows from gaping veins,
For when i'th' amorous war a couple vies,
A living ſpark from the Males body flies,
Which the wombs thirſty jaws, when they begin
To feel and taſt, immediately ſuck in:
Into receſſes which ſo turn and wind,
That them Diſſecters Eyes can hardly find.
In the ſame Chambers part o'th' female Life
Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife.
Them *Venus* joins, and with connubial Love
In mingled flames they both begin to move.
There redneſs caus'd by motion you may ſee,
And bloud, the ſign of loſt Virginity.
Of their Invention, bloud, they're mighty glad;
And to Inventions eaſie 'tis to add.
The ſmalleſt ſpark 'tis eaſie to augment
If you can get it proper nutriment.
You need not introduce new flames beſides,
Th' Elixir by this touch rich ſtore provides.
All fires, (provide them fuel) think it ſhame
To yield to *Veſta*'s never-dying flame.
Thus the firſt generous drop of bloud is bred,
Which proudly ſcorns hereafter to be fed.

With the ſeeds native white at firſt 'tis fill'd,
And takes delight with its own ſtock to build.
But when that fails, then life grows burthenſom,
And aid it wiſely borrows from the womb.
Herſelf the ſtuff ſhe borrows purifies,
And of a roſie, ſcarlet colour dyes.
From whom the wombs full paps with thirſty lips
Into its veiny mouths it daily ſips.
Look, where a child's new born, how ſoon it goes
And that food ſwallows, which of old it knows.
Kindly it plays and ſmiles upon the breaſt,
O'rjoy'd again to find its former feaſt.
Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
No; that can't be their Elemental food.
That ſure wou'd make them ſavage, were it ſo,
And all mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow.
I *Nero*'s acts cou'd hardly then diſpraiſe,
Nor wou'd *Oreſtes* fury wonder raiſe.
If Mothers bloud for wretched Infants firſt
By Heav'n's deſign'd, to ſatisfie their thirſt.
Yet ſtill that Fluxes cauſe we don't reveal,
Which does ſo cautiouſly its ſpring conceal.
A female brute whate'r her womb contains
Cheriſhes; yet no Moon diſſolves her veins.
Some qual'ty then we for the cauſe muſt find
Which is peculiar to the female kind.
This is the onely thing, which I can tell,
That Man in form and ſoftneſs they excel.
No Horſe a Mare outdoes, nor Bull, a Cow;
If through this *Iö*, through that *Jove* may low.
The Lions ſavage are both he and ſhe,
And in their aſpect equally agree.
The ſhe's no neater lick'd than rough he-Bears,
Nor fitter to adorn the ſtarry ſpheres.
She-Tygers han't than males more ſpotted charms,
And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms.
No painted Bird for want of Feathers ſcorns
Her Mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
The Swans (who are ſo downy, ſoft and white)
*Leda* can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by the ſight.
In Fiſhes you no difference can ſee,
Both in the glittering of their Scales agree.
*Venus* in them, arm'd by their naked ſex,
The darts of Beauty needed not t' annex.
In them no killing eyes the conqueſt gain,
Their ſmell alone their Triumphs can maintain.
But humane Race in flames more bright are try'd,
By Reaſon and reſplendent Heat ſupply'd.
Nor is Fruition their Original,
(A paltry, ſhort-liv'd joy) Oh! may they All
Periſh, who that alone true Pleaſure call.

Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids beſtow'd,
And with a thouſand Charms all o'r endow'd.
Men ſhe with golden fetters choſe to bind,
And with ſweet force their roving Souls confin'd.
Nor Women made for beſtial delight,
But with chaſt pleaſure too to rape the ſight.
Hence all that bloud, which after preſſings ſqueeze
Out of the groſſer Chyle, as dregs or lees,
And that, which on the body and the chin
With dusky clouds o'rcaſts the hairy skin,
From their fair bodies conſtantly ſhe drains,
And *Luna* her commiſſion for't obtains.
But if thoſe ſlimy flouds, by chance ſuppreſt,
Exceſſive heats to nutriment digeſt,
Manlike in time the Womens cheeks become,
And they, poor * *Iphis*, undergo thy doom.
So † *Phaëthuſa*, once ſo ſmooth and fair,
Wonder'd to feel her face o'rgrown with hair.
Her Hand ſhe often blam'd, and for a Glaſs,
She call'd, to look how 'twas; but there, alas!
A bearded Chin and Lips ſhe found, and then,
Blaming the Glaſs, felt with her hands agen.
Long-looking ſhe her own ſtrange viſage fear'd,
And ſtarted, when an unknown voice ſhe heard.

* The Story of *Iphis* chang'd into a Boy on her Wedding-day, ſee *Ovid. Met.* 9.

† *Hippocrates*, lib. *Epidem.* ſays that *Phaethuſa*, Wife of *Pithæus* of *Abdera*, having before been a fruitful Woman, upon the baniſhment of her Husband, and her Courſes ſtopping, ſhe became hairy and had a Beard, and her Voice grew ſtrong and hoarſe, like that of a Man; the ſame he writes of *Nemiſa* the Wife of *Gorippus*.

Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
*Apollo*'s Laurel did exſpatiate.
Hence to the Wonders of the teeming Bed
The way it ſelf their grave Diſcourſes led.
Then *Birth-wort*, *Juno*'s plant, the Court commands
To ſpeak, who Women lends her Midwife hands.
Willing enough to talk her ſtalk ſhe rais'd,
And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd.

## *BIRTHWORT.*

Green Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear;
And Patroneſs o'th' Womb's my Character.
But deeper yet my great Perfection lies,
For as my chiefeſt fruit my root I prize.
This Nature did with the Wombs figure ſeal,
Nor ſuffer'd me its Virtues to conceal.
Thence am I call'd Earths Apple; ſuch a one,
As in th' *Heſperian* Gardens there are none.
Had this (fair *Atalanta!*) then been thrown
Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own

Now you are married), 't has ſo ſweet a face,
You for this ſooner wou'd ha' ſlack'd your pace,
Than that, for which you loſt your Maiden race.
Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth
Retains and hugs it, where ſhe gave it birth,
Nor truſts dull Trees with things of ſo much worth.
Eaſing all Births, 'tis I the wonder prove
O'th' Earth our univerſal Parents love.
That Poet was no fool, nor did he lye,
Who ſaid each Herb cou'd ſhew a Deity.
Nor ſhou'd we *Egypts* Piety deſpiſe,
Which to green Gods paid daily Sacrifice.
*Rome*, why doſt jeer? "They are in Gardens born,
" And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn.
What's *Ceres* elſe, but Corn, and *Bacchus*, Vines?
And every holy Plain with Godheads ſhines.
And I * *Lucina* am; for I make way,
And Lifes ſtreight folding-doors wide open lay.
Oh! pardon, *Luna!* what I raſhly ſpoke,
That from my lips ſuch impious words have broke.
In me, in me, *Lucina*, you remain,
And in diſguiſe a Goddeſs I contain:
For in my roots ſmall circle you incloſe
Part of thoſe Virtues, which your Wiſdom knows.
Triumphant Conqueſts over Death I make;
Arms from my ſelf, but Pow'r from thee I take.
O'rſeer o'th' ways the body's roads I clear,
And ſtreets, as I that Cities *Ædile* were.
Straight paſſages I widen, ſtops remove,
And every obſtacle down headlong ſhove.
The Soul and her attendants nothing ſtays,
But they may freely come and go their ways.
I alſo dry each ſink and fenny flood,
Leſt the ſwift Meſſengers ſhou'd ſtick i'th' mud.
But to my ſtricter charge committed is
The pleaſant, ſacred Way that leads to bliſs.
When dawning Life *Cimmerian* night wou'd leave,
And its relation Days bright rays perceive,
I keep Death off the Wombs ſtraight paſſages,
That them the watchful Foe can ne'r poſſeſs.
You'd wonder (for great Nature when ſhe ſhows,
Her greateſt wonders, nothing greater does)
Which way the narrow womb, ſo void of pain
Such an unweildy weight cou'd e'r contain,
How ſuch a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
Through ſuch a narrow Avenue ſhou'd paſs.
When ſuch croſs motions teeming wombs attain
Firſt to dilate, then fold themſelves again,
What knots unties and ſolid bones divides,
And what again unites the diſtant ſides.

* *Luna* and *Lucina*, both the ſame Goddeſs of Midwifry, *&c.*

But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth,
Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.
'Tis true, both I and you, my Siſters, ſhare
In this great work, and humble Handmaids are.
But God (you know) performs the chiefeſt part;
This work is fit for the Almighty Art.
He to the growing Embryo bids the womb
Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room.
He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his hand
They gently forth at open order ſtand.
Mean time th' induſtrious Infant, loth to ſtay,
Sruggles and with his head wou'd make its way.
Whilſt the tormented, labouring Wretch wou'd fain
Be eaſ'd both of her burthen and her pain.
Them too my piercing heat both inſtigates,
And the inclining quarters ſeparates.
Sometimes within his Mothers fatal Womb,
Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb.
Life from her native ſoil Deaths terrors chaſe,
Who fertile is herſelf in ſuch a place.
Th' included carcaſs breaths forth dire perfumes,
And its own Grave the buried Corps conſumes.
Strange! the prepoſterous Child's his Mothers death,
And dead deprives his living Tomb of breath.
From that ſad fate, ye Gods, chaſt Women guard;
And let it be Adulteries reward.
As far as in me lies, I ſave the tree,
And take the rotten away with me.
The goods to drown, 'tis the beſt way I think,
Leſt in a ſtorm the Ship and all ſhou'd ſink.
Raſh Infants often make eſcapes; unbind
Their cords and leave their luggage all behind.
Their thicker coats and thinner ſhirts they leave,
And that ſweet Cake where they their food receive.
*Lucina* twice poor Women then implore
Their throws return although the Birth be o'r.
Here to the Womb again my aid I lend,
And hard as well as noiſom work attend.
What I to cleanſe the paſſage undergo,
You wot not, but, let no man, pray you, know.
For if he do, 'twill *Cupid*'s power impair,
Nor will he ſuch an awe o'r mortals bear.
But though in me a ſecret Virtue lie
Of pulling Darts from deepeſt Wounds, yet I
Thy pleaſant Darts, kind *Cupid* never ſtrove
To draw; That me no friend to th' womb wou'd prove.
In me one Virtue I my ſelf admire
(Ah! who can know themſelves as they deſire.)
For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know
How I ſo oft have done the thing I do.

It draws ſplinters, ſcales of bones, &c. *Fernel.*

For though I liſe to humane Creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me, no Fiſh can live.
As ſoon as me they taſt, away they fly
Under the water and in ſilence die.
What may the cauſe of this ſtrange quarrel be?
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.
No Animals, than theſe more fruitful prove,
When yet I hate, though fruitfulneſs I love.
Th' Effect is plain and eaſie to be found,
But deep the Cauſe lies rooted under-ground.

## The *MASTICK-TREE.*

THen *Chian Maſtick* thus began; ſaid ſhe,
This ſutes not with this opportunity.
To Fiſhes (Siſter) do whate'r you pleaſe,
Depopulate and poiſon all the Seas.
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made *Glaucus* fiſhes bounce into the Main.
Which with new forms the watery World ſupplies,
And changes Men into Sea-Deities.
But theſe are trifles; ſince curſ'd *Savin* here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear.
She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes,
And deep in bloud that living Temple ſtains.
Impatient to be wicked ſhe deſtroys
The naked hopes of thouſand future Boys.
'Tis one of Wars extream and greateſt harms,
To ſnatch an Infant from his Mothers Arms.
But here the Womb (oh ſtrange!) cloſe ſhut and barr'd,
The Mothers very bowels are no guard.
Whilſt Poiſons onely in a civil rage,
And lingring Ills the Step-dames hands engage.
Oh! ſimple *Colchis*, rude and ignorant,
Who the new Arts of wickedneſs doſt want!
*Medea*, *Savin* knows a better way
Than thy *Medea* Children to deſtroy.
Thou, *Progne!* know'ſt not how revenge to take,
Let *Itys* live; thy ſtay amends will make.
Lie with thy Husband, though againſt thy will,
Let thy ſwell'd Womb with hopes fierce *Tereus* fill.
When you are ripe for hate, let *Savin* come,
And dreſs the fatal Banquet in your Womb.
The reeking bits let thy curſt Husband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion, caus'd for ſpite's a generous crime,
Th' effect of pleaſure at the preſent time.
Officious *Savin* is at the Expence
Of ſo much Wit and ſo much Diligence;

**Concerning *Glaucus* his Fiſhes, ſee *Ovid. Met.* lib. 13. *fab. ult.***

To make the lewdeſt Whore moſt chaſt appear,
That of her crimes, no token ſhe may wear.
To make her lechery frugal, and provide
That thy apartment, Luſt, ben't made too wide.
The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
Which with diſgrace, may her a Mother prove.
If Men ſhou'd all conſpire with ſuch a Plant,
The whole World ſoon Inhabitants wou'd want.
You then the Brutes alone in vain wou'd ſee,
And no employment for your Art wou'd be.
But you, who ſcatch the rapid, wheeling Days,
And Fate beguile with Art and ſweet delays;
You, verdant Conſtellations here below,
To whom their birth and fate all Mortals owe;
Do you take care this tree-like Hag to burn,
Who makes the Womb the Infants living Urn.
Let Natures mortal Foe receive her doom,
And with moiſt Laurel purge the tainted room.
Or let her live in *Crete*, her native home,
And with her Virtues purge *Paſiphäes* womb.
There two miſcarriages ſhe might ha' made
At once; Oh! prize, now never to be had!
But I ſuppoſe ſhe never wou'd ha' torn,
The Minotaur. Or kept that hopeful Monſter from being born;
For ſeven Boys, whoſe death to her was dear,
That Half-man was to ſwallow e'ry year.
Haſt, *Savin!* home to *Crete*; we won't complain,
Though *Ditt'ny* too with Thee return again.
At this they were divided; and the ſound
Of various murmurs flew the Court around.
Whilſt ſharp'ned leaves did *Savin's* anger ſhow,
As when a Lion briſtles at his Foe.
Thoſe three degrees of heat which ſhe before
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

## SAVIN.

THou, wretched Shrub (in paſſionate tones) ſaid ſhe,
Doſt thou pretend to be my Enemy?
Doſt thou a Plant, which through the world is known,
Diſparage? all mankind my Virtues own.
Maſtick is good for the Tooth-ach, Whilſt thou for hollow Teeth a Med'cine art,
And ſcarcely bear'ſt in Barbers ſhops a part.
Go, hang thy Tables up, to ſhew thy Vows,
And with thy Trophies load thy bending bows.
Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry
The greateſt, ſome old, rotten Tooth will be.
What? cauſe thy Tear ſtops weeping rheum, and lays
A Damm, which currents of defluxions ſtay,

Doſt think thy force can keep the Womb ſo tight,
As to reſtrain Conceptions liquid flight?
No ſure; but thou by Cheats a Name haſt ſought,
And woud'ſt, though vile thou art, too dear be bought.
By falſe pretences you on Fame impoſe,
But I the truth of what I am diſcloſe.
Children, I own, I from the Belly wreſt;
Go now, of my confeſſion make your beſt.
I own, I ſay; nor canſt thou for thy heart,
(Though thou more tender than the Mother wert,)
Prevent me with thy tears or all thy Art.
Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence
With thee her womb; with Pitch and Frankincenſe;
A Loadſtone too about her let her bear;
(That I ſuppoſe, does thy great Virtues wear.)
For that, we know, fix'd to their native place
Retains the Iron-ſeeds of humane Race.
Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn,
And many Jaſpers, on her Fingers worn;
With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a ſhell
Whoſe fiſh herſelf and that ſecures ſo well.
But above all let her the Eagles ſtone
Carry, and two of them, not onely one.
For nothing ſtrengthens Nature more, than that;
Nothing the Womb does more corroborate.
Let her do all, yet all ſhall prove in vain,
If once acceſs to her my juices gain.
I own it; nor will I ungrateful be
To bounteous Nature, leſt I anger thee,
Though thou haſt done thy worſt to anger me.
'Tis Natures gift, whoſe wiſdom I eſteem
Much more than thine, though thou a *Cato* ſeem.
Into the Womb by ſtealth I never creep,
Nor force my ſelf on Women, whilſt they ſleep.
I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt, be ſeen
In Gardens always growing, freſh and green.
I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
Muſt give, which I my ſelf firſt undergo.
You juſtly blame *Medea*, but, for ſhame,
The guiltleſs knife, ſhe cut with, do not blame.
The liſtening Trees will think thee drunk with Wine,
If thou of drunkenneſs accuſe the Vine.
Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
Which greater Virtues did on me beſtow.
For I the Courſes and the After-birth,
With the dead Members deadly weight bring forth.
Poor Infants from their native Goal I free,
And with aſtoniſh'd Eyes the Sun they ſee.
But nothing can they find, worth ſo much pain;
And wou'd return into the dark again.

*Sennertus* and other Phyſicians recommend theſe Stones to be held in the hand, or otherwiſe applied to thoſe who fear Abortion.

They wiſh my fatal draught had come before,
Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'r.
That which you call a Crime, I own to be,
But you muſt lay't on Men and not on me.
Ah! what at firſt wou'd tender Infants give
(When newly form'd they ſcarce begin to live)
For this, if poſſibly they cou'd but know,
Through what a paſſage they muſt after go?
Ah! why did Heav'n (with reverence let me ſay)
Into this World make ſuch a narrow way?
You'd think the Child by's pains to Heav'n ſhou'd go,
Whilſt he through pain's born to a world of woe.
Through deadly ſtrugglings he receives his breath,
And pangs, i'th' birth reſemble thoſe of Death.
Mothers, the name of Mothers dearly buy,
And purchaſe pleaſure at a rate too high.
But thou, Child-bearing Woman, who no eaſe
Canſt find, (tormented with a dear Diſeaſe)
Whoſe tortur'd bowels that ſweet Viper gnaws,
(That living burthen, of thy Rack the cauſe)
Take but my leaves with ſpeed, their Virtue try
(In them, believe me, ſovereign juices lie.)
Thy barriers they by force ſoon open lay,
And out o'th' world, 'tis ſcarce a wider way.
The Infant, ripe, drops from the bows, and cries
The whilſt his half-dead Mother ſilent lies;
But hearing him ſhe ſoon forgets her pain,
And thinks to do that pleaſant trick again.
But thou, on whom the ſilver Moons moiſt rays
(For the wombs night its Lady Moon obeys)
No influence have, I charge thee, do not take
My leaves, but haſt, though loaded, from 'em make.
Down from the Trees by my force ſhaken, all
The fruits though ne'r ſo green and ſour, fall.
(This I foretel you, leſt, when you're aggriev'd,
You then ſhou'd ſay, by me you were deceiv'd.)
For innocent Girls ſin ſore againſt their will,
None ever wiſh'd her womb a Child might fill:
Yet if I were not in the world, they wou'd
Incline to do the fact, but never cou'd.
But many other Plants the ſame can do,
Wherefore if baniſhment you think my due,
Companions in it I ſhall have, I know;
And into *Creet* a troop of us ſhall go.

Plants that procure Abortion.

Thou, Myrrh! for one ſhalt go, who heretofore
For lewdneſs puniſh'd now deſerv'ſt the more.
But thou, though lewd didſt not prevent the birth,
Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth.
And *All-heal* too, who Death affrights, muſt pack,
With *Galbanum* and *Gum-Ammoniack*.

And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never ſold,
Unleſs they brought the ſweeter ſmell of Gold.
*Ground-pine* and *Saffron* too will Exiles prove,
*Saffron*, once *Crocus*, yellow dy'd by Love.
*Madder*, and *Colloquintida* with me,
And *Dragon* too the *Cretan* ſhore muſt ſee.
And *Sowbread* too, whoſe ſecret darts are found
Child-bearing Women diſtantly to wound.
And *Rue*, as noble a Plant as any's here,
Phyſick to other things, is Poiſon there.
What ſhou'd I name the reſt? We make a throng,
Thou *Birthwort* too with us muſt troop along.
Nor muſt you, Preſident, behind us ſtay,
Riſe then and into Exile come away.
She ended, with great favour and applauſe;
And there's no doubt but ſhe obtain'd her cauſe.
The *Mugwort* next began, whoſe awful Face
Check'd all their ſtirs, and ſilence fill'd the place.

## *MUGWORT* [ the Preſident. ]

If the green Nation, Siſter, baniſh Thee,
I'll go along and bear thee Company.
If we for Womens faults muſt bear diſgrace,
We, the * *Ecbolicks*, are a wretched Race.
On her head let it ( if a Woman ſhall
To her own bowels prove inhumane ) fall;
Not part of Deaths ſad penalties, but all.
Why are we ſent for at untimely hours?
That Day, when lucky † *Juno* comes, is ours.
She's wicked and deſerves the worſt of fates,
Who to ill ends that time anticipates.
For the admitted juice knows no delay,
But torpid as it is will force its way.
Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound
Ill-fix'd within it ſelf or to the ground.
A Ship, well tackled, which the winds may ſcorn,
Ill rigg'd away by ev'ry guſt is born.
The Elements of Life what can't o'rthrow?
No wonder; Life it ſelf's an empty ſhow.
Sometimes it ſmells a Candles ſnuff and dies;
The weaker fume before the ſtronger flies.
Let *Ceſar* round the Globe with's Eagles fly,
And grieve with *Jove* to ſhare Equality.
Yet what a trifle might ha' been his death,
Preventing all his Triumphs with his breath.
One farthing Candle by its dying flame
Wou'd have depriv'd the world of his great Name;

* Ecbolicks, *i.e.* ſuch Medicines as bring away dead Children, or cauſe abortion.

† The Goddeſs of Childbearing.

The ſmell of a Candles Snuff, 'tis ſaid, will make Women miſcarry.

Nor had we had ſuch numerous ſupplies
Of mighty Lords and new-found Deities.
Thou, *Alexander*, too might'ſt ſo ha' dy'd,
(How well the world that ſmell had gratifi'd.)
Thou, who, a petty King o'th' Univerſe,
Thought'ſt with thy ſelf alone thou didſt converſe.
Yea the ſame chance might have remov'd from us,
Both Thee, *Jove*'s Son, and thy *Bucephalus*.
The Stink of a Candle, is ſaid alſo to cauſe Abortion in Mares.
And if thy Groom his Candle out had ſlept,
*Bucephala* he from being built had kept.
So ſlight a ſtink you'd ſcarce think this could do,
Unleſs the niceneſs of the womb I knew.
How ſhie it is of an ungrateful ſmell
You, by its ſecret coyneſs, know full well.
(But that's no prudence in it: ſince that place
For pleaſure no good ſituation has)
But greedily ſweet things it meets half-way,
And into its own boſom does convey.
The ſecret cauſe of which effect to find
Is hard; not have the Learned it aſſign'd.
Let's ſee if any thing farther we can ſay;
The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day.
Wherefore a thouſand wonders that remain
Concerning Childbirth, us may entertain
I'th' next Aſſembly, when we meet again.
You, Myrrh! who from a Line of Monarchs came,
* *Cynaras*, King of *Cyprus*. See the Story of his Daughter *Myrrha*, *Ovid. Met.*
The glory of their angry * Fathers name;
Sacred and grateful to the Gods; again
A Virgin, and ſhalt always ſo remain;
You know the ſecrets of the female kind,
And what you know, I hope, can call to mind.
Then ſurely you the nature of a ſmell
Among rich Odours born muſt clearly tell.
Beſides, when formerly their Reaſon ſtrove
Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love;
You in the middle of the fight wou'd fall,
* *i. e.* Fits of the Mother.
They ſay, and lie in * fits Hyſterical.
Come then, let's hear, what you at laſt can ſay?
Speak, modeſt Myrrh! why do you ſo delay?
Why do the tears run down thy bark ſo faſt?
Thou need'ſt not bluſh for faults ſo long time paſt.
Ah! happy faults, that can ſuch tears produce,
Which to the World are of ſuch Sovereign uſe.
No Woman e'r deſerv'd before this time
So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

## MYRRH.

AT laſt when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous tears,
Putting aſide her leaves, her Face and Head ſhe rears.
Then ſhe began, but bluſh'd, and ſtopp'd anon,
Nor cou'd ſhe be entreated to go on.
So a dry Pump at firſt will hardly go,
From whence a River by and by will flow.
'Tis known, the female Tribe, of all that live,
Above the reſt is far more talkative.
And that a Plant, who was a Maid before,
Speaks faſter much than all the reſt and more.
Her ſtory therefore gently ſhe begins,
And with her Art upon the Audience wins.
Her Wars with unchaſt Love ſhe reckon'd o'r;
For fear of doing ill, what ills ſhe bore:
She told, how oft her breaſt her hands had try'd
To ſtab, whilſt chaſt fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd.
How long and oft unequally with Love,
Who even Goddeſſes ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrove.
And many things beſides, which I'll not name,
Since *Ovid* with more wit has ſaid the ſame.
Then of the Wombs intolerable pains
(Sh' ad felt them) ſadly ſhe, 'tis ſaid, complains.
Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues,
Or made of ſturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs,
The kinds and forms, and names of cruel fate,
And monſtrous ſhapes I hardly cou'd relate.
What meant the Gods, Lifes native Seat to fill
With ſuch a numerous Hoſt, ſo arm'd to kill?
What is it, Pleaſure! guards Man's happineſs,
If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe, poſſeſs.
But me my Laurel told; then moſt ſhe rail'd,
When the ſad Fits o'th' Mother ſhe bewail'd.
Woe to the bodies wretched Town (ſaid ſhe)
When the wombs Fort contains the Enemy!
Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,
Which rout the conquer'd Soul where e'r they go.
The troops of flying Spirits they deſtroy,
As ſtenches from * *Avernus* Birds annoy.
If they the Stomach ſeize, the Appetite's gone,
And tasks deſign'd for veins lie by half done.
No Meats it now endures, much leſs requires,
Aud the crude Kitchin cools for want of fires.
If they the Heart invade, that's walls they ſhake,
And in the vital work confuſion make;
New waves they thither bring, but thoſe the vein,
Which *Vena Cava*'s call'd, bears back again.

* A noiſom Lake, over which if Birds flew, they were often choked with the ſtench of it.

The Arteries by weak pulſings notifie,
Or elſe by none, the Soul's then paſſing by.
By that black Cloud all joy's extinguiſh'd quite,
And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright.
So when grim, *Stygian* ſhades, they ſay, appear,
The Candles tremble and go out for fear.
Grief, fear, and hatred of the light invade
Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of trouble's made.
Then ſtraight the jaws themſelves the torturing Ill
With deadly, ſtrangling vapours ſtrives to fill.
T' *Æthereal* Air it never ſhews deſire,
But *Salamander*-like lives all on fire:
Sometimes theſe reſtleſs Plagues the Head too ſeize,
And rifle all the Souls rich Palaces.
In barbarous triumph led, then Reaſon ſtands,
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands.
For the poor wretch a merry madneſs takes,
And her ſad ſides with doleful laughter ſhakes.
Her Dreams (in vain awake) ſhe tells, and thoſe,
If no body admire, amaz'd ſhe ſhows.
She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies;
A piteous, ſhe, and dreadful Object, lies.
One ſeems to rave, and from her ſparkling Eyes
Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries.
Some Deaths exacteſt Image ſeizes, ſo
That ſleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd ſhow.
A ſolid dulneſs all the ſenſes keeps
Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more ſoundly ſleeps.
Her breath, if any from her noſtrils go,
The Down from *Poppy* tops wou'd hardly blow.
If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd ſay,
Two dead ones there, or two Hyſterick lay.
But then ('tis ſtrange, and yet we muſt believe
What we from long experience receive)
Under her Noſe ſtrong-ſmelling Odours lay,
The other vapours theſe will chaſe away.
Burn Partridge feathers, hair of Man or Beaſt,
Horns, leather, warts, that Horſes legs moleſt;
All theſe are good; but what ſtrange accident
Firſt found them out, or cou'd ſuch Cures invent?
Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks diſtills,
And Sulphur, which all things with Odours fills.
To which the ſtinking Aſſa you may add,
And Oil which from the Beavers ſtones is had.
Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,
And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below.
But that each Avenue, which upward lies,
With mounds and ſtrong-built Rampires fortifies.
Then being contracted to a narrower place
(For force decays ſpread in too wide a ſpace)

No humours foul or vapours there muſt ſtay,
But out it purges them the lower way.
On Forein parts now no aſſaults ſhe makes,
But care of her domeſtick ſafety takes.
*Carthage* to *Hannibal* now ſends no ſupply,
To break the force of diſtant *Italy*,
When from their walls with horror they deſcry
The threatning *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.
This for the Noſe; the Womb then you muſt pleaſe
With ſuch ſweet Odours as the Gods appeaſe.
With *Cinnamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Ladanum*,
With healing Balſam and my oily Gum.
Civet, and Musk, and Amber too apply,
(Scarce yet well known to humane induſtry)
With all that my rich, native Soil ſupplies,
Such fumes as from the Phœnix Neſt ariſe.
Nor fear from Gods to take their Frankincenſe,
In ſuch a pious caſe, 'tis no offence.
Then ſhalt thou ſee the limbs faint motions make,
A certain ſign, that now the Soul's awake.
Then will the Guts with an unuſual noiſe,
The Enemy o'rthrown, ſeem to rejoice.
Bloud will below the ſecret paſſage ſtain,
And Arteries recruited beat again.
Oft, glad to ſee the light, themſelves the Eyes
Lift up; the Face returning purple dies;
One jaw from t' other with a groan retires,
And the Diſeaſe it ſelf, like Life, expires.
  Tell me, ſweet Odours, tell me, what have you
With parts ſo diſtant from the Noſe to do?
Or what have you, ill ſmells, ſo near the Noſe
To do, ſince that and you are mortal Foes?
And why doſt thou, abominable ſtench!
Upon remote Dominions ſo intrench?
Say, by what ſecret force you fling your Darts,
Whom from your Bow, the Noſe, ſuch diſtance parts.
For ſome believe, that to the brain alone
They fly, through ways, which in the head are known;
And that the Brain to the related Womb
Sends (good and bad) all ſmells, that to it come.
The Womb too oft rejoyces for That's ſake,
And when That's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.
The Womb's *Oreſtes*, *Pylades* the Brain,
And what to one, to th' other is a pain.
I don't deny the native Sympathy,
And like reſpects, in which theſe parts agree.
Each its conception has, and each its birth,
And both their Off-ſprings like the Sire, come forth,
Still to produce both have a conſtant vein,
And their ſtreight boſoms mighty things contain.

Much I omit in both; but know, that This
O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the Matrix is.
But th' womb has this one proper faculty,
Its actions oft from Head and Noſe are free.
Oft when it ſtrives to break its bonds in vain
(And often nought its fury can contain)
A ſweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Noſe)
Does with a grateful glew its body cloſe.
But when oppreſs'd with weight the womb falls down
(As ſometimes it, when weak, does with its own)
With dreadful weapons arm'd a noiſom ſmell
Meets it, and upward quickly does repel.
So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forſook,
(People which in their Neighbours terrour ſtrook)
A ſtronger Foe, their wandering to reſtrain,
To their old quarters beat 'em back again.
Here different reaſons different Authors ſhow,
But none worth ſpeaking of, I'm ſure, you know.
What can I add? You, Learned Preſident, pleaſe
To bid me ſpeak; the caſe ſays, hold your peace.
Yet you I muſt obey; Heav'n is ſo kind
To let us ſeek that truth we cannot find.
This truth muſt be i'th' wells dark bottom ſought,
Pardon me, if I make an heavy draught.
You ſee the wondrous Wars and Leagues of Things,
From whence the worlds harmonious conſort ſprings.
This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had,
Is a grave Sot, and ſtudiouſly mad.
Here many cauſes branch themſelves around,
But to 'em all one onely Root is found.
For thoſe, which mortals the four Elements call,
In the worlds fabrick are not firſt of all.
Treaſures in them wiſe Nature laid, as ſtore,
Ready at hand, of things that were before.
Whence ſhe might Principles draw for her uſe,
And mixtures new eternally produce.
Infinite ſeeds in thoſe ſmall bodies lie
To us, but numbred by the Deity.
Nor is the heat to Fire more natural,
Nor coldneſs more to Waters ſhare does fall,
Than either bitter, ſweet, or white or black,
Or any ſmells, that Noſes e'r attack.
Our purging or aſtringent quality
Have proper points of matter, where they lie.
With *Earth, Air, Water, Fire*, Heav'n all things bore,
Why do I faintly ſpeak? They were before.
For what *Earth, Air, Fire, Water* now we call,
Are Compounds from the firſt Original.
For—— But a ſudden fright her ſenſes ſhock'd,
And ſtopt her ſpeech; ſhe heard the gate unlock'd.

And *Rue* from far the *Gardener* ſaw come in,
Trembling, as ſhe an Aſpen-leaf had been.
(For *Rue*, a ſovereign Plant to purge the Eyes
Remoteſt Objects eaſily deſcries)
She ſoftly whiſper'd, Hence make haſt away;
Here's * *Robert* come, make haſt, why do we ſtay?
Day was not broken, but 'twas almoſt light
And *Luna* ſwiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night;
Nor was the Fellow us'd ſo ſoon to riſe,
But him a ſudden chance did then ſurprize.
His Wife in pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd,
And gentle *Juno*'s preſent aid implor'd.
But he who plants that in his Garden grew,
Than forty *Juno*'s, of more value knew,
Came thither *Sowbread* all in haſt to gather,
That he with greater eaſe might prove a Father.
Soon as they ſaw the Man, ſtraight up they got,
With gentle haſt and ſtood upon the ſpot.
When briefly *Mugwort*; I this Court adjourn;
What we have left we'll do at our return.
Without tumultuous noiſe away they fled,
And every Plant crept to her proper Bed.

* The name of the Gardener of the Phyſick-Garden in *Oxford*.

## The End of the Second Book.

# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK III.

### *FLORA.*

NOW Muſe, if ever, now look briſk and gay,
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that diſplay.
Uſe all the Schemes and colours now of Speech,
Uſe all the Flow'rs that Poetry enrich,
Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,
As may reſemble the returning Spring,
Let the ſame Muſick through thy Verſe reſound
As in the Woods and ſhady Groves is found.
Let every line ſuch fragrant praiſe exhale
As riſes up from ſome ſweet-ſmelling Vale.
Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods appear,
And ſhew in painted Verſe the ſeaſon of the Year.
Come then away, for the firſt welcome Morn
Of the ſpruce Moneth of *May* begins to dawn.
This Day; ſo tells the Poets ſacred Page;
Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial bands engage,
This very day the knot was tied; and thence
The lovely Maid a Goddeſs did commence.
The ſigns of joy did everywhere appear,
On Earth, in Heaven, throughout the Sea and Air;
No wandring Cloud was ſeen in all the Sky,
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.
The Air ſerene, not an ungentle blaſt
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace,
The wind that was, breath'd Odours all around,
And only fann'd the ſtreams, and only kiſs'd the ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now ſuch a numerous birth
Appear'd, as e'en aſtoniſh'd Mother Earth.
The Lily grew 'midſt barren Heath and Sedg,
And the Roſe bluſh'd on each unprickly hedg.

The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*
The places now of angry *Nettles* fill.
This great and joyful Day, on which ſhe knew
What 'twas to be a Wiſe and Goddeſs too,
The grateful *Flora* yearly did expreſs
In ſhews, Religious Pomp and gaudineſs,
Long as ſhe thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among
The other Gods, a vaſt and numerous throng;
But when the ſacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,
Among the reſt an Exile ſhe became,
Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,
Nought of the grandeur of a Goddeſs left.
Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,
But forc'd o'er Flowers to preſide and reign,
The beſt ſhe can, ſhe ſtill keeps up the Day;
Not as of old, when bleſs'd with ſtore ſhe lay,
When with a laviſh hand her bounties flew,
She ha'nt the heart, and means to do it now,
But in a way fitting her humble ſtate
She always did, and ſtill does celebrate.
And now that ſhe the better may attend
The flowry Empire under her command,
To all the World at times ſhe does reſort,
Now in this part, now that ſhe keeps her Court.
And ſo the Seaſons of the year require,
For here 'tis Spring, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.
With eaſe ſhe flies to the remoteſt ſhores,
And viſits in the way a world of Flow'rs.
In *Zephyr*'s painted Car ſhe cuts the Air,
Pleas'd with the way, her Spouſe the Charioteer.
It was the year, (thrice bleſt that beautious year,)
Which mighty *Charles*'s ſacred Name did bear.
A golden year the Heavens brought about
In high proceſſion with a joyful ſhout,
A year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,
That brought home peace, and lay'd our monſtrous heats;
A greater gift, bleſs'd *Albion*, thou didſt gain,
It brought home God like *Charles*, and all his peaceful train;
Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'r the ſcars,
And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years;
Nor felt the Gown alone the fruits of peace,
But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry race;
This year to every thing freſh honours brought,
Nor 'midſt theſe were the learned Arts forgot.
Poor exil'd *Flora* with the *Sylvan* Gods
Came back again to their old lov'd abodes;
I ſaw her (through a Glaſs my Muſe vouchſaf'd)
Plac'd on the painted Bow ſecurely waft,
Triumphantly ſhe rode, and made her courſe
Towards fair *Albion*'s long forſaken Shores.

That ſhe our Goddeſs was, to me was plain
From the gay various colours of her train.
She light, renowned *Thames*, upon thy ſhore,
Long time belov'd, and known to her before;
'Twas here the Goddeſs an Appointment ſet
For all the Flow'rs; accordingly they met;
Thoſe that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
Or thoſe which a more temperate Clime does hold,
Thoſe drunk with dew, the Sun juſt riſing ſees,
Or thoſe, when ſetting, with a face like his,
All ſorts that *Eaſt* and *Weſt* can boaſt, were there,
But not ſuch Flow'rs as you ſee growing here,
Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious ſtill to harms,
Which quickly die out of their mothers arms;
But thoſe that *Plato* ſaw, *Ideas* nam'd,
Daughters of *Jove*, for heavenly extract fam'd.
Æthereal Plants! what Glories they diſcloſe,
What excellence the firſt Celeſtial Roſe;
What bluſh, what ſmell! and yet on many ſcores,
The Learned ſay, it much reſembles ours;
Onely 'tis ever freſh, with long life bleſs'd,
Not in your fading mortal colours dreſs'd.
This Roſe, the Image of the heavenly mind,
The other growing on our Earth, we find;
Which is the Image of that Image, then
No wonder it appears leſs freſh and fine,
Theſe Heaven-born ſpecies of the flowry race
Aſſembled all, the Wedding-Morn to grace.
   *Phœbus*, do thou the Pencil take, the ſame
With which thou gildſt the worlds great chequer'd frame.
Lights Pencil take; try if thou canſt diſplay
The various Scenes of this reſplendent Day.
And yet I doubt thy skill, though all muſt bow
To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;
I'm ſure 'tis much too hard a task for me,
Yet ſome I'll touch, in paſſing, like the Bee.
Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,
A Noſegay may; and that if ſweet, will do.
   Now when a part of this triumphant Day
In ſacred pompous Rites had paſs'd away,
Rites, which no mortal Tongue can duly tell,
And which perhaps 'ts not lawful to reveal,
At length the ſporting Goddeſs thought it beſt
(Though ſure the humour went beyond a Jeſt)
A pleaſant ſort of Trial to propoſe,
And from among the Plants a Queen to chuſe,
Which ſhou'd preſide over the flowry Race,
Be a Vice-Goddeſs and ſupply her place.
Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
To ſee which beſt deſerv'd the Dignity.

The Scene Arch'd o'r with wreathing branches ſtood,
Which like a little hollow Temple ſhow'd,
The Shrubs and Branches, darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant ſhades, compos'd the roof;
Red and white *Jaſmine*, with the Myrtle Tree
The favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity,
The golden Apple-tree with ſilver bud,
Both ſorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew ſtood;
There was the twining *Woodbind* to be ſeen,
And yellow *Hather*, Roſes mixt between.
Each Plant its Notes and known diſtinctions brought
With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought;
Juſt in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane,
A Throne the judging Goddeſs did ſuſtain,
Rob'd in a thouſand ſeveral ſorts of leaves,
And all the colours which the Garden gives,
Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wiſe,
With their deluding Figures mock'd your Eyes.
A noble checquer'd work; which real ſeems,
And firmly ſet with gliſtring Stones and Gems;
It real ſeem'd; though Gods ſuch bodies wear
For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear;
The Goddeſs ſeated in Majeſtick wiſe
With all the pride the wealthy Spring ſupplies,
Had *Ariadne*'s Crown; and ſuch a veſt
With which the Rainbow on bright days is dreſt;
Before her Throne did the officious band
Of Hours, Days, Months in goodly order ſtand.
The Hours upon ſoft painted wings were born,
Painted; but ſwift alas! and quickly gone;
The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace;
And then the Months, each with a different face,
On *Cynthia*'s Orb they tend with conſtant care,
In Monthly Courſes whirling round her Sphere.
Firſt *Spring*, a Roſy-colour'd Youngſter, ſtood
With looks enough to bribe a judging God.
*Summer* appear'd, rob'd in a yellow Gown,
Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown;
Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona*'s ſtore,
And *Bacchus* too treading the bluſhing floor;
Poor half-ſtarv'd *Winter* ſhivering in the Rear,
The Stoical and ſullen part o'th' year.
Yet not by Step-dame Nature wholly left
Of every grace is Winter-time bereft.
Some Friends it has in this afflicted ſtate,
Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget;
Some Plants the Winter ſeaſon does ſupply
Born purely for delight and luxury;
Which brave the froſt and cold, and merit claim,
Though few indeed, and of a lower frame.

The New-Year did him this peculiar grace,
And *Janus* favouring with his double face,
That he ſhou'd firſt be heard; and have the power
To draw forth all his poor and ſlender ſtore.
Winter obeys; and ranks 'em, beſt he can,
More truſting to the worth than number of his Men.
Juſt in the front of Winter's ſcanty band
Two lofty Plants, or flowry Giants ſtand,
*Spurge-Olive* one, 'tother a kind of *Bay*,
Both high, and largely ſpreading every way,
But did they in a milder ſeaſon ſprout,
Whether they e'er wou'd paſs for Flow'rs, I doubt,
But now they do; and ſuch their looks and ſmell
The place they hold, they ſeem to merit well.
Next *Woolſs-bane*, us'd in Step-dames poiſoning trade,
Born of the foam of *Pluto*'s Porter, ſaid,
A baneful Plant, ſpringing in craggy ground,
Thence its hard name, itſelf much harder found;
Briskly its gilded Creſt it does diſplay,
And boldly ſtares i'th' face the God of Day,
Which *Cerberus* its Sire durſt ne'r aſſay,

**These Plants by Art ſometimes are made to flower in Winter.**

The Plant, call'd *Snow-drops*, next in courſe appear'd,
But trembling, by its frightful Neighbour ſcar'd,
Yet clad in white her ſelf, like fleecy Snow,
Near her bad Neighbour, finer ſhe does ſhow.
The noble *Liver-wort* does next appear,
Without a ſpeck, like the unclouded Air;
A Plant of noble uſe and endleſs fame,
The Liver's great Preſerver, thence its Name;
The humble Plant conſcious of inbred worth
In Winters hardeſt froſt and cold, ſhoots forth.
Let other Plants, ſaid ſhe, for ſeaſons wait,
For Summer gales, or the Suns kindly heat,
She ſcorns delay; naked, without a Coat,
As 'twere in haſt, the noble Plant comes out.
Next the blew *Primroſe*, which in Winter blows,
But wears the Spring both in its name and cloaths;
The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,
To theſe our *Lady's-Seal*, and *Sows-bread* join.
But theſe appearing out of ſeaſon, were
Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair.

**This flower's in *December*.**

There now remain'd of Winters genuine ſtore
And off-ſpring, *Bears-foot* or the Chriſtmas Flow'r,
The pride of Winter, which in froſt can live,
And now alone for Empire dar'd to ſtrive.
On its black ſtalk it rear'd it ſelf, and then
With pale but fearleſs face to plead began.

## *Helleborus Niger, or Chriſtmas Flower.*

I Mean not now my Beauty to oppoſe
To that of Lilies, or the bluſhing Roſe,
Old *Prætus* Daughters me from that do ſcare,
Who once with *Juno* durſt their face compare,
Mad with Conceit, each thought her ſelf a Cow;
Juſt judgment! teaching all themſelves to know;
My noble Plant baniſh'd this wild caprice,
And gave 'em back their human voice and ſpeech.
*Melampus* by my aid ſoon brought relief,
And for the cure had one of 'em to Wiſe.
And none will charge me with that madneſs, ſure.
Or the ſame folly I pretend to cure.
The Goddeſſes above a Beauty claim
Laſting and firm as their immortal frame,
Which time can't furrow, or Diſeaſes wrong,
To be immortal is, to be for ever young.
In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a tranſient thing;
Expect as well the whole year will be Spring.
Ye flowry Race, that open to the Sky,
And there have ſeen a Cloud of curious Dye,
The gaudy Phantome now with pride appears,
Look up again, 'tis ſtrait diſſolv'd in tears;
Such is the ſhort-liv'd glory Flowers have,
Bending, they point ſtill tow'rds their womb and grave.
The wind and rain aim at their tender Head,
Beſides the Stars their baneful influence ſhed;
Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away
In the embraces of the God of Day.
Expos'd to Air, to Heat an open prey,
Colds through their tender fibres force their way:
The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors
Not Winter more, than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
If among theſe a Flow'r you can deſcry
(Fitter to be tranſplanted to the Sky)
VVhich is ſo hardy, as to ſtand the threat
Of ſtorms and tempeſts that around her beat;
That with contending winds dare boldly ſtrive,
Scorns Cold, and under heaps of Snow can live,
To this, great Goddeſs, to this noble Plant
You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.
Kings are *Joves* Image; and if that be true,
To Virtue onely Sovereign ſway is due.
Truſting to this, and not the empty Name
Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.
Nor will this ſoft, luxurious, pamper'd Race
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;

For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there,
What looks, what diſmal aſpect of the year!
The winds from Priſon broke, no mercy yield,
But ſpoil the native Glories of the Field.
Firſt on the Infant Boughs they ſpend their rage,
And ſcarcely ſpare the poor trunks reverend age;
Either with ſwelling Rains, the ground below
Is drown'd, or covered thick in beds of Snow;
Or ſtiff with Froſt; the ſtreams Ic'd o'r
Are pent within a bank, unknown before.
Each Nymph complains, and every River God
Feels on his ſhoulders an unuſual load;
Nature a Captive now to Froſt become
Lies fairly buried in a Marble tomb.
And can you wonder then that Flow'rs ſhou'd die,
Or hid within their beds, the danger fly?
D' ye ſee the Sun, how faint his looks; that tell
The God of Plants himſelf i'n't over-well.
Now let me ſee the *Violet, Tulip, Roſe,*
Or any of 'em their fine face diſcloſe,
Ye *Lilies* with your ſnowy Treſſes now
Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.
Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
But cloſe in Bed they lie half dead with fear.
I onely in this Univerſal dread
Of Nature dare exalt my fearleſs head;
Winter with thouſand ſeveral arms prepar'd
To be my death, ſtill finds me on my Guard.
Great Umpire of this harmleſs fray,
If you are fix'd to crown ſome Plant to Day,
Let all appear and take the Field, let all
Agree to give the chiefeſt Plant the ball;
Let it in Winter be, though, I deſire;
That ſeaſon does a hardy Chief require.
If any of theſe tender, dainty Dames
Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names,
Dare but at ſuch a time ſhew half an Eye,
I'll frankly yield, and ſtrait let fall my plea.
Not a Plant's ſeen, I'll warrant you; they hate
To gain a Kingdom at ſo dear a rate;
They fear th' unequal trial to ſuſtain;
None dare appear, but thoſe that fill my train,
And none of theſe are ſo ambitious grown,
To ſtand themſelves, but beg for me the Crown.
Theſe numerous hardſhips I can undergo;
I'll tell you now, fair Judg, what I can do,
My Virtue's both active and paſſive too.
Kings get no fame by conquering at home,
That from ſome forein vanquiſh'd Land muſt come.

If equal to my triumphs, names I bore
And every vanquiſh'd Foe increaſt the ſtore,
Old *Rome*'s moſt haughty Champion I'd defie
With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie.
I act ſuch wonders, I may ſafely ſay
The twelve *Herculean* labours were mere play.
The ſpreading Cancer my bleſt Plant does chaſe,
And new skins o'r the Leper's monſtrous face.
The lingring Quartan Fever I oblige
To draw his forces off and raiſe the Siege.
Swimmings i'th' Head that do from vapours come,
I exorciſe ſtrait by my Counter-fume.
In every ſwelling part when Dropſies reign,
I dry the Fen, the ſtanding waters drein.
The Falling ſickneſs too, to wave the reſt,
Though ſacred that Diſeaſe, by ſome confeſt.
Why in theſe Cures thus trifle I my breath?
Death yields to me, the Apoplectick Death.
Into each part my Plant new vigour ſends,
And quickly makes the Soul and Body friends.
Theſe are great things, you'll ſay, and yet the reſt
That follow, muſt much greater be confeſt,
I do compoſe the minds diſtracted frame,
A gift the Gods and I alone can claim;
Madmen and Fools are caſt beneath my power,
What to my grandeur can the Gods add more?
Who thus can do; the world his Province is,
*Cæſar* can't boaſt a larger ſway than this.
She ſpoke; her train with ſhouts the Area fill'd,
Nay Winter (if you will believe it) ſmil'd.
Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
VVhich to the Scene a grateful ſhadow lends,
*Homer*, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,
VVou'd fail, I fear, in muſtering up theſe Plants,
Bright Spring, what various Nations doſt thou boaſt?
The *Xerxes* of a numerous flowry Hoſt;
VVhich cou'd (ſince Flow'rs without due moiſture die)
Like his, I fanſie, drink whole Rivers dry.
His flowry troops made the ſame ſtately ſhew,
VVhoſe painted arms a dazling luſtre threw;
Then a gay Flow'r, for ſhape, the *Trumpet* nam'd
Blew thrice, and with a ſtrenuous voice proclaim'd,
That all but Candidates ſhou'd quit the place;
Firſt, as they went, bowing with awful grace.
And now the pleaſure of the Goddeſs known,
The Herb, call'd *Ragwort*, paſs'd before the Throne,
A bunchy ſtalk, and painted Bees ſhe bore
VVith ſeveral fooliſh fancies on her Flow'r,
*Ragwort* the Satyrs and *Priapus* love,
*Venus* her ſelf and the fair Judg approve.

A Plant of the Tribe of *Pſeudo-narciſſi Juncifolii*, from the ſhape of a Tube in the midſt of the Flower, called *Trumpets.*

*Dogs-tooth* paſs'd next, to *Ragwort* near ally'd,
A faithful friend to Love, and often try'd;
Next *Hyacinths*, of *Violet*-kind, proceed,
A noble, powerful and a numerous breed,
They wanted courage, though, to keep the place,
Labouring alas! under a late diſgrace;
Of noble Houſe themſelves they did pretend,
From *Ajax* bloud directly to deſcend,
The cauſe in *Flora*'s Court of Chivalry
VVas heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea,
They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they ſhow
Thoſe mournful Notes ſaid from his bloud to flow.
The next akin, a Flow'r, which *Greeks* of old
From Excrements of Birds deſcended hold,
Which *Britain*, Nurſe of Plants, a milder Clime,
Gentilely calls the Star of *Bethlehem*.
The *Daizy* next march'd off in modeſt wiſe,
Dreading to wait the iſſue of the Prize;
Though the Spring don't a truſtier party know,
After, before and in the Spring they grow,
Quick in the charge, and in retreating ſlow.
They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art
The name of *Binders* to 'em do impart;
They cure all wounds, yet make none; which you grant
Is the true Office of a warlike Plant.
Next ſpotted *Sanicle* and *Navel-wort*,
Though both have ſigns of bloud, forſake the Court.
*Moon-wort* goes, next born on its reddiſh ſtalk,
And after that does gently *Cranebil* walk;
They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r
More in its form to truſt, than worth and pow'r;
Nay more than that, the *Corn flag* quits the Field,
Though made Sword-wiſe, does to the *Tulip* yield,
Though, like ſome Tyrant, rounded with the ſame,
Yet to affected Empire waves all claim;
How much this Sword-flow'r differs, as to harm,
From thoſe which we on mortal Anvils form!
Nature on this an Unguent has beſtow'd,
Which, when ours make it iſſue, ſtops the bloud.
Next you might ſee the gaudy *Columbine*,
Call'd ſometimes *Lions-mouth*, deſert the Scene.
Though of try'd courage, and of high renown.
In other things, curing Diſeaſes, known.
The *Sea-gull* Flow'r expreſs'd an equal fear,
The Tygers more and prettier ſpots don't bear;
Theſe Beauty-ſpots ſhe ought to prize like Gold;
*Citron* held hers at dearer rates, of old,
The *Perſian* Lily of a ruddy hue;
And next the *Lily* of the *Vale*, withdrew,

The vaſt price of *Citron* Tables, ſee *Plin. l.* 13.

*Lilies* o'th' *Vale* ſuch looks and ſmell retain,
They'r fit to furniſh *Snuff* for Gods and Men;
Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live;
A glaſs of Wine does leſs refreſhment give.
Next *Periwinkle* or the *Ladies bow'r*
Weakly, and halting crept along the floor.
All kinds of *Crow-foot* paſs'd and bow'd their head,
The worſt run wild, the beſt in Gardens bred;
*Day-Lily* next, the Root by *Heſiod* lov'd,
Although not for the chiefeſt Diſh approv'd.
Then came a Flow'r, of a far differing look,
Which on it thy lov'd Name, *Adonis*, took;
But *Celandine*, thy genuine off ſpring ſtil'd,
They tell us, at the proud Uſurper ſmil'd.
*Stock-gillow-flow'r* the Years Companion is,
Which the Sun ſcarce in all his rounds does miſs,
Officious Plant! which every month can bring;
But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring.
This paſs'd along with a becoming mien,
And in her train the *Wall-flower* wou'd be ſeen.
The conſtant *Marigold* next theſe went out,
And *Ladies-ſlipper* fit for *Flora's* foot.
Then *Goats beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,
But ſhuts its Flower at Noon, and goes to ſleep.
Then *Ox-eye* did its rowling Eye-ball ſpread,
Such as *Joves* Wife and Siſter had, they ſaid.
Next *Viper-graſs*, full of a milky juice,
Good againſt Poiſon, which curſt Stepdames uſe.
Then *Hollow-root*, cautious and full of fear,
Which neither Summers heat, nor cold can bear,
Comes after Spring, before it does retire.
Then *Sattin-flower*, and *Moth-mullein* withdraw,
Worthy a noble Title to enjoy.
The *Ladies-ſmock*, and *Lugwort* went their way,
With ſeveral more too tedious here to ſay;
With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
To which the Garden entertainment gives;
As *Honey-ſuckle*, *Roſemary* and *Broom*,
That *Broom* which does of *Spaniſh* Parents come;
Both ſorts of *Pipe-tree*; neat in either dreſs,
White or sky-colour'd, whether pleaſe you beſt;
Next, the round-headed *Elder-roſe*, which wears
A Conſtellation of your little ſtars;
The *Cherry*; ours and *Perſian* Apple add
Proud of the various Flowers adorn'd its head.
Nature has iſſue, Eunuch-like, deny'd,
But (like them too) by a fine face ſupply'd.
Theſe and a thouſand more were fain to yield,
And left the Candidates to keep the Field.

Each Flower appear'd with all its kindred, dreſt,
Each in its richeſt Robes of gaudieſt Veſt:
The *Violet* firſt, Springs Uſher, came in view,
From whoſe ſweet Lips theſe pleaſing accents flew.

## The *VIOLET.*

The Sign *Aries.*

THE Ram now ope the golden Portal throws,
Which holds the various ſeaſons of the Year,
And on his ſhining Fleece the Spring does bear,
Ye Mortals, with a ſhout ſalute him as he goes.
(Io Triumph!) now now the Spring comes on
In ſolemn ſtate and high Proceſſion,
Whilſt I; the beauteous *Violet*, ſtill before him go
And uſher in the gaudy ſhow;
As it becomes the Child of ſuch a Sire,
I'm wrap'd in Purple, the firſt-born of Spring,
The marks of my Legitimation bring,
And all the tokens of his verdant Empire wear.
Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,
I all your Regal Titles hate,
Nor priding in my bloud and mighty birth
Unnatural Plant, deſpiſe the lap of mother Earth.
Loves Goddeſs ſmiles upon me juſt new-born,
Rejoycing at the Years return.
The *Swallow* is not a more certain ſign
That Love and warm Embraces now begin.
To the lov'd Babe a thouſand kiſſes
The Goddeſs gives, a thouſand balmy bliſſes.
Beſides, my purple Lips
In ſacred Nectar dips;
Hence 'tis, no ſooner does the *Violet* burſt,
By the warm Air to a juſt ripeneſs nurſt,
But from my opening, blooming Head
A thouſand fragrant Odours ſpread.
I do not onely pleaſe the ſmell,
And the moſt critick taſt beguile,
Not onely with my pretty die
Impoſe a Cheat upon the Eye;
But more for profit than for pleaſure born
I furniſh out a wholeſom juice,
Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not ſcorn
Upon a time, when ſick to uſe.
O'erpreſſing and vexatious pain,
I ſuch a ſilent Vict'ry gain,
That though the Body be the Scene,
It ſcarcely knows whether a fight has been.
The Fevers well-known Valor I invade,
Which bluſhes with mere rage to yield

To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,
But onely was for ſights and Nuptial Banquets made.
It yields, but in a grumbling way,
Juſt as the Winds obedience pay,
When *Neptune* from the Floud does peep
And ſilences theſe troublers of the deep.
What though ſome Flowers a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can ſhow,
That does but ſtill the fanſie feed,
Whilſt I for buſineſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the Globe, you'll find,
The Glory of a Princely Flower
Conſiſts not in tyrannick Power,
But in a Majeſty with mildneſs join'd.

She ſpoke; and from her balmy Lips did come
A ſweet Perfume that ſcented all the Room.
The ſmell ſo long continued, that you'd ſwear
The *Violet*, though you heard no ſound, was there.
Quitting the Stage; the next that took her place,
Were *Ox-lips*, *Pugles* with their numerous Race;
A parti-colour'd Tribe, of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blew.
The *Primroſe* and the *Cowſlip* too were there,
Both of 'em kin, but not ſo handſom far;
*Bears-ear*, ſo call'd, did the whole Party head,
And yellow, claiming merit, needs wou'd plead.
Toſſing her hundred Heads in flanting rate,
Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at pleaſure prate.

## *Auricula Urſi.* BEARS-EAR.

GReat Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy ſnowy Breaſt,
With ſuch a ſight of various Poſies dreſt!
Whereas one ſtalk of mine
Alone a Noſegay is, alone can make thee fine;
A lovely, harmleſs Monſter, I,
*Gorgon's* many Heads outvie;
Others, as ſingle Stars, may Glory beam;
Take me, for I a Conſtellation am;
Let thoſe who Subjects want, purſue the flowry Crown,
A flowry Nation, I, alone;
Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,
So many Heads to me aſſign;
I for Mans Head, Lifes chiefeſt ſeat
Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate.
The minds Imperial Tow'r, the brain,
(A poor Apartment for ſo great a Queen)
The Light houſe where Mans Reaſon ſtands and ſhines,
Maugre the malice of contending winds,

I guard the ſacred Place, repel the Rout,
And keep the everlaſting Fire from going out.
Go now, and mock me with this monſtrous Name
Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame,
The true and proper names of things, of old,
Through a Religious ſilence ne'r were told.
Thus Guardian Gods true names were ſeldom known,
Leſt ſome invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.
Impudent Fool! that firſt ſtil'd beauteous Flowers
By a deteſted Name, the *Ears of Bears*;
Worthy himſelf of Aſſes Ears, a pair
Fairer than *Midas* once was ſaid to wear.

At this rate ſinging (for your merry Flowers
Still ſing their words, not bring 'em forth like ours)
The *Daffadil* ſucceeded, once a Youth,
(As any Poets tell, a ſacred truth.)
And all his Clients and his kindred came,
A numerous train, to vote and pole for him;
All of 'em pale or yellow did appear,
The Livery which wounded Lovers wear.
Though *Virgil* purple Honours has aſſign'd
And blewiſh dy, too liberal and kind,
The *Chalcedonick* with white Flower thought beſt
To be the Mouth, and ſing for all the reſt.

## The DAFFADIL. -- *Narciſſus*.

WHat once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,
My roots of one years growth explain,
A lovely Boy, of killing Eyes
Where ambuſcading witchcraft lies,
Which did at laſt the Owners ſelf ſurprize.
Of fatal Beauty, ſuch as cou'd inſpire
Love into coldeſt Breaſts, in water kindle fire.
Me the hot beds of Sand in *Libya* burn,
Or *Iſter*'s frozen Banks to ruine turn.
I, when a Boy, among the boys
Had ſtill the nobleſt place,
The ſame my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
And is the Gardens Ornament and grace.
Become a Flower, I cannot tell
VVhy my face ſhou'd not pleaſe me ſtill;
Downwards I lean my bending Head
Longing my looks in the ſame Glaſs to read;
Shew me a ſtream, that liquid Glaſs
VVill put me in the ſelf-ſame caſe;
In th' colour with the ſame Nymphs I am dreſt,
VVho wear me in their ſnowy Breaſt;

Who with my Flowers their pride maintain,
And wiſh I were a Boy again.
She ſpoke; *Anemone* her ſtation took,
To whom the Goddeſs deign'd a ſmiling look;
For with the *Tulip*'s leave, I needs muſt ſay
No Race more numerous, none more fine or gay;
The Purple with its large and ſpreading Leaf
Was choſen by conſent to be their Chief,
Of fair *Adonis* bloud's undoubted ſtrain,
And to this hour it ſhews the dying ſtain;
As ſoon as * *Zephyr* had unloos'd its Tongue
The beauteous Plant after this manner ſung.

'Tis fabled to have ſprung out of *Adonis*'s bloud.

* Its Flower never opens but when the Wind blows, *Plin.* 21. 23.

## *ANEMONE*, or *EMONIES.*

THOU gentle *Zephyr*, who didſt *Flora* wed
Thrice worthy of the Goddeſs bed;
VVho in a winged Chariot hurl'd
With breezing Airs doſt fan this nether world,
Which kind refreſhing motion, far
I before lazy reſt prefer;
That Air with which thou every thing doſt cheer,
Inſpire into the Goddeſs Ear;
That the fair Judg wou'd mindful be
Of her lov'd Conſort and of me;
For ſince I take my Name from thee,
Nay of thy Kindred ſaid to be;
Since I with thee do ſympathize
VVho in *Æolian* Dungeon Captive lies,
And viewing *Zephyr*'s doleful ſtate,
All Dreſs and Ornament I hate,
And locking up my mournful Flower,
My ſelf a Priſ'ner make, the ſame reſtraint endure.
Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Veſts,
Which in my various Flowers are expreſt;
In brief, ſince I'm akin to Gods above;
All theſe together ſure may favour move;
Sprung from the fair *Adonis* purple tide
And *Venus* tears, to both I am ally'd;
The Roſy Youth, the lov'd *Adonis* ſtood
The pride and glory of the Wood,
Till a Boars fatal tusk let out the precious bloud.
Into each flowing drop that ſtill'd
A falling tear the Goddeſs ſpill'd,
Which to a bloudy torrent ſwell'd.
The Lovers tears and bloud combine
As if they wou'd in Marriage join;
From ſuch fair Parents, and that wedding morn
Was I, their fairer off-ſpring, born.

My force and power perhaps you queſtion now,
My Power? Why, I a handſom face can ſhow;
Beſides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,
And that I'm Siſter to the God of Love.

The *Crown Imperial* (as ſhe ſtep'd aſide)
Advanc'd with ſtately, but becoming pride,
Not buskin'd Heroes ſtrut with nobler pride,
Nor Gods in walking uſe a finer ſtride:
No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;
Conſcious of native worth, ſhe came alone.
VVith an erect and ſober Countenance
In following terms ſhe did her Plea commence.

The moſt noble Flower, to the ſight, that grows. *Lauremberg.*

## The *IMPERIAL CROWN.*

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage
Ye flowry Nations ceaſe t' engage;
Since on my ſtately Stem
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem,
Why all theſe words in vain, why all this noiſe?
Be judg'd by Nature and approve her choice.
Perhaps it does your envy move,
And to my right may hurtful prove,
That I an upſtart Novel Flower am
Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* name;
Perhaps I may be thought
In ſome *Plebeian* bed begot,
Becauſe my Lineage wears no ſtain,
Nor does Romantick ſhameful Stories feign
That I am ſprung from *Jove*, or from his baſtard ſtrain.
I freely own, I have not been
Long of your world a Denizen;
But yet I reign'd for Ages paſt
In *Perſia* and in *Bactria* plac'd,
The pride and joy of all the Gardens of the Eaſt.
My Flower a large-ſiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the Ball Kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting Sovereign Rule and ſtriking Fear.
My purple ſtalk, I, like ſome Scepter wield,
Worthy in Regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,
When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.
Beſides all this; I have a flowry Crown
My Royal Temples to adorn,
Whoſe buds a ſort of Hony-liquor bear,
Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear;
Silver threads around it twine,
*Saffron*, like Gold, with them does join;

And over All
My verdant Hair does neatly fall.
Sometimes, a threefold rank of Flowers
Grows on my top, like lofty Towers.
Imperial Ornaments I ſcorn,
And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown;
The Heavens look down and envy Earth
For teeming with ſo bright a Birth;
For *Ariadnes* ſtarry Crown
By mine is far out-ſhone,
And as they've Reaſon, let 'em envy on.
She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet
The Judg, not falling meanly at her feet,
But as one Goddeſs does another meet.
A Flower that wou'd too happy be and bleſt,
Did but its Odour anſwer all the reſt!
The *Tulip* next appear'd, all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride and full of play;
The world can't ſhew a Dye, but here has place,
Nay by new mixtures ſhe can change her face.
Purple and Gold are both beneath her care,
The richeſt Needlework ſhe loves to wear;
Her onely ſtudy is to pleaſe the Eye,
And to outſhine the reſt in Finery;
Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown
By which their Family had long been known,
They'll change their faſhion ſtrait, I know not how,
And with much pain in other Colours go;
As if *Medea*'s Furnace they had paſt;
( She without Plants old *Æſon* ne'r new-caſt )
And though they know this change will mortal prove
They'll venture yet — to change ſo much they love.
Such love to Beauty, ſuch the thirſt of praiſe,
That welcome Death before inglorious days!
The cauſe by all was to the white aſſign'd,
Whether becauſe the rareſt of the kind,
Or elſe becauſe every Petitioner
In antient times, for Office, white did wear.

Thence ſuch were and are ſtill call'd *Candidates.*

## The TULIP.

Somewhere in *Horace*, if I don't forget,
(Flowers are no foes to Poetry and Wit;
For us that Tribe the like affection bear,
And of all Men the greateſt *Floriſts* are)
VVe find a wealthy Man
Whoſe Ward-robe did five thouſand Suits contain;
He counted that a vaſt prodigious ſtore,
But I that number have twice told and more,

*Horat.* lib. 1. Ep. 6.

Whate'r in Spring the teeming Earth commands;
What Colours e'r the painted pride of Birds,
Or various Lights the gliſtering Gem affords
Cut by the Artful Lapidary's hands;
Whate'r the Curtains of the Heavens can ſhow,
Or Light lays Dyes upon the varniſh'd Bow,
Rob'd in as many Veſts I ſhine,
In every thing bearing a Princely Mien.
Pity I muſt the *Lily* and the *Roſe*
( And the laſt bluſhes at her thredbare Clothes )
Who think themſelves ſo highly bleſt,
Yet have but one poor tatter'd Veſt.
Theſe ſtudious, unambitious things, in brief,
Wou'd fit extreamly well a College life,
And when the God of Flowers a Charter grants
Admiſſion ſhall be given to theſe Plants;
Kings ſhou'd have plenty, and ſuperfluous ſtore,
Whilſt thriſtineſs becomes the poor.
Hence Spring himſelf does chiefly me regard:
Will any Flower refuſe to ſtand to his award?
Me for whole Months he does retain,
And keeps me by him all his Reign;
Careſs'd by Spring, the ſeaſon of the year,
Which before all to Love is dear.
Beſides; the God of Love himſelf's my friend,
Not for my Face alone; but for another end.
Lov'd by the God upon a private ſcore,
I know for what —— but ſay no more;
But why ſhou'd I,
Become ſo ſilent or ſo ſhy?
We Flow'rs were by no peeviſh Sire begot,
Nor from that frigid, ſullen Tree did ſprout,
So fam'd in *Ceres* ſacred Rites;
Nor in moroſeneſs *Flora*'s ſelf delights.
*Lauremberg. Gerard, Parkinſon.*
My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares
Lovers for Battel or thoſe ſofter wars:
My quickning heat their ſluggiſh veins inſpires
With vigorous and ſprightly fires;
Had but chaſt *Lucrece* us'd the ſame,
The night before bold *Tarquin* try'd his flame,
Upon Record ſhe ne'r a Fool had been,
But wou'd have liv'd to reap the pleaſure once again.

The Goddeſs conſcious of the truth, a while
Contain'd, but then was ſeen to bluſh and ſmile.
The *Flower-de Luce* next loos'd her heavenly Tongue;
And thus, amidſt her ſweet Companions, ſung.

*FLOWER-*

## *Iris*, or the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

IF Empire is to Beauty due
(And that in Flowers, if any where, holds true)
Then I by Nature was deſign'd for Reign;
Elſe Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.
Beſides, I boaſt a ſparkling Gem,
And brighter Goddeſs of my Name.
My lofty front towards the Heavens I bear,
And repreſent the Sky, when 'tis ſerene and clear.
To me a Godlike Power is given
With a mild face reſembling Heaven;
And in the Kingly ſtile, no Dignity
Sounds better than SERENITY;
Beauty and Envy oft together go,
* Handſom my ſelf, I help make others ſo;
Both Gods and Men of the moſt curious Eyes
With ſecret pleaſure I ſurpriſe;
Nor do I leſs oblige the Noſe,
With fragrance from my Root that blows.
Not *Sibaris* or ſoft *Capua* did know
A choicer Flower for ſmell or ſhow,
Though both with pleaſure of all kinds did flow.
I own, the *Violet* and the *Roſe*
Divineſt Odours both diſcloſe;
The *Saffron* and *Stock-Gilliflower*,
With many more;
But yet none can ſo ſweet a root produce.
My upper parts are trim and fair,
My lower breath a grateful Air.
I am a Flower for ſight, a Drug for uſe.
Soft as I am, amidſt this luxury,
Before me rough Diſeaſes fly.
Thus a bold *Amazon* with Virgin face
Troops of daſtard Men will chaſe.
Thus *Mars* and *Venus* often greet,
And in ſingle *Pallas* meet:
Equal to her in Beauties charms
And not to him inferiour in Arms.
By ſecret Virtue and reſiſtleſs power
Thoſe whom the Jaundice ſeizes I reſtore;
Though moiſt with Unguent, and inclin'd to love,
I rather was for Luxury deſign'd,
And yet like ſome enraged Lioneſs
Before my painted Arms the yellow foe does haſt.
The Dropſie headlong makes away
As ſoon as I my Arms diſplay;
The Dropſie, which Mans *Microcoſm* drowns
Pulling up all the Sluces in its rounds,

* The juice of the Root takes away Freckles and Morphews.

Of the Root is made that call'd Powder of *Cyprus*, or *Orris* Powder.

Its faculty in curing theſe Diſeaſes, is celebrated by *Laurembe rg*, *Fernelius*, &c.

I follow it through every winding vein,
And make it quit in haſt the delug'd Man.
The Nation of the *Jews*, a pious folk,
Though our Gods they don't invoke;
And not to You, ye Plants, unknown
I'th' days of that great Flowriſt *Solomon*;
Tell us, that *Jove* to cheer the drooping Ball
After the Floud, a Promiſe paſt,
How that ſo long as Earth ſhou'd laſt,
No future Deluge on the world ſhou'd fall.
And as a Seal to this obliging Grant,
The *Rain-bow* in the Sky did plant;
I am that Bow, in poor Hydropick Man,
The ſame refreſhing hopes contain,
I look as gay, and ſhow as fine,
I am the Thing, of which that onely is the Sign.
My Plant performs the ſame
Towards Mans little worldly frame;
And when within him I appear,
He need no Deluge from a Dropſie fear.

The *Peony* male and female.

The *Peony* then, with large red Flower came on,
And brought no train, but his lov'd Mate alone;
Numbers cou'd not make him the cauſe eſpouſe,
'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor Houſe.
Nor did her coſtly wardrobe Pride inſpire,
All dreſs'd alike, all did one colour wear.
And yet he wanted not for Majeſty,
Appearing with a ſober gravity.
For He advanc'd his purple forehead, which
A Flower with thouſand foldings did enrich:
Some love to call it the *Illuſtrious Plant*,
And we may well, I think, that Title grant;
Phyſicians in their publick Writings ſhow,
What praiſe is to the firſt Inventor due.
*Pæon* was Doctor to the Gods, they ſay,
By the whole College honour'd to this day.
With her own merits, and this mighty Name
Hearten'd and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her Claim.

*Homer* ſays, *Pæon* cur'd *Pluto* with this Plant, when he was wounded by *Hercules*.

## *Pæonia.* The PEONY.

IF the fond *Tulip*, ſwell'd with pride,
In her Fools-coat of motley colours dy'd;
If lov'd *Adonis* Flower, the *Celandine*,
Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine;
Then let *Joves* Bird, the Eagle quit the Field,
The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield:
Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone,
The Lion yield to the Chamelion.

You'll ſay perhaps the Nymphs make much of you;
They gather me for Garlands too.
And yet d'ye think, I value that?
Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.
Virtue and courage are the valuable things,
On difficult occaſions ſhown.
Not painted Arms ennoble Kings,
Virtue alone gives luſtre to a Crown.
Hence I, the known *Herculean* Diſeaſe
The Falling-Sickneſs, cure with eaſe;
Which, like the Club, that Hero once did wear,
Down with one ſingle blow mankind does bear.
I fanſie, hence the ſtory riſe,
That *Pluto* wounded once by *Hercules*,
My juice, infus'd by *Pæon*, gave him eaſe,
And did the groaning God appeaſe.
*Pæon* was fam'd, I'm ſure, for curing this Diſeaſe.
*Pluto* is God of Hell, 't ſhou'd ſeem,
Prince of inexorable Death;
Now this Diſeaſe is Death; but not like him
Without a ſting, plac'd in the Shades beneath.
I ſhou'd be vain, extreamly vain, indeed
A quarrel on Punctilio's to breed,
Since a more noble Flower, than I,
The Sun in all his journey does not ſpy.
Nor do I go in Phyſick's beaten Road
By other Plants before me trod,
But in a way worthy a healing God.
I never with the foe come hand to hand,
My Odour Death does at a diſtance ſend;
Hung round the Neck ſtrait without more ado
I put to flight the rampant foe;
I neither come (what think you, *Ceſar*, now)
Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.
She ſpoke, and bow'd, and ſo the Court forſook,
Her Conſort follow'd with a bluſhing look;
When ſtrait a fragrant Air of ſtrong Perfume,
And a new luſtre darted through the Room.
No wonder, for the *Roſe* did next appear,
*Spring* wiſely plac'd his beſt and choiceſt troops ith' Rear.
Some wild in woods; yet worth and beauty ſhow,
Such as might in *Heſperian* Gardens grow.
Nought, by experience, than the *Wood-Roſe* found,
Better to cure a mad Dogs poiſonous wound;
This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,
And gives you eaſe though to a Quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden-Roſe ſhe did not ſhame,
Though better bred and of a ſofter Name;
Which in four Squadrons drawn, the *Damask* Roſe
In name of all the reſt maintain'd the Cauſe;

Which ſprung, they ſay, from *Syrian Venus* bloud,
Long time the pride of rich *Damaſcus* ſtood.

The Roſe is ſaid at firſt to have grown white only, till *Venus* running after *Adonis*, ſcratch'd her Legs upon its thorns, and ſtain'd the Flowers red with her bloud.

## The *ROSE.*

AND who can doubt my Race, ſays ſhe,
Who on my face Love's tokens ſee?
The God of Love is always ſoft, and always young,
I am the ſame, then to his bloud what wrong?
My Brother winged does appear;
I leaves inſtead of wings do wear;
He's drawn with lighted Torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories ſtand;
The Roſe has prickles, ſo has Love,
Though theſe a little ſharper prove;
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Roſy-colour'd go;
This is the Dye that ſtill does pleaſe
Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddeſſes;
I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,
The wiſh of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno*'s pride.
The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the *Eaſt*,
Proud of her Roſy-fingers, is confeſt;
When from the gates of Light the riſing Day
Breaks forth, his conſtant rounds to go,
The winged hours prepare the way,
And Roſy Clouds before him ſtrow.
The windows of the Sky with Roſes ſhine;
I am Days Ornament as well as ſign.
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it poſting to the *Weſtern* ſhore.
The God of Love, we muſt allow,
Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.
Yet never from thoſe Cheeks he goes,
Where he can ſpy the bluſhing Roſe.
Thus the wiſe Bee will never dwell
(That, like the God of Love has wings,
That too has Honey, that has ſtings)
On vulgar Flowers that have no grateful ſmell.
Tell me, bleſt Lover: what's a kiſs
Without a Roſy Lip create the bliſs?
Nor do I onely charming ſweets diſpence,
But bear Arms in my own and Mans defence,
I without the Patient's pain
Mans body, that *Augean* Stable clean.
Not with a rough and preſſing hand,
As Thunder-ſtorms from Clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle ſhowers
Diſſolving light on Herbs and Flowers.

Nor of a ſhort and fading date
Was I the leſs deſign'd for Rule and State;
Let proud ambitious *Floramour*
Amaranth.
Uſurping on the Gods immortal Name,
Joy to be ſtil'd the *Everlaſting Flower,*
I ne'r knew yet that Plant that near to *Neſtor* came.
We too too bleſt, too powerful ſhou'd be grown,
Which wou'd but Envy raiſe,
If we cou'd ſay our beauty were our own,
Or boaſt long life and many days.
But why ſhou'd I complain of Fate
For giving me ſo ſhort a date?
Since Flowers, the Emblems of Mortality,
All the ſame way and manner die.
But the kind Gods above forbid,
That Virtue e'er a Grave ſhou'd find,
And though the fatal Siſters cut my thread,
My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.
To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd,
Though once the King of all the ſavage Herd.
After my Death I ſtill excel
The beſt of Flowers that are alive and well.
If that the name of Dead will bear,
From whoſe meer Corps does come,
(Like the dead bodies ſtill ſurviving Heir)
So ſweet a ſmell and ſtrong Perfume.
Let 'em invent a thouſand ways
My mangled Corps to vex and ſqueeze,
Though in a ſweating Limbeck pent
My Aſhes ſtill preſerve their ſcent.
Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,
Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.
She ſpoke, a Virgin bluſh came o'r her face,
And an Ambroſian ſcent flew round the place;
But that which gave her words a finer grace,
Not without ſome conſtraint ſhe ſeem'd to tell her praiſe,
Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's look
A ſecret pleaſure and much kindneſs ſpoke;
The Virgin did not for well-wiſhers lack,
Her kind red Squadrons ſtood behind her back.
The yellow neareſt ſtood, unfit for war,
Nor did the ſpoils of cur'd Diſeaſes bear;
The white was next, of great and good renown,
A kind aſſiſtant to the Eye-ſight known;
The third, a mighty Warrier, was the Red,
Which terribly her bloody Banner ſpread;
She binds the Flux with her reſtringent Arts,
And ſtops the humours journey to thoſe parts;
She brings a preſent and a ſure relief
To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life;

The Fevers fires by her are mildneſs taught,
And the Hag'd Man to ſweet compoſure brought.
By help of this, *Jaſon* of old, we read,
Yok'd and ſubdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
One Doſe to ſleep the watchful Dragon ſent,
By which no more but a high Fever's meant.
Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,
A long and grievous ſtrife commenc'd of old;
*Strife* is too ſoft a word for many years
Cruel, unnatural, and bloudy wars;
The fam'd *Pharſalian* fields twice dy'd in bloud,
Ne'r of a nobler Quarrel witneſs ſtood;
The thirſt of Empire, ground of moſt our wars,
Was that which ſolely did occaſion theirs;
For the Red Roſe cou'd not an Equal bear,
And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear,

The Civil Wars between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, of which the firſt bore the White-Roſe, and the other the Red, coſt more Engliſh bloud, than did twice conquering *Franc.*

The Chiefs by *York* and *Lancaſter* upheld
With civil rage haraſs'd the Britiſh field.
What madneſs drew ye Roſes to engage,
Kin againſt kin to ſpend your thorns and rage!
Go, turn your Arms, where you may triumph gain,
And fame unſullied with a bluſhing ſtain;
See the *French* Lily ſpoils and waſts your ſhore,
Go conquer there, where you've twice beat before.
Whilſt the *Scotch Thiſtle* with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding ſide.
Do Roſes no more ſenſe and prudence own
Than to be fighting for Domeſtick Crown?
From *Venus* You much of the Mother bear,
You both take pleaſure in the God of War;
I now begin to think the Fable true,
That *Mars* ſprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.
War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar,
That turns up all the Gardens beauteous ſtore;
O'rthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tusk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the *Saffron* and the *Violet-bed*,
And feaſts upon the gaudy *Tulip*'s head.
You'd grieve to ſee a beauteous Plat ſo ſoon
Into confuſion by a Monſter thrown.
But oh, my Muſe, oh whither doeſt thou tow'r
This is a flight too high for thee to ſoar,
The harmleſs ſtrife of Plants, their wanton play,
Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough eſſay;
But for their Wars, that is a Theme ſo great,
Rather for *Lucan*'s Martial Trumpet fit;
To him that ſung the *Theban* Brothers death,
To *Maro* or ſome ſuch, that task bequeath.

The End of the Third Book.

# OF
# PLANTS.

## BOOK IV.

HAPPY the Man whom from Ambition freed
A little Field and little Garden feed.
The Field do's frugal Natures Wants ſupply,
The Garden furniſhes for Luxury.
What further ſpecious Clogs of Life remain,
He leaves for Fools to ſeek, and Knaves to gain.
This happy Life did th' Old *Corycian* chooſe; Virg. Georg. 4.
A Life deſerving *Maro*'s noble Muſe;
This Life did wiſe *Abdolominus* charm,
The mighty Monarch of a little Farm.
While honing weeds that on his Walks encroach'd
Great *Alexander*'s Meſſenger approach'd,
Receive, ſaid He, the Enſigns of a Crown
A Scepter, Mitre and *Sidonian* Gown:
To Empire call'd unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his Cottage throws.
Thus *Aglaus*'s Farm did frequent Viſits find
From Gods, himſelf a ſtranger to Mankind.
*Gyges* the richeſt King of former times,
(Wicked and ſwelling with ſucceſsful Crimes)
Is there, ſaid he, a Man more bleſt than I?
Thus challeng'd he the Delphick Deity.
Yes, *Aglaus*, the plain-dealing God reply'd.
*Aglaus*? Who's he? the angry Monarch cry'd.
Say, is there any King ſo call'd? there's none,
No King was ever by that Title known.
Or any great Commander of that Name,
Or *Heroe* who with Gods do's kindred claim:
Or any who does ſuch vaſt wealth enjoy
As all his Luxury can ne'r deſtroy.
Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man
Was found call'd *Aglaus*: Who's this *Aglaus* then?
At laſt in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains
(Silence and Shades ſurround *Arcadian* Swains)

Near *Ptophis* Town (where he but once had been)
At Plow this Man of Happineſs was ſeen.
In this Retirement was that *Aglaus* found,
Envy'd by Kings and by a God Renown'd.
Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,
Amongſt fictitious Gods to mention Thee,
Before encroaching Age too far intrude,
Let this ſweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude!
With this ſweet cloſe my uſeleſs toil be bleſt,
My long toſs'd Barque in that calm ſtation reſt.
Once more my Muſe in wild Digreſſion ſtrays,
Ne'r ſatisfi'd with dear Retirements praiſe.
A pleaſant Road—but from our purpoſe wide,
Turn off, and to our Point directly guide.
Of Summer-Flow'rs a mighty Hoſt remain,
With thoſe which *Autumn* muſters on the Plain,
Who with Joint-forces fill the ſhining Field,
Grudging that *Spring* ſhou'd equal numbers yield
To both their Liſts, or 'cauſe ſome Plants had been
Under the ſervice of both Seaſons ſeen.
Of theſe, my Muſe, rehearſe the Chief (for all
Though *Mem'ry's* Daughter thou can'ſt ne'r recall)
The ſpikes of *Summers* Corn thou mayſt as well
Or ev'ry Grape of fruitful *Autumn* tell.
The * flamy *Panſie* uſhers *Summer* in,
His friendly March with *Summer* does begin;
*Autumn's* Companion too (ſo *Proſerpine*
Hides half the year and half the year is ſeen)
The *Violet* is leſs beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boaſts, and thou of three.
Gold, Silver, Purple are thy Ornament,
Thy Rivals thou mightſt ſcorn hadſt thou but ſcent.

* Call'd *Flamy* becauſe her three colours are ſeen in the flame of wood as in the Rainbow.

The * *Heſperis* aſſumes a *Violet's* Name
To that which juſtly from the *Heſper* came;
*Heſper* do's all thy precious ſweets unfold,
Which coyly thou didſt from the Day with-hold:
In him more than the Sun thou tak'ſt delight,
To him like a kind Bride thou yieldſt thy ſweet at Night.

* *Dames Violet* call'd *Heſperis*, becauſe it ſmells ſtrongeſt in the Night. *Plin.* lib. 27. 7.

The *Anthemis* a ſmall but glorious Flower,
Scarce rears his Head yet has a Giant's Tow'r:
Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,
(Enſconc'd like *Cacus* in his ſmoky Seat)
Recruits the feeble joints and gives them eaſe:
He makes the burning Inundation ceaſe;
And when his force againſt the Stone is ſent
He breaks the Rock and gives the waters vent.
Not Thunder finds through Rocks ſo ſwift a courſe,
Nor Gold the Rampir'd Town ſo ſoon can force.
*Blew-bottle*, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raiſe,
And thy Complexion challenges my Praiſe,

Thy Countenance like Summer Skies is fair,
But ah! how diff'rent thy vile Manners are!
*Ceres*, for this excludes thee from my Song,
And Swains to Gods and me a ſacred Throng:
A treach'rous Gueſt, Deſtruction thou doſt bring
To th' hoſpitable Field where thou doſt ſpring.
Thou bluntſt the very Reaper's Sicle, and ſo
In Life and Death becom'ſt the Farmers Foe.
The *Fenel-flow'r* do's next our Song invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the ſight:
His Beard all briſtly, all unkemb'd his Hair,
Ev'n his wreath'd Horns the ſame rough aſpect bear;
His Viſage too a watriſh Blew adorns,
Like *Achelous*, ere his Head wore Horns.
Nor without Reaſon, (prudent Nature's Care
Gives Plants a Form that might their Uſe declare)
Dropſies it Cures, and makes moiſt Bodies dry,
It bids the Waters paſs, the frighted Waters fly.
Do's through the Bodies ſecret Channels run;
A Water-Goddeſs in the little World of Man.
But ſay, *Corn-Violet*, why thou doſt claim
Of *Venus Looking Glaſs* the pompous Name?
Thy ſtudded Purple vies, I muſt confeſs,
With the moſt noble and Patrician dreſs;
Yet wherefore *Venus Looking-Glaſs*? that Name
Her Off-ſpring Roſe did ne'r preſume to claim.
*Antirrhinon*, more modeſt, takes the ſtile
Of *Lions-Mouth*, ſometimes of *Calfsnout* vile;
By us *Snap-dragon* call'd to make amends,
But ſay what this Chimera-Name intends?
Thou well deſerv'ſt it, if, as old Wives ſay,
Thou driv'ſt nocturnal Ghoſts, and Sprights away.
Why do's thy Head, *Napellus*, Armor wear?
Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy fear:
Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow,
But thou alas, haſt mortal Weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd? as if for open Fight;
Who work'ſt by ſecret Poyſon all thy ſpight.

Blew Helmet Flowers, or Monks-hood, ſo called from its figure.

Helmet 'gainſt Helmet juſtly thou doſt wear,
Blew * *Anthora*, upon thy lovely Hair;
This cov'ring from felt Wounds thy Front do's ſhield;
With ſuch a Head-piece *Pallas* goes to field.
What God to thee ſuch baneful force allow'd,
With ſuch Heroick Piety endow'd?
Thou poyſon'ſt more than e'r *Medea* ſlew,
Yet no ſuch Antidote *Medea* knew.
Nor powerful only 'gainſt thy own dire harms,
Thy Virtue ev'ry noxious Plant diſarms:
Serpents are harmleſs Creatures made by Thee,
And *Africa* its ſelf from Poyſon free.

* Counter-Poyſon-Monks-hood, or wholeſom Helmetflower.

Air, Earth and Seas, with ſecret Taint oppreſt,
Diſcharge themſelves of the unwelcome Gueſt;
On wretched Us they ſhed the deadly Bane,
Who dye by them that ſhould our Life maintain.
Then Nature ſeems t' have learnt the poys'ning Trade,
Our common Parent our Step-mother made:
'Tis then the ſickly World perceives thy Aid,
By thy prevailing Force the Plague is ſtaid.
A noble ſtrife 'twixt Fate and Thee we find,
That to deſtroy, thou to preſerve Mankind.
Into thy Liſts, thou Martial Plant admit,
*Goats Rue*, *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.
Thy Beauty * *Campion*, very much may claim,
But of *Greek-Roſe* how didſt thou gain the Name?
The *Greeks* were ever priviledg'd to tell
Untruths, they call thee *Roſe*, who haſt no ſmell.
Yet formerly thou wert in Garlands worn,
Thy ſtarry Beams our Temples ſtill adorn,
Thou crown'ſt our Feaſts, where we in Mirth ſuppoſe,
And in our Drink allow Thee for a *Roſe*.

* Called *Lychnis quod noctu lucet.*

The *Chalcedonian* Soil did once produce
A *Lychnis* of much greater ſize and Uſe;
Form'd like a Sconce, where various branches riſe,
Bearing more Lights than *Juno*'s * Bird has Eyes.
Like thoſe in Palaces, whoſe Golden Light
Strikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright:
This, great Mens Tables ſerves, while that's preferr'd
To Altars and the Gods Celeſtial Board.

* The Peacock.

Shou'd *Maro* ask me in what Region ſprings
The Race of Flow'rs inſcrib'd with Names of Kings,
I anſwer, that of Flow'rs deſerv'dly crown'd
With Royal Titles many may be found,
The Royal * *Looſe-ſtrife*, Royal † *Gentian* grace
Our Gardens, proud of ſuch a Princely Race.
† *Soap Wort*, though coarſe thy Name, thou doſt excell
In Form, and art enrich'd with fragrant Smell:
As great in Virtue too, for thou giv'ſt Eaſe
In Dropſies and Fair *Venus* foul Diſeaſe.
Yet doſt not ſervile offices decline,
But condeſcend'ſt to make our Kitchins ſhine.
*Rome*'s Great Dictator thus, his triumph paſt,
Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd,
The ſame right hand guides now the humble Stive,
And Oxen Yoaks, that did fierce Nations drive.

* Called *Lyſimachia* from *Lyſimachus.*
† Found by *Gentius* King of *Illyricum*, where they grow largeſt.
† So called from its cleanſing quality, uſed in waſhing Cloth and ſcouring Kitchin Veſſels.

Next comes the * Flow'r in figure of a Bell,
Thy ſportive meaning Nature who can tell:
In theſe what Muſick *Flora* doſt thou find?
Say for what jocund Rites they are deſign'd.
By us theſe Bells are never heard to ſound,
Our Ears are dull, and ſtupid is our Mind,
Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.

* *Bell-flowers Campanulæ.*

Some Flow'rs give Men as well as Gods delight,
Theſe ~~qu~~gratifie nor Smell, nor Taſte, nor Sight;
Why therefore ſhould not our * fifth Senſe be ſerv'd?
Or is that pleaſure for the Gods reſerv'd?
 But of all *Bell*-Flow'rs * *Bindweed* do's ſurpaſs,
Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Braſs.
 My *Muſe* grows hoarſe and can no longer ſing,
But *Throat-Wort* haſts her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with Dignity enſtal
This Flow'r, at *Rome* he is a * Cardinal.
 The † *Fox-Glove* on fair *Flora*'s Hand is worn,
Leſt while ſhe gathers Flow'rs ſhe meet a Thorn.
 *Love-Apple*, though its Flow'r leſs fair appears,
It's golden Fruit deſerves the Name it bears.
But this is new in Love, where the true Crop
Proves nothing; all the Pleaſure was i'th' Hope.
 The *Indian* † Flow'ry-Reed in Figure vies,
And Luſtre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.
 The *Indian Creſs* our Climate now do's bear,
Call'd *Larks-heel*, 'cauſe he wears a Horſe-mans Spur.
This *Gilt-ſpur* Knight prepares his Courſe to run,
Taking his Signal from the riſing Sun,
And ſtimulates his Flow'r to meet the day:
So *Caſtor* mounted ſpurs his Steed away.
This Warriour ſure has in ſome Battel been,
For ſpots of Blood upon his Breaſt are ſeen.
Had *Ovid* ſeen him, how would he have told
His Hiſtory, a Task for me too bold;
His Race at large and Fortunes had expreſt,
And whence thoſe bleeding Signals on thy Breſt:
From later *Bards* ſuch Myſteries are hid,
Nor do's the God inſpire, as heretofore he did.
 With the ſame weapon *Lark-ſpur* thou doſt mount
Amongſt the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;
To want thoſe war-like Enſigns were a ſhame
For thee, who kindred doſt with *Ajax* claim:
Of unarm'd Flowers he cou'd not be the Sire,
Who for the loſs of Armor did expire:
Of th' ancient *Hyacinth* thou keep'ſt the Form,
Thoſe lovely Creatures, that ev'n *Phœbus* Charm;
In thee thoſe skilful Letters ſtill appear,
That prove thee *Ajax* his undoubted Heir.
That up-ſtart Flow'r, that has uſurpt thy Fame,
O'rcome by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.
The *Lily* too wou'd fain thy Rival be,
And brings, 'tis true, ſome ſigns that well agree,
But in Complexion differs much from thee.
At Spring thou mayſt adorn the *Aſian* Bow'rs,
We reap thee here among our Summer Flow'rs.

* The Hearing.

* Call great *Bind-weed*, or great *Bell-Flower*.

* In Latine call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.

† *Flos Digitalis* from reſembling a Glove.

† *Canna Indica*, or, *Flos Cancri*.

*Conſolida Regalis.*

The Syllables *Ac*, *As*, moſt viſible in this flower.

The common *Hyacinth*, who wants all the Notes of the old *Hyacinth* or *Ajax* Flower.

But *Martagon* a bolder Challenge draws,
And offers Reaſon to ſupport his Cauſe:
Nor did *Achilles* Armor e'r create,
'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* ſuch debate,
So fierce, ſo great, as at this day we ſee,
For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.
*Fraxinella.* That *Baſtard Dittany* of Sanguine hue
From *Hector*'s reeking Blood Conception drew,
I cannot ſay, but ſtill a Crimſon ſtain
Tinctures it's Skin, and colours every Vein;
In Man the three chief Seats it do's maintain,
Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain.
But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd,
To ſave a Town muſt be at laſt deſtroy'd;
In vain thou fight'ſt with Heav'n and Deſtiny,
Our *Troy* muſt fall, and thou our *Hector* die.
*Thlaſpi.* Next comes the *Candy-Tufts*, a *Cretan* Flower,
That rivals *Jove* in Country and in Power.
The *Pellitory* healing Fire contains,
That from a raging Tooth the Humor drains;
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,
Reſembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure.
The *Sow-Bread* do's afford rich Food for Swine,
Phyſick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.
*Auricula muris, Piloſella.* *Mouſe-Ear*, like to its Name-ſake, loves t' abide
In places out o'th' way, from Mankind hid.
It loves the ſhade, and Nature kindly lends
A Shield againſt the Darts that *Phœbus* ſends;
'Tis with ſuch ſilky Briſtles cover'd o'r,
The tend'reſt Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r.
From all its num'rous Darts no hurt is found,
Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to wound.
*Sweet-William* ſmall, has Form and Aſpect bright,
Like that ſweet Flower that yields great *Jove* delight;
Had he Majeſtick bulk, he'd now be ſtil'd
*Jove*'s Flower, and if my ſkill is not beguil'd,
He was *Jove*'s flower when *Jove* was but a Child.
Take him with many Flow'rs in one conſerr'd,
He's worthy *Jove*, ev'n now he has a Beard.
The *Catch-Fly* with *Sweet-William* we confound,
Whoſe Nets the ſtragglers of the ſwarm ſurround,
Thoſe viſcous Threads that hold th' entangled Prey
From its own treach'rous Entrails force their way.
Three branches in the *Barren-Wort* are found,
Each Branch again with three leſs Branches crown'd,
The Leaves and Flowers adorning each are three,
This Frame muſt needs contain ſome Sacred Myſtery.
Small are thy Bloſſoms, double *Pellitory*,
Which yet united are the Garden's Glory.

Sneezing thou doſt provoke, and Love for thee
When thou wert born ſneez'd moſt auſpiciouſly.
But thou that from fair *Mella* tak'ſt thy Name,
Thy Front ſurrounded with a Star-like flame,
Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born
Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;
Kind ſuſtenance thou yieldſt the lab'ring Bee,
When ſcarce thy Mother-Earth affords it thee.
Thy Winter-ſtore in hardeſt Months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.
Thy Root ſupplies the place of Flowers decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting Hive is made.

*Star-Wort.*
*Virg. Georg.* 4.

Behold a Monſter loathſom to the Eye,
Of ſlender bulk, but dang'rous Policy,
Eight Legs it bears, three joynts in every Limb,
That nimbly move and dextrouſly can climb,
Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and ſwell'd,
With fatal Nets and deadly Poyſon fill'd.
For Gnats and wand'ring Flies ſhe ſpreads her toils,
And Robber-like, lives high on raviſh'd ſpoils.
The City Spider, as more civiliz'd,
With this leſs hurtful practice is ſuffic'd.
With greater fury the *Tarantula*
Tho ſmall it ſelf, makes Men and Beaſts it's Prey;
Takes firſt our Reaſon then our Life away.
Thou *Spider-Wort* doſt with the Monſter ſtrive,
And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive.
Thus *Scipio*, when the Worlds third part he won,
While to the Spoils the meaner Captains run,
The only Plunder he deſir'd was Fame,
And from the vanquiſh'd Foe to take his Name.

*Phalangium.*

The *Marvail* of the World comes next in view,
At home, but ſtil'd the *Marvail* of *Peru*:
(Boaſt not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold,
Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poyſon hold.)
Bring o'r the Root, our colder Earth has Power
In its full Beauty to produce the Flower;
But yields for Iſſue no prolifick Seed,
And ſcorns in foreign Lands to Plant and Breed.
The *Holihock* diſdains the common ſize
Of Herbs, and like a Tree do's proudly riſe;
Proud ſhe appears, but try her and you'll find
No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind:
She gently all Obſtructions do's unbind.
The * *Africans* their rich Leaves cloſely fold,
Bright as their Countrey's celebrated Gold.
Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt Pipe, and ſeems a work of Art.
VVou'd kind *Apollo* once theſe Pipes inſpire
They'd give ſuch ſounds as ſhould ſurpaſs his Lyre.

* A Flower ſo call'd, and ſometimes falſly *French Marigolds.*

A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
And ſees a Month compleated ere ſhe dyes.
Theſe only Fate permits ſo long to ſtand,
And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand.
The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid
In likeneſs of a painted Quiver made,
VVith ſtore of Arrows too this Quiver's grac'd,
And decently on *Flora*'s Shoulder plac'd,
VVhen ſhe in Gardens hunts the *Butterfly*,
In vain the wretch his Sun-burnt wings do's try,
Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly.
Himſelf would ſeem a Flow'r if motionleſs,
And cheat the Goddeſs with his gaudy dreſs.
Retreating, the keen Spike his ſides do's goad,
To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.
  Such was the Punick *Caltha*, which of Yore,
Of *Juno's Roſe* the lofty Title bore.
Of famous *Carthage*, now by Fate bereft,
This laſt (and ſurely) greateſt Pride is left.
How vain, O Flowers, your hopes and wiſhes be,
Born like your ſelves by rapid winds away.
Once you had hopes at *Hannibal*'s Return
From vanquiſh'd *Rome*, his Triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n imperious *Carthage* Head ſurround,
When ſhe the Miſtris of the World were crown'd;
Preſum'd that *Flora* wou'd for you declare,
Tho ſhe that time a *Latian* Goddeſs were:
But now (alas) reduc'd to private State,
Thou ſhar'ſt, poor *Flower*, thy Captive Countrey's Fate.
  Why *Holly-Roſe*, doſt thou, of ſlender frame,
And without ſcent, aſſume a *Roſe*'s Name?
Fate on thy Pride a ſwift Revenge does bring,
The Day beholds thee dead, that ſees thee ſpring.
Yet to the ſhades thy Soul triumphing goes,
Boaſting that thou didſt imitate the *Roſe*.
  A better claim *Sweet-Ciſtus* may pretend,
Whoſe ſweating Leaves a fragrant Balſam ſend:
To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* preſumes,
Whoſe fetid Beard the precious Balm perfumes:
But in Revenge of the unhallowed Theft,
The Caitiff's of his larded Beard bereft.
Baldneſs thou doſt redreſs, nor are we ſure
Whether the Beard or Balſam gives the cure.
  Thy Ointment, *Jeſſamine*, without abuſe
Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the uſe;
Tho *Jove* himſelf, when he is moſt enrag'd,
With thy Ambroſial Odour is aſſwag'd:
Capricious Men! why ſhould that ſcent diſpleaſe,
That is ſo grateful to the Deities?

*Flora* her ſelf to th' *Orange-Tree* lays claim,
* Malus Aurantius.
Calls it her own, *Pomona* does the ſame;
Hard words enſue, ( for under ſenſe of wrong
Ev'n Goddeſſes themſelves can find a Tongue )
If Apples pleaſe you ſo, *Pomona* cries,
Take your *Love-Apple*, and let that ſuffice,
To claim anothers Right is Harlots trade,
So may a Goddeſs of an Harlot made.
And on what ſcore, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,
Were you by kind *Vertumnus* deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your Maiden Virtue, when
He was a Matron, when a Youth — what then?
Such fragrant Fruits as theſe may Flowers be call'd,
And henceforth with that Name ſhall be enſtall'd:
On ſundry ſorts of Pulſe we do beſtow
That Title, though in open field they grow,
As others oft are in the Garden ſeen,
Witneſs the everlaſting *Peaſe* and *Scarlet Bean.*
The vulgar *Beans* ſweet ſcent, who does not prize,
With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet-black Eyes,
Amongſt our Garden-Beauties may appear,
If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.
*Pythagoras*, not rightly underſtood,
Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:
Take care henceforth, ye *Sages*, to ſpeak true,
Speak truth, and ſpeak intelligibly too.
*Lupine* unſteep'd, to harſhneſs does encline,
And like old *Cato*, is of temper rough,
But drench the Pulſe in Water, him in Wine,
They'll loſe their ſowrneſs and grow mild enough.
Theſe Flowers, and thouſands more, whoſe num'rous
And pompous March, 'twere endleſs to deſcribe. (tribe,

The * *Mandrake* only imitates our walk,
* Male and Female,
And on two Legs erect is ſeen to ſtalk.
This Monſter ſtruck *Bellona*'s ſelf with aw,
When firſt the Man-reſembling Plant ſhe ſaw.
The * *Water-Lilly* ſtill is wanting here,
* Nymphæa.
What cauſe can *Water-Lilly* have to fear,
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?
Her Form excells, and for Nobility
The whole Aſſembly might her Vaſſals be:
A Water-Nymph ſhe was, *Alcides* Bride,
(Who ſprung from Gods, himſelf now deify'd)
See Nymphæa or *Water-Lily.*
This coſt her dear — by Love of him betray'd,
The *Water-Goddeſs* a poor Plant was made:
From this Misfortune ſhe does triſtful prove,
And to this hour ſhe hates the name of Love.
All freedom ſhe renounces, Mirth and Play,
That to more cloſe Embraces lead the way:

And ſince our *Flora*'s former Pranks are known,
(If in a Goddeſs we ſuch Crimes may own)
In life the common Miſtris of the Town.
She ſcorns at her Tribunal to be ſeen,
Nor would on terms ſo ſcandalous be Queen.
To be from Earth divorc'd ſhe'd rather chooſe,
And to the Sun her wither'd Root expoſe.

* *Flos Paſſionis Chriſti.*

The Paſſion-Flower, or *Virginian* Climber. The firſt of theſe Names was given it by the *Jeſuites*, who pretend to find in it all the Inſtruments of our Lord's Paſſion; not ſo eaſily diſcern'd by men of Senſes not ſo fine as they.

Thee * *Maracot* a much more ſacred Cauſe
From theſe profane ridic'lous Rites withdraws;
With ſignals of a real God adorn'd,
Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are ſcorn'd:
T' unfold the Emblems of this myſtick Flower
Tranſcends (alas!) my feeble *Muſes* Power.
But Nature ſure by chance did ne'r beſtow
A form ſo diff'rent from all Plants that grow,
Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper dreſs
Of Virgins Chaſt and ſacred Prieſteſſes.
Twice round her two-fold Selvedge you may view,
A Purple Ring, the ſacred Martyrs hue.
Thick ſprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*
Strive to conceal the Flower, but ſtrive in vain,
This Coronet of Ruby-Spikes compoſ'd,
The thorny Blood-ſtain'd Crown may be ſuppos'd:
The Blood-ſtain'd Pillar too a curious Ey
May there behold, and if you cloſely pry,
The Spunge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll ſpy,
And knobs reſembling a Crown'd Head deſcry.
So deep in Earth the Root deſcends, you'd ſwear,
It meant to viſit Hell, and Triumph there;
In ev'ry Soil it grows, as if it meant
To ſtretch its Conqueſt to the World's extent.
Beſide the fore-nam'd Candidates, but few
Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too.
But where ſuch fragrant Rivals did appear,
Who would have thought to find rank *Moly* there?
Amongſt Competitors of ſuch fair Note
Sure, *Garlick* only will for *Moly* Vote.
Yet ſomething 'twas, (and Plants themſelves confeſs
The Honour great) that *Homer* did expreſs
Her famous Name in his Immortal Song:
Swell'd with this Pride, ſhe preſſes through the throng.
Deep ſilence o'r the whole Aſſembly ſpreads,
Whilſt with unſav'ry Breath her Title thus ſhe Pleads.

## *MOLY.*

To find a Name for me the Gods took care,
A Myſtick Name, that might my Worth declare,

They call'd me *Moly*: dull Grammarians ſenſe
Is puzzled with the term ——
But *Homer* held Divine Intelligence.
In *Greek* and *Latin* both my Name is * Great,
The term is juſt, but *Moly* ſounds more neat:
My Pow'rs prevented *Circes* dire Deſign,
*Ulyſſes* but for me had been a Swine;
In vain had *Mercury* inſpir'd his Brain
With Craft, and tipt his wheedling tongue in vain,
Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.
Thus *Moly* ſpoke, and would much more have ſaid
But by miſchance (as if ſome angry Pow'r
Had ow'd her long a ſhame) a Belch moſt ſowr
Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
And made her Rivals unexſpected ſport.
Her pompous Name no longer can take place,
Her Odour proves her of the *Garlick* Race;
Forthwith with one conſent the gibing throng
Set up their Notes, and ſung the well-known * Song
He that to cut his Father's throat
Did heretofore preſume,
T' have *Garlick* cram'd into his Gut
Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.
*Flora* to ſilence the tumultuous jeſt,
(Though ſecretly ſhe ſmil'd amongſt the reſt)
That ſhe her ſelf would ſpeak a ſign expreſt,
Then with ſweet Grace into theſe Accents broke,
Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while ſhe ſpoke.

* μέγα, magnum.

* *Horat.* Epod. lib. *Od.* 3.

## *FLORA.*

HOMER I will not vain or careleſs call,
Though he no mention makes of me at all,
That he blame-worthy was in this, 'tis true,
But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.
To doubt his truth were Piety to ſlight,
Ev'n what of *Moly* he affirms is right,
I once had ſuch a Flower, but now bereft
O'th' happineſs, the Name is onely left.
No ſooner Men its wondrous Virtue knew,
But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew;
'Tis ſaid that *Jove* did *Mercury* chaſtiſe
For ſhewing to *Ulyſſes* ſuch a Prize.
To ſay I ſaw him do't I'll not preſume,
But witneſs am of *Moly*'s unjuſt Doom.
Ev'n to the Shades below her Root ſtrikes down,
As ſhe wou'd make th' infernal world her own.
As from their Seats the very Fiends ſhe'd drive,
And ſpight of flames and blaſting Sulphur thrive.

*Jove* ſaw't, and ſaid, Since Fire can't ſtop thy courſe,
We'll try ſome Magick-water's ſtronger force.
Then calling * *Lympha* to him, thus at large
Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddeſs charge:
Thou know'ſt, ſaid he, where *Cicones* reſide,
There runs a marv'lous petrifying tide;
Take of that ſtream (but largely take) and throw
Where-e'r thou ſeeſt the wicked *Moly* grow;
Our Empire is not ſafe, her Powr's ſo large;
Whole Rivers therefore on her Head diſcharge.
*Lympha* with lib'ral Hand the Liquor pours,
While thirſty *Moly* her own Bane devours;
Her Stem forthwith is turn'd (O Prodigy)
Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r ſhou'd be
The ſculpture of a Flow'r is onely ſhown:
Poor *Moly* thus transform'd to Marble Stone,
The ſtory of her fate do's ſtill preſent,
And ſtands in Death her own ſad Monument.
Here ended little *Moly*'s mighty Reign,
By jealous Gods for too much Virtue ſlain.

* The Goddeſs of Waters.

What wonder then if that bold * Flow'r did prove
The object of his wrath that Rival'd *Jove*.
That to embrace chaſt *Juno* did aſpire,
Gallant t' a Goddeſs, of a God the Sire.
The vig'rous Herb begat a Deity,
A God, like *Jove* himſelf for Majeſty,
And one that thunders too as loud as he,
With one ſhort Moment's touch begot him too,
That's more than ever threſhing *Jove* cou'd do.
The Flow'r it ſelf appears with Warriours Mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be ſeen.)
With ſtabbing Point and cutting edg 'tis made,
Like warlike weapon, and upon it's Blade
Are ruddy ſtains like drops of Bloud diſplay'd.
Its Spikes of Faulchion-ſhape are ſanguine too,
Its Stem and Front is all of bloudy hue:
The Root in form of any Shield is ſpread,
A creſted Helmet's plac'd upon it's Head.
Upon his Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrow's grow,
A Horſman's Spur upon his Heel below.
*Minerva* I would have this Warriour wed,
A Warriour fit for chaſt *Minerva*'s Bed;
So might ſhe teem, yet keep her Maiden-head.
My Garden had but one of theſe I own,
And therefore by the name of *Phœnix* known,
The Herb that could encreaſe *Jove*'s mighty Breed;
T' its ſelf an Eunuch was and wanted ſeed.
Grieving that Earth ſo rich a Prize ſhould want,
I try'd all means to propagate the Plant:

* *Lark-ſpur.* The Herb, by the touch of of which *Juno* was feigned to conceive *Mars. Ovid. Faſt.* lib. &c.

What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil?
At leaſt where Pow'rs Divine wou'd ſhew their skill.
One tender Bulb another did ſucceed,
And my fair Phœnix now began to breed;
But mark th' Event, ſhall I expecting ſit,
Cries *Jove*, till this young Sprout more Gods beget?
To have a Rival in my Heav'n, and ſee
An Herb-race mingle with *Jove*'s Progeny?
A dreadful and * blind Monſter then does make;
That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;
Though leſs of ſize, ſhap'd like a Foreſt Boar,
And turns him looſe into my Garden's ſtore.
What havock did the Savage make that day,
(I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay)
With Sulphur's fume I ſtrove to drive him thence,
The fume of Sulphur prov'd too weak defence.
Great *Spurge* and *Aſſa Fœtida* I try'd,
In vain, in vain ſtrong *Moly*'s ſcent apply'd.
Small Vermin did his Anceſtors ſuffice,
When they cou'd catch a *Beetle* 'twas a Prize,
But ſuch coarſe fare this Salvage does deſpiſe.
He like a Swine of *Epicurus* breed,
On the beſt Dainties of my Soil muſt feed.
*Tulips* of ten pounds price (ſo large and gay
Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day:
For twice the ſum I could not now ſupply
The like, though *Jove* himſelf ſhould come to buy.
Yet like a Goddeſs I the damage bore,
With courage, truſting to my Art for more.
While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe
The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too.
Nor to devour the Sire is ſatisfy'd,
But tears the tender off-ſpring from his ſide.
O impious Fact —— here *Flora* paus'd awhile,
And from her Eyes the Cryſtal tears diſtil:
But as became a Goddeſs checkt her grief,
And thus proceeds, in language ſweet and brief;
Thee *Moly*, *Homer* did perhaps devour,
For, to Heav'ns ſhame be't ſpoke; the Bard was poor.
But in thy praiſe wou'd ne'r vouchſafe to ſpeak.
From theſe Examples, *Moly*, warning take,
To fatal Honours ſeek not then to riſe,
'Tis dangerous claiming Kindred with the Skies:
Thou honeſt *Garlick* art, let that ſuffice,
Of Countrey-growth, own then thy Earthly Race,
Nor bring by pride on Plants or Man, diſgrace.
  She ſaid —— and to the *Lily* waiting by,
Gave Sign, that ſhe her Title next ſhould try.

* The Mole.

*White-Lily.*

## White---*LILY.*

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears
  When, riſing from the *Trent* or *Thame,*
And as aloft his Plumes he rears,
  Deſpiſes the leſs beauteous ſtream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
  And does its native glories ſhow;
Her clouded Rival ſhe does ſcorn;
  Th' are all but foils where *Lily's* grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light
  With harmleſs Milk alone 'tis fed;
That from the Innocence of white
  A gentle temper may be bred.

The milky Teat is firſt apply'd
  To fierceſt Creatures of the Earth,
But I can boaſt a greater pride,
  * A Goddeſs Milk, produc'd my Birth.

When *Juno* in the Days of yore
  Did with the great *Alcides* teem,
Of Milk the Goddeſs had ſuch ſtore
  The Nectar from her Breaſt did ſtream.

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art
  The Pavement where it lay,
Yet through the Creviſes ſome part
  Made ſhift to find its way.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove
  VVith Lily flow'rs ſupply'd,
That ſcarce the Milky way above
  With her in whiteneſs vy'd.

Thus did the Race of Man ariſe,
  When ſparks of heav'nly fire
Breaking through Crannies in the Skies,
  Did Earth's dull Maſs inſpire.

Happy thoſe Souls that can like Me
  Their native White retain;
Preſerve their Heav'nly purity,
  And wear no guilty ſtain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd,
  My Dreſs her Daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
  In Sable weeds Deſpair.

Thus Beauty, Truth and Chaſtity
  Attir'd we always find

Theſe

* *Jupiter* in order to make *Hercules* Immortal, clap'd him to *Juno's* breaſts, while ſhe was aſleep. The luſty little rogue ſuck'd ſo hard, that too great a guſh of Milk coming forth, ſome ſpilt upon the Sky, which made the *Galaxy* or Milky Way; and out of ſome which fell to the Earth aroſe the *Lily*.

Theſe in no Female meet, but me,
From me are ne'r disjoin'd.

Nature on many Flow'rs beſide
Beſtows a muddy white;
On me ſhe plac'd her greateſt Pride,
All over clad in Light.
Thus *Lily* ſpoke, and needleſs did ſuppoſe
Secure of form, her Virtues to diſcloſe.
Then Hallow'd *Lilies* of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cauſe their beauty leſs than hers they knew)
From Birth and high Deſcent their Title drew.
Of theſe the Martagon chief Claim did bring
(The noble Flow'r that did from *Ajax* ſpring)
But from the nobleſt Hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd leſs than from a Goddeſs Milk to grow.
At laſt the drowzy *Poppy* rais'd her Head
And ſleepily began her Cauſe to plead,
Ambition ev'n the drowzy *Poppy* wakes,
VVho thus to urge her Merit undertakes.

## POPPY.

O Sleep, the gentle eaſe of Grief,
Of Care and toil the ſweet Relief;
Like Sov'reign Balm thou canſt reſtore
When Doctors give the Patient o'r.

Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A Gueſt that ne'r does Harm intend,
In Cottages mak'ſt thy aboad,
To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth with *Jove* bear'ſt equal ſway,
Thou rul'ſt the Night as *Jove* the Day;
A middle ſtation thou doſt keep
'Twixt *Jove* and *Pluto*, pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art juſt and ſcorn'ſt to lie,
Confeſs before this Company,
That by the Virtue of my Flow'r
Thou holdeſt thy nocturnal Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'ſt ſo nimbly through the Air;
The Birds on wing confeſs thy force,
And ſtop i'th' middle of their courſe.

Thy Empire as the Ocean wide,
Rules all that in the Deep reſide;
That moving Iſland of the Main
The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain.

The Deſart Lands thy Pow'r declare,
Thou rul'ſt the Lion, Tyger, Bear,
To mention theſe alas, is vain,
O'r City-tyrants thou doſt Reign.

The *Baſilisk* whoſe looks deſtroy,
And Nymph more fatal, if ſhe's coy;
Whoſe Glances ſurer Death impart
To her tormented Lover's Heart,

When Sleep commands, their Charms give way,
His more prevailing force obey;
Their killing Eyes they gently cloſe
Diſarm'd by innocent Repoſe.

That careful *Jove* does always wake
The Poets ſay; a foul miſtake!
For when to Pow'r the wicked riſe,
Can *Jove* look on with open Eyes?

When bloud to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
So loud it ſhakes his Palace walls;
Yet does unheard, unanſwer'd ſue,
Muſt *Jove* not ſleep, and ſoundly too?

That *Ceres* with my Flow'r is griev'd
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,
For where her richeſt Corn ſhe ſows,
The inmate *Poppy* ſhe allows.

Together both our ſeeds does fling,
And bids us both together ſpring,
Good cauſe, for my Sleep-giving juice
Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed,
Of other Plants there's little need;
Full of *Poppy*, full of Corn,
Th' *Heſperian* Garden you may ſcorn.

Bread's more refreſhing mix'd with me,
Honey and I with Bread agree,
Our taſt ſo ſweet it can excite
The weak, or ſated Appetite.

In old time the Seed of the White-*Poppy* parch'd was ſerv'd up as a Deſſert.

In *Ceres* Garland I am plac'd,
Me ſhe did firſt vouchſafe to taſt,
When for her Daughter loſt ſhe griev'd,
Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

'Bove all ſhe does extol my Plant,
For if ſuſtaining Corn you want,
From me ſuch kind ſupplies are ſent,
As give both Sleep and Nouriſhment.

The Reaſon therefore is moſt plain
Why I was made the fruitful'ſt Grain,
The *Perſian* brings not to the Field,
Such Armys as my Camp does yield.

Diſeaſes in all Regions breed,
No corner of the World is freed,
Hard labour ev'ry where we find,
The conſtant Portion of mankind.

Sick Earth Great *Jove* beheld with Grief,
And ſent me down to her relief,
And 'cauſe her Ills ſo faſt did breed,
Endu'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus *Poppy* ſpake, nor did as I ſuppoſe,
So ſoon intend her bold Harangue to cloſe,
But ſeiz'd with ſleep, here finiſh'd her Diſcourſe;
Nor cou'd reſiſt her own Lethargick force.
I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter
Since 'tis moſt certain truth what I aver,)
Nor would I Sacred Hiſtory profane
As Poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.
While *Poppy* ſpoke——
Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep
Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora's* ſelf fell faſt aſleep.
So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppreſt
Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breaſt.
*Zephyr*, not long could bear this foul diſgrace;
With a briſk Breeze of Air he ſhook the Place:
*Flora*, who well her Husbands Kiſſes knew,
Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her Head with much ado:
With heavy Motion to her drowſie Eyes
Her Fingers lifts, and what's a Clock, ſhe cryes.
At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold
Their Eye lids, and the open Day behold.
The *Sun Flow'r* thinking 'twas for him foul ſhame
To Nap by Day-light, ſtrove t'excuſe the blame;
It was not ſleep that made him Nod, he ſaid,
But too great weight and largeneſs of his Head.
Majeſtick then before the Court he ſtands,
And ſilence with *Phœbean* Voice commands.

## *SUN-FLOWER.*

IF by the Rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeneſs to the Sire muſt prove the breed,
Believe me Sirs, when *Phœbus* looks on you,
He ſcarce can think his Spouſe the Earth was true.

No ſooner can his Eye on me be thrown,
But he* by *Styx* will ſwear I am his own.
My Orb-like golden Aſpect bound with Rays,
The very Picture of his Face diſplays.
Among the Stars long ſince I ſhould have place,
Had not my Mother been of mortal Race:
Preſume not then, ye Earth-born *Muſhroom* brood
To call me Brother — I derive my Blood
From *Phœbus* ſelf, which by my Form I prove,
And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.
I ſtill adore my Sire with proſtrate Face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace.
Who ſeeing this (all things he ſees) decreed
To you his doubtful, if not ſpurious breed,
Theſe poorer Climes, to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that Divine *Phœbean* metal void;
On me that * richer Soil he did beſtow
Where Gold, the product of his Beams, does grow.
Amongſt his Treaſures well might he aſſign
A Place for me, his like and living coin.
He ſaid, and bowing twice his Head with Grace
To *Flora*, thrice to's Sire, reſum'd his Place.
To him ſucceeds a † Flow'r of greater Name,
Who from high *Jove* himſelf deriv'd his Claim.

* The uſual Oath of the Gods.

* *America*, where grow the largeſt *Sun-Flowers.*

† *Flos Jovis.*

## GILLY-FLOWER.

How this Pretender for no Medicine good,
Can be allow'd the Son of Phyſick's God,
I leave to the wiſe Judgment of the Court:
With better proofs my Title I ſupport,
*Jove* was my Sire, to me he did impart
(Who beſt deſerv'd) the Empire of the Heart.
Let him with Golden Aſpect pleaſe the Eye,
A Sov'raign Cordial to the Heart am I.
Not *Tagus*, nor the Treaſures of *Peru*
Thy boaſted Soil, can Grief like me, ſubdue.
Should *Jove* once more deſcend in Golden ſhow'r,
Not *Jove* cou'd prove ſo Cordial as my Flow'r.
One Golden Coat thou haſt, I do confeſs,
That's all, poor Plant, thou haſt no change of Dreſs.
Of ſev'ral hue I ſev'ral Garments wear,
Nor can the *Roſe* her ſelf with me compare:
The gaudy *Tulip* and the *Emony*
Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee.
View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the ſame,
The very *Cræſus* I of Colours am.
Rich but in Dreſs they are, in Virtue poor,
Or keep like Miſers to themſelves their ſtore,

Moſt lib'rally my Bounty I impart,
'Tis joy to mine to eaſe anothers Heart.
Some Flowers for Phyſick ſerve, and ſome for Smell,
For Beauty ſome — but I in all excell.
While thus ſhe ſpake, her Voice, Scent, Dreſs and Port,
Majeſtick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court:
Well might th' Inferiour Plants concern'd appear,
The very *Roſe* her ſelf began to fear:
Her next of kin a fair and num'rous Hoſt,
Of their Alliance to *Carnation* boaſt.
Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd
From *Garden-Gilly-flower* their Lineage prov'd.
They of the *Saffron-houſe* next took their Courſe,
Of dwarfiſh Stature, but gigantick force;
Led by their Purple Chief, who dares appear,
And ſtand the ſhock of the declining Year.
In *Autumn*'s ſtormy Months he ſhews his head,
When tainted Skies their baneful Venom ſhed.
He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when looking round,
The * *Colchic* Tribe amongſt his Train he found;
Hence ye profane, he cry'd, nor bring diſgrace
On my fair Title, I diſown your Race.
Repair to *Circe*'s or *Medea*'s Tent,
When on ſome fatal miſchief they are bent,
To baneful *Pontus* fly, ſeek kindred there,
You who of Flowers, Earth, Heav'n, the ſcandal are.
Thus did he ſtorm, for tho by Nature mild,
Againſt the poyſ'nous Race his Choler boil'd.
His ſacred Virtue the Intruders knew,
And from th' Aſſembly conſciouſly withdrew.

* *Meadow Saffron*, called, *Bulbus Strangulatorius & Ephemeron lethale.*

## SAFFRON.

WHile others boaſt their proud Original,
  And *Sol* or *Jove* their Parents call,
I claim (contented with ſuch ſlender Flowers)
  No kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.
I from a Conſtant Lover took my Name,
  And dare aſpire no greater Fame.
Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life
  'Twixt Hopes and Fears a tedious ſtrife,
Great *Jove* to quit me of my hopeleſs Fire,
  (My Patron he, though not my Sire,)
Transform'd me to a ſmiling Flower at laſt,
  To recompence my Sorrows paſt.
Live cheerful now, he ſaid, nor only live
  Merry thy ſelf, but Gladneſs give;
Then to my ſacred Flow'r with Skill he joyn'd,
  Stems three or four of Star-like kind,

*Ovid. Metam. 4.*

Made them the Magazines of Mirth and Joy,
What e'r can ſullen Grief deſtroy.
Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter ly,
*Venus* and *Cupid*'s Armory.
*Bacchus* may like a Quack give preſent Eaſe,
That only ſtrengthens the Diſeaſe.
You cruſh (alas!) the Serpent's Head in vain,
Whoſe Tail ſurvives to ſtrike again.
All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,
And ſpight of Poyſon keep alive.
The Heart ſecur'd, through all the Parts beſide
Freſh Life and dancing Spirits glide.
But ſtill 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,
If to the Lungs the Foe retreat,
If of thoſe Avenues he's once poſſeſt,
Famine will ſoon deſtroy the reſt.
I watch and keep thoſe Paſſes open too,
For Vital Air to come and go.
Ungrateful to his Friend that Breath muſt be,
That can abſtain from praiſing me.

But having been an Inſtance of Love's pow'r
To Females ſtill a ſacred flow'r,
'Tis juſt that I ſhou'd now the Womb defend,
And be to *Venus* Seat a friend.
'Gainſt all that wou'd the teeming part annoy
My ready Succour I employ,
I eaſe the lab'ring Pangs, and bring away
The Birth that paſt its time wou'd ſtay.
If this Aſſembly then my Claim ſuſpend,
Who am to Nature ſuch a friend,
Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,
If you refuſe to have me Crown'd.
If you decline my gentle cheerful ſway,
Let my pretended Kinſman come in play, The forementi'd Baſtard-Saffron.
Puniſh your folly and my wrongs repay.

He ſaid, and ſhaking thrice his fragrant Head
Through all the Court a Cordial flavour ſpread:
While of his ſcatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes,
And on th' *Ambroſial* ſcent a Banquet makes.
Touch'd with a ſenſe of Joy, his Rivals ſmil'd,
Ev'n them his Virtue of their Rage beguil'd;
Ev'n *Poppy*'s ſelf, refreſh'd, erects her Head,
Who had not heard one word of what he ſaid.

* *Flower-gentle* laſt, on lofty ſtem did riſe,
And ſeem'd the humble *Saffron* to deſpiſe:
On his high Name and Stature he depends,
And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

* *Amaranthus*, that never withers.

*Amaranth*,

## *AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.*

WHat can the puling *Roſe* or *Violet* ſay,
Whoſe Beauty flies ſo faſt away?
Fit only ſuch weak Infants to adorn,
Who dye as ſoon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flowers,
Garlands eternal as their Powers,
Nor time that does all earthly things invade
Can make a Hair fall from my head.
Look up, the Gardens of the Sky ſurvey,
And Stars that there appear ſo gay,
If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,
They are but th' *Amaranths* of Heav'n.

A tranſient Glance ſometimes my *Cynthia* throws
Upon the *Lily* or the *Roſe*,
But views my Plant, aſtoniſh'd, from the Sky,
That ſhe ſhould Change, and never I.

Becauſe with Hair inſtead of Leaves adorn'd,
By ſome, as if *no Flower*, I'm ſcorn'd,
But I my chiefeſt Pride and Glory place
In what they reckon my Diſgrace.
My Priv'ledge 'tis to differ from the reſt;
What has its like can ne'r be beſt:
Nor is it fit Immortal Plants ſhou'd grow
In form of fading Plants below.

That Gods have Fleſh and Blood we cannot ſay,
That they have ſomething like to both we may,
So I reſembling an Immortal Power,
Am only as it were a Flower.

Their Plea's thus done, the ſeveral Tribes repair,
And ſtand in Ranks about the Goddeſs Chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
*Flora*, who was of Temper light and free,
Puts on a perſonated Gravity;
As with the grave occaſion beſt might ſuit,
And in this manner finiſh'd the diſpute.

## *FLORA.*

AMongſt the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,
When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,
Th' Auguſt and purpled Senate he admir'd,
View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd?

So I in all this num'rous throng muſt own
I ſee no Head but what deſerves a Crown.
On what one Flower can I beſtow my Voice,
Where equal Merits ſo diſtract my Choice?
Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,
Let no one claim what all deſerve to have.
Conſider how from *Roman*-Race we ſpring,
Whoſe Laws you know wou'd ne'r permit a King.
Can I who am a *Roman* Deity,
A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden ſee?
Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,
Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.
VVith *Gabine* ſlaughter big, think how he ſlew
The faireſt Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew;
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
And both with ſportive Cruelty deſtroy'd.
You who are Lords of Earth as well as they
Shou'd Free-born *Romans* Government diſplay.
Reſt ever then a Common-wealth of Flow'rs,
Compil'd of People and of Senators.
This, I preſume, the beſt for you and me,
VVith Senſe of Men and Gods does beſt agree.
*Lily* and *Roſe* this Year your Conſuls be
The Year ſhall ſo begin auſpiciouſly.
Four *Prætors* to the Seaſons four, I make,
The vernal *Prætorſhip* thou, *Tulip*, take:
† *July-flowers.* † *Jove*'s Flow'r the Summer, * *Crocus* Autumn ſway, * *Saffron.*
Let VVinter war-like *Hellebore* obey.
Honour's the ſole Reward that can accrue,
Tho ſhort your Office, to your Charge be true.
Your Life is ſhort --- the Goddeſs ended here,
The Choſen, with her Verdict pleas'd appear
The reſt with Hope to ſpeed another Year.

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*The End of the Fourth Book.*

# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK V.

### *POMONA.*

LET now my *Muſe* more lofty numbers bring
Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we ſing,
The Race of *Trees*, whoſe towring branches riſe
In open Air, and almoſt kiſs the Skies.
Too light thoſe ſtrains that tender Flow'rs deſir'd,
Too low the Verſe that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Thoſe weaklings near the Surface of the Earth
Reſide, nor from the Soil that gave them birth
Dare launch too far into the airy Main,
The Winds rough ſhock unable to ſuſtain:
Theſe to the Skies with Heads erected go,
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
Not Man the Earth's proud Lord ſo high can raiſe
His Head, they touch thoſe Heav'ns which he ſurveys.
Between th' *Herculean* Bounds and Golden Soil
By great *Columbus* found, there lies an Iſle
Of thoſe call'd *Fortunate* the faireſt Seat,
Indulg'd by Heaven and Natures bleſt retreat.
A conſtant ſettled Calm the Sky retains,
Diſturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains.
*Zephyr* alone with fragrant Breath does chear
The florid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.
No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatning Dews inſtead from Heav'n diſtill,
And friendly Stars with vital Influence fill.
No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there
More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.
The Months without diſtinction paſs away,
The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Bloſſoms gay;
The changing Moon all theſe, and always does ſurvey.
Nature ſome Fruits does to our Soil deny
Nor what we have can ev'ry Month ſupply,

But ev'ry ſort that happy Earth does bear,
All ſorts it bears, and bears 'em all the Year.
This ſeat *Pomona* now is ſaid to priſe,
And fam'd *Alcinous* Gardens to deſpiſe.
Betwixt th' old World and new makes this retreat
Of her Green Empire the Imperial Seat:
And wiſely too, that Plants of ev'ry ſort
May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.
Hedges inſtead of Walls this Place ſurround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With *Haw-Thorn* that does Magick Spells confound.
The well rang'd *Trees*, within broad walks diſplay
Through which her Verdant City we ſurvey:
I'th' midſt her Palace ſtands, of Bow'rs compos'd,
With twining Branches, and Green Walls enclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with Fruits of various kind,
You'd ſwear ſome Artiſt had the Work deſign'd.
When Autumn's Reign begins the Goddeſs here,
( Autumn with us eternal Summer's there )
VVhen *Scorpio* with his Venom blaſts the Year,
The Goddeſs her Vertumnal Rites prepares,
( So call'd from various Forms *Vertumnus* wears )
No coſt ſhe ſpares thoſe Honours to perform,
( For no Expence can that Rich Goddeſs harm )
She then brings forth her Gardens choice Delights,
To treat the Rural Gods whom ſhe invites.
The twelve of Heavenly Race her Gueſts appear,
Wanton *Priapus* too is preſent there,
The fair *Hoſt* more attracts him than the *Fare*.
Then *Pales* came, and *Pan Arcadia*'s God,
On his dull *Aſs* the Fat *Silenus* rode
Lagging behind; the *Fauni* next advance,
VVith nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance;
Nor Heav'ns Inferiour Pow'rs were abſent thence,
VVhoſe Altars ſeldom ſmoak with Frankincenſe.
*Picumnus* who the barren Land manures,
*Tutanus* too who gather'd Fruit ſecures,
* *Collina* from the Hills, from Valleys low
† *Vallonia* came, ‖ *Rurina* from the Plow,
With whom a hundred Ruſtick Nymphs appear,
VVho Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear,
To theſe, ſtrange Powers from New-found * *India* came,
Moſt dreadful in their Aſpect, Form and Name.
The hundred Mouths of Fame cou'd ne'r ſuffice
To taſte or tell that Banquet's Rarities.
With change of Fruits the Table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready Servants waited on the Board
In various Dreſs, the Months attending too
In number twelve, twelve times the Feaſt renew.

* Goddeſs of the Hills.
† Goddeſs of the Vales.
‖ Goddeſs of plowed Lands.
* *America.*

Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice,
The *Indian Nut* ſupply'd the double uſe
Of Drink and Cup: the more luxuriant *Vine*
Afforded various kinds of ſprightly Wine.
*Canaria*'s neighb'ring Iſle, the moſt Divine.
Of this glad *Bacchus* fills a Bowl, and cries,
O ſacred Juice; O wretched Deities!
Who abſent hence of ſober *Nectar* take
Dull draughts, nor know the Joys of potent *Sack.*
The reſt who *Bacchus* Judgment cou'd not doubt,
Pledg'd him in Courſe, and ſent the Bowl about.
*Venus* and *Flora* Chocolate alone
Wou'd Drink, —the Reaſon to themſelves beſt known.
 The Gods ( who ſcarcely were too wiſe to ſpare,
When they both knew their welcome and their Fare)
Fell freely on, till now Diſcourſe began,
And one, exclaiming cry'd, O fooliſh Man!
That groſly feeds on fleſh, when ev'ry field
Does eaſie and more wholeſom Banquets yield.
Who in the blood of Beaſts their hands imbrue,
And eat the Victims to our Altars due.
From hence the reſt occaſion take at laſt
The Goddeſs to extol, and her Repaſt:
The *Orange* one, and one the *Fig* commends,
Another the rich Fruit that *Perſia* ſends,
Some cry the *Olive* up above the reſt,
But by the moſt the *Grape* was judg'd the beſt.
The *Indian* God who heard them nothing ſay
Of Fruits that grow in his *America*,
( Of which her Soil affords ſo rich a ſtore
Her Golden Mines can ſcarce be valu'd more)
Thus taxes their unjuſt partiality,
As well he might; the *Indian Bacchus* he.
 Can Prejudice, ſaid he, corrupt the Powers
Of this old World? far be that Crime from ours.
If when to furniſh out a noble Treat
You ſeek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat;
(Which I with greedineſs have ſeen you eat)
Are theſe your thanks, ingrateful Deities?
Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates pleaſe:
You only praiſe the growth of your own Soil,
Becauſe the Product of long Ages toil;
But had not Fortune been our Countrey's foe,
And Parent Nature's ſelf forſook us too,
Had not your armed *Mars* in Triumph rode
O'r our *Ochecus*, a poor naked God,
Had not your *Neptune*'s floating Palaces
Sunk our tall *Ochus* Fleet of hollow Trees,
Nor thundring *Jove* made *Viracocha* yield,
Nor *Spaniards* yet more fierce laid waſt our field,

And left alive no Tiller to recruit
The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit,
Our Products ſoon had ſilenc'd this Diſpute.
But as it is, my Climate I'll defend,
No Soil can to ſuch num'rous Fruits pretend;
We ſtill have many to our Conqu'ror's ſhame,
Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
So little can you boaſt to ſhew the ſame.
This I aſſert; if any be ſo vain
To contradict the Truth that I maintain,
(Since from both Worlds this Feaſt has hither brought
All Fruits with which our diff'rent Climes are fraught)
The Deities that are aſſembled here
Shall judge which World the richeſt will appear;
In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excell
In Gold, you to our ſorrow know too well.
  His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join,
Nor did our Powers the noble ſtrife decline;
*Minerva* in her Olive ſafe appear'd;
*Bacchus* who with a ſmile the boaſter heard,
As in the *Eaſt* his Conqueſt had been ſhown,
Now reckons the *Weſt-Indies* too his own.
His Courage with ten Bumpers firſt he chear'd;
Then all agree to have the Table clear'd,
And each reſpective Tree to plead her worth;
The Goddeſs one by one commands them forth.
She ſummon'd firſt the *Nut* of double Race,
And *Apple*, which in our old World have place,
Of each the nobleſt Breeds, for to the name
A thouſand petty Families lay claim.
  The *Nut*-trees name at firſt the *Oak* did grace,
Who in *Pomona*'s Garden then had place,
Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,
Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine:
At laſt the Filbert and the Cheſnut ſweet
Were ſcarce admitted to her verdant ſeat;
The airy *Pine* of form and ſtature proud,
With much entreaty was at length allow'd.
  The *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,
The firſt in field, upon whoſe Nutty top
A Squirrel ſits, and wants no other ſhade
Than what by his own ſpreading Tail is made;
He culls the ſoundeſt, dextrouſly picks out
The Kernels ſweet and throws the Shells about,
You ſee, *Pomona* crys, the cloyſter'd Fruit,
That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not ſuit.
That therefore uſeleſs 'tis you cannot ſay,
It ſerves our Youths at once for Food and Play;
But while ſuch toys, my Lads, you uſe too long,
Expecting Virgins think you do them wrong;

'Tis time that you theſe childiſh ſports forſake,
*Hymen* for you has other Nuts to crack.
O Plant moſt fit for Boys to patronize
( Cries *Bacchus* ) who my gen'rous juice deſpiſe,
A reſtive Fruit, by Nature made to grace
The Monky's jaws and humour the Grimace.
The ſudden Gibe made ſober *Pallas* ſmile,
Who thus proceeds in a more ſerious ſtyle.
A ſtrong and wondrous Enmity we find
In Hazel-tree 'gainſt Poyſons of all kind,
More wondrous their Magnetick ſympathy,
That ſecret Beds of Metals can deſcry,
And point directly where hid treaſures lie.
In ſearch of Golden Mines a Hazel Wand
The wiſe Diviner takes in his right Hand,
In vain alas! he caſts his Eyes about
To find the rich and ſecret Manſions out,
Which yet, when near, ſhall with a force Divine
The Top of the ſuſpended Wand incline.
So ſtrong the ſenſe of gain, that it affects
The very Lifeleſs twig, who ſtrait reflects
His trembling hand, and eager for th' embrace,
Directly tends to the Magnetick place.
What wonder then ſo ſtrange Effects confound
The minds of Men, in miſts of Errour drown'd;
It puzzles me, who was at *Athens* bred,
Ev'n me the off-ſpring of great *Jove*'s own head;
Let *Phœbus* then unfold this Myſtery.
Much more than Man we know, but *Phœbus* more than we.
She ſaid — *Apollo*, with th' Ænigma vext,
And ſcorning to be pos'd, in words perplext,
Strove to diſguiſe his Ignorance, and ſpent
Much breath on Attoms, and their wild ferment:
Of Sympathy he made a long Diſcourſe,
And long inſiſted on Self-acting force;
But all confus'd and diſtant from the mark,
His Delphick Oracle was ne'r ſo dark.
'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to ſee him tug in vain
At what his wiſdome onely cou'd explain:
For thoſe profounder Myſteries to hide
From Gods, and Men is ſure *Jove*'s greateſt pride.

Of this is made the Divining Rod, with which they diſcover Mines.

The ſhady *Cheſnut* next her Claim puts in,
Though ſeldom ſhe is in our Gardens ſeen.
So coarſe her fare, that 'tis no ſmall Diſpute
If Nuts or Acorns we ſhou'd call her fruit;
So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear
To ſee ſuch Kernels ſuch ſtrong Armour wear;
Firſt with a linty Wad wrapt cloſe about,
( Uſeful to keep green wounds from guſhing out )

Her next defence of ſolid wood is made,
The third has Spikes that can her foes invade.
*Therſites* ſure no greater ſport cou'd make;
With *Ajax* ſev'nfold Shield upon his Back.
The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did riſe
Above Contempt, and almoſt touch'd the Skies:

*Pulcherrima Pinus in hortis.* Virg. Ech.

Carv'd in his ſacred Bark he wore beſide
Great *Maro*'s words, to juſtifie his Pride:
*Pan* own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low
His Pine-wreath'd Head, but juſt reſpect did ſhow:
Were *Neptune* preſent he had done the ſame;
To that fair Plant that in his *Iſthmian* Game
The Victor crowns, whoſe loud Applauſes he
With equal tranſport hears in either Sea.
*Neptune* of other Plants no Lover ſeems,
But with good reaſon he the *Pine* eſteems;
The *Pine* alone has courage to remove
From's native Hills (where long with winds he ſtrove
In youth) on watry Mountains to engage
With's naked Timber fiercer tempeſts rage.
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd
In vain deſign'd for fiſhes to reſide.
Since Natures Laws by Art are overcome,
And Men with Ships make Seas their Native home.
But of all Pines Mount *Ida* beats the beſt,
By *Cybele* prefer'd above the reſt.

*Atys*, Reported for the ſake of Chaſtity to have made himſelf an Eunuch.

This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by *Cybele*, upon whoſe ſcore
He ſacrific'd to Chaſtity, but now
Repents him of the raſhneſs of his Vow.
His fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.

The Daughter of *Midas*, eſpouſed to *Atys*.

*Ia*, for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*
A Torch prepar'd (e'r *Pine* by Brides was born)
When ſhe ſhou'd meet her long expected Joy
Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy,
Dire change, yet cannot from his Trunk retire
But languiſhes away with vain Deſire:
Till *Cybele* afforded her relief,
(Her Rival once, now partner in her grief)

Bitter Almond.

Transform'd her to the bitter Almond-tree,
Whoſe fruit ſeems ſtill with ſorrow to agree.
Her Siſter who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to ſtop the ſpreading Bark;
But while the pious Office ſhe perform'd
In the ſame manner found her ſelf transform'd.
But as her grief was leſs ſevere, we find

Sweet Almond.

Her Almond ſweet and of a milder kind.
Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive
Th' unfortunate and more than once relieve.

Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon*'s abſence mourn'd,
Till ſhe into an Almond-tree was turn'd.
Thus *Phyllis* vaniſh'd; *Ceres* ſaw her bloom,
And propheſy'd a fruitful Year to come.
The firm *Piſtachoe* next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit that Serpents can ſubdue.
The *Wallnut* then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit which we a *Nut*, the Gods an *Acorn* call;
* *Jove*'s Acorn, which does no ſmall praiſe confeſs,
T' have call'd it *Man*'s *Ambroſia* had been leſs.
Nor can this Head-like Nut, ſhap'd like the Brain
Within, be ſaid that form by chance to gain,
Or *Caryon* call'd by learned *Greeks* in vain.
For Membranes ſoft as Silk her kernel bind,
Whereof the inmoſt is of tendreſt kind,
Like thoſe which on the Brain of Man we find,
All which are in a Seam-join'd Shell encloſ'd,
Which of this Brain the Skull may be ſuppos'd.
This very Skull envelop'd is again
In a green Coat, his Pericranion.
Laſtly, that no Objection may remain,
To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain;
She nouriſhes the Hair, remembring how
Her ſelf deform'd without her Leaves does ſhow:
On barren ſcalps ſhe makes freſh honours grow.
Her timber is for various uſes good
The Carver ſhe ſupplies with laſting wood;
She makes the Painters fading Colours laſt,
A Table ſhe affords us and repaſt;
Ev'n while we feaſt, her Oil our Lamps ſupplies,
The rankeſt Poiſon by her Virtue dies,
The Mad-dogs foam, and taint of raging Skies.
The *Pontick* King who liv'd where Poiſons grew,
Skilful in Antidotes, her Virtues knew;
Yet envious Fates that ſtill with Merit ſtrive,
And Man ingrateful from the Orchard drive
This Sov'raign Plant excluded from the Field
Unleſs ſome uſeleſs Nook a Station yield:
Defenceleſs in the common Road ſhe ſtands,
Expos'd to reſtleſs War of vulgar hands;
By neighb'ring Clowns, and paſſing Rabble torn,
Batter'd with ſtones by Boys, and left forelorn.
To her did all the Nutty-tribe ſucceed,
A hardy Race that makes weak Gums to bleed;
But to the Banquets of the Gods preferr'd,
Are ſaid to open of their own accord.
'Twixt theſe and juicy fruits of painted Coat,
Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;
Advanc'd the tribe of thoſe with rugged skin,
More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a kin.

* Διὸς Βάλανος.

*Mater pia* and *dura mater*.

*Pomgranate* Chief of theſe, whoſe blooming Flow'r
( *Pomona*'s pride ) may challenge *Flora*'s Bow'r,
The Spring-Roſe ſeems leſs fair when ſhe is by,
Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
Nor Scarlet Robes by proudeſt Monarchs worn,
Nor purple ſtreaks that paint the riſing Morn,
Nor Bluſhes that conſenting Maids adorn.
In the *Eubœan* Iſle did ſtand of old
Great *Juno*'s Image, form'd of maſſy Gold,
In one Right Hand ſhe held a Scepter bright,
( For with the Pow'rs Divine both Hands are Right )
Her *Carthage* lovely fruit the other grac'd,
And fitly in * *Lucina*'s Hand was plac'd;
Whoſe Orb within ſo many Cells contains,
In form of Wombs, and ſtor'd with ſeedy Grains.
But † *Proſerpine* implacable remain'd
Againſt this Plant, for former wrongs ſuſtain'd,
Nor *Ceres* yet her hatred cou'd diſguiſe,
But from *Pomgranate* turn'd her weeping Eyes.
For the *Elyſian* Fields ( whence fates permit
Nought to return ) what Tree can be more fit
Than this || reſtringent Plant? a ſingle taſt
Of three ſmall grains kept *Ceres* Daughter faſt.

*Pomegranate* call'd *Malus Punica.*

* *Juno* being the ſame with *Lucina* Goddeſs of Midwifery.

† *Jupiter* is is ſaid to have promis'd *Ceres*, that *Proſerpine* ſhould be reſtored to her, if ſhe had taſted nothing in the lower Regions, but ſhe having eaten *Pomgranate* ſeeds was retain'd.

|| *Pomgranate* a moſt powerful Reſtringent, uſed in all Immoderate Evacuations.

*Orange* and *Lemon* next like Lightning bright
Came in, and dazled the Beholders ſight;
Theſe were the fam'd *Heſperian* Fruits of old,
Both Plants alike, ripe fruit and Bloſſoms hold,
This ſhines with pale and that with deeper Gold.
Planted by *Atlas*, who ſupports the Skies,
Proud at his feet to ſee theſe brighter Stars to riſe.
To keep them ſafe the utmoſt care he took,
He fenc'd 'em round with walls of ſolid Rock,
Nor with *Priapus* Cuſtody content
A watchful Dragon for their Guard he ſent.
Let vulgar Apples, Boys and Beggars fear,
Theſe, worth *Alcides* ſtealing did appear.
From Lands remote he came, and thought his toils
Were more than recompenc'd in thoſe rich ſpoils.
He onely priz'd 'em for their taſt and hue,
For half their real worth he never knew:
Nor cou'd his Tutor *Mars* to him impart
The nobler ſecrets of *Apollo*'s Art.
Had he but known their juice 'gainſt Poiſon good
The *Hydra*'s Venom mixt with Centaur bloud,
Had never made Mount *Oeta* hear his Cries,
Nor th' oft-ſlain Monſter more had pow'r to riſe.

The *Plums* came next, by *Cherry* led, whoſe fruit
Th' expecting Gard'ner early does ſalute,
To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
And with red Berries firſt adorns the Year.
*May*, rich in Dreſs, but in Proviſion poor,
Admires and thinks his early Fruit a Flow'r.
To wait for *Summer*'s ripening heat diſdains,
Nor puts the Planter to immod'rate pains.
He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*
Cou'd ne'r perſuade him on her Banks to ſmile.
He ſcorns the bounty of a two-months tide
That leaves him thirſting all the year beſide.
Proud *Rome* her ſelf this Plant can ſcarcely rear
Ev'n to this day he ſeems a Captive there.
Pris'ner of War from *Ceraſus* he came;
(From's native * *Ceraſus* he took his name)
From thence tranſplanted to th' *Italian* Soil
*Lucullus* triumph brought no richer ſpoil:
Loud Pæans to your noble Gen'ral ſing,
*Italian* Plants, that ſuch a Prize did bring.
The Conqu'rours Laurels as in triumph wear
The bluſhing Fruit, and captive *Cherries* bear.
Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
Erelong thou ſhalt a Denizen become
Amongſt the Plants of World-commanding *Rome*.
  A num'rous Hoſt of Plums did next ſucceed,
Diff'ring in colour and of various breed:
The Damask Prune, moſt antient led the Van,
Who in *Damaſcus* firſt his Reign began.
Time out of mind he had ſubdu'd the *Eaſt*,
'Twas long ere he got footing in the *Weſt*;
But now in *Northern* Climates he is known,
A hardy Plant makes ev'ry Soil his own.
  Next him th' *Armenian Apricock* took place,
Not much unlike but of a nobler Race;
Of richer Flavour and of taſt Divine,
Whoſe golden Veſtments, ſtreakt with Purple, ſhine.
  Then came the Glory of the *Perſian* Field,
And to *Armenia*'s pride diſdain'd to yield.
The *Peach* with Silken Veſt and pulpy juice,
Of Meat and Drink at once ſupplies the uſe.
But take him while he's ripe, he'll ſoon decay,
For next Days Banquet he diſdains to ſtay.
Of Fruits the faireſt, as the Roſe of Flow'rs,
But ah! their Beauties have but certain Hours.
  A Fruit there is on whom the * *Roſe* confers
Her Name, of ſmell and colour too like Hers.
A Plum that can it ſelf ſupply the Board,
To hungry Stomachs ſolid food afford.

* The Cherry-Tree in *Latin* call'd *Ceraſus* a Town in *Capadocia*, from whence it was brought into *Italy* by *Lucullus*. An. Urb. 680.

* *Rhodocina*.

To pleaſe our Guſt and Stomach to recruit
He thinks ſufficient Tribute for his Fruit;
For Phyſicks uſe his other parts are Wood,
His Leaves, his Bloſſoms, ev'n his Gum and wood.
Does to us health and joy alike reſtore,
Friend to our Pleaſure, to our Health much more.

Of which wood Spears and Bows were made. *Volat Itala Cornus.*

Not ſo the Corneil-tree deſign'd for harms,
Her wood ſupplies dire *Mars* with impious Arms.
For ſuch a Plant our Gardens are too mild,
Harſh is her Fruit and fit for Deſarts wild.
With her the *Jujube*-tree, a milder Plant
Which (tho offenſive thorns ſhe does not want)
In Peace and Mirth alone does pleaſure take,
Her Flow'rs, at feaſts, the genial Garlands make,
Her wood the Harp that keeps the Gueſts awake.
Next comes the *Lote*-tree in whoſe dusky hue
Her black and Sun-burnt * Countrey you might view,

* An *African* Plant.

To whom th' Aſſembly all roſe up (from whence
Came this Reſpect?) and paid her Reverence.
*Priapus* onely with a down-caſt look,
And conſcious Bluſhes at her preſence ſhook:
Th' All-ſeeing Gods through that obſcure diſguiſe
Nymph *Lotis* ſaw: conceal'd from humane Eyes.

*Ovid.Metam.9.*

They knew how on the *Helleſpontick* ſhore
T' eſcape the dreadful Dart *Priapus* wore,
And zealous to preſerve her Chaſtity,
She loſt her Form and chang'd into a Tree.
Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate
She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date.
A longer Date than Oaks ſhe does enjoy,
Thoſe long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old *Neſtor* Boy.
She calls them *Girls*, green Branches ſhe diſplay'd
When *Rome* was built, and when in Aſhes laid.

From *Romulus* the Builder, to *Nero* that burnt it.

'Tis true, ſhe did not long ſurvive the fire,
(With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)
Almoſt nine hundred years were paſt away,
Yet then ſhe grudg'd to die before her Day.
Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to * Live;
Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,

* Inſtruments of Muſick made of her wood.

And fitly, like us Poets, may be ſaid,
To make the greateſt Noiſe when ſhe is Dead.
A thouſand Years are ſince elaps'd, yet ſtill
She flouriſhes in Praiſe, and ever will.
Her Trees rich Fruit with which ſhe charm'd Mankind
Shew'd, when a Nymph, the ſweetneſs of her mind;
Theſe ſounds expreſs the Muſick of her tongue,
More ſweet than *Circe*'s or the *Syren* throng.
But Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,
She thrives the more the greater weight ſhe bears,

No preſſure for her Courage is too hard,
Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward.
She flouriſh'd once in * *Solymæan* ground,

* *Judæa.*

Fam'd *Joſhua's* and *Jeſſides* ſacred triumphs crown'd.
But ſince that Land was curſt, the gen'rous Plant
Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.
*Piſa* bears *Olives*, *Delpho's* Laurel yields,
*Nemea Smallage*, *Pines* the *Iſthmian* Fields,
But all breed *Palms*, the prize of Victory,
All Lands in honour of the *Palm* agree.
And 'tis but the juſt tribute of her Worth,
Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth.
Her Verdure ſhe inviolate does hold,
In ſpight of *Summer's* heat and *Winter's* cold.
Oppreſt with weight ſhe from the Earth does riſe,
And bears her Load in triumph to the Skies.
What various * Benefits does ſhe impart
To humane kind; her Wine revives the Heart,
Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables ſend,
At once to Pleaſure, and to Health a friend.
A Lover true, and well to love and ſerve
Is Virtues nobleſt task, and does the Palm deſerve.
* *Evadne* who a willing Victim prov'd,
Nor chaſt † *Aceſtis* ſo her Husband lov'd,
As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms
To him are ſtretch'd with moſt endearing Charms,
Nor ſtops their paſſion here; like Lovers, they
To more retir'd Endearments find the way,
In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found
In cloſe Embraces twining under ground.

* *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* uſed a Song that recited three hundred and ſixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date-Tree.*

* Leaping into the flame of his Funeral Pile.

† Who died in her Husband *Admetus's* ſtead.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the Palm reſign,
The conqu'ring *Palm* to *Olive* more Divine;
Peace all prefer to War—— thus *Pallas* ſpoke;
And in her Hand a peaceful Olive ſhook.
'Twas with this Branch that ſhe the Triumph gain'd
(The greateſt that can be by Gods obtain'd.)
On learned *Athens* to confer her Name,
A Right which ſhe, moſt learn'd of Pow'rs, might claim.
Not Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,
But, who ſhall be poor Mortals Patrons, ſtrive.
First, *Neptune* with his Trident ſtruck the ground;
The warlike Steed no ſooner heard the ſound,
But ſtarts from his dark Manſion, ſhakes his Hair,
His Noſtrils ſnort the unaccuſtom'd Air,
Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noiſe is proud,
With his inſulting Feet his native Field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd.
*Pallas* on th' other ſide with gentle ſtroke
Of her ſtrong Spear, Earth's tender ſurface broke,

The Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, who ſhould give the name to *Athens.*

Through which ſmall Breach a ſudden Tree ſhoots up,
Ev'n at his Birth with rev'rend hoary top,
And vig'rous fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant,
And to *Minerva* the Precedence grant.
The vanquiſh'd Steed and God in rage aſſail'd
The Victors, but ev'n ſo, their malice fail'd,
Wit's Goddeſs and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

* Laws were made in *Athens* to ſecure the *Olive* Tree.

* Hail ſacred Plant, who well deſerv'ſt to be
By Laws ſecur'd from wrong as well as we;
From War's wild rage Reſpect thou doſt command,
When Temples fall thou art allow'd to ſtand.

*Halirhotius.*

*Neptune*'s bold Son revenging the diſgrace
His Sire ſuſtain'd, fell dead upon the place,
The whirling Ax upon his Head rebounds,
The ſtroke deſign'd on thee, himſelf confounds.
The Gods concern'd Spectators ſtood, and ſmil'd
To ſee his impious Sacrilege beguil'd.
Such be his fate whoe'r preſumes to be
A Foe to Peace and to her ſacred Tree.
Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
Warns us to ſtand, and be for War prepar'd.
In peace delights, but when the Cauſe is juſt,
Permits not the avenging Sword to ruſt.
With ſuppling Oil and conqu'ring wreath's ſupplys
The Martial Schools, of youthful Exerciſe:
Nor is the ſtrong propenſion ſhe does bear
To Peace, th'effect of Luxury or Fear.
Earth's teeming Womb affords no ſtronger Birth,
No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth.
Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies,
The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will riſe.
Lop but a Branch and fix't in Earth, you'll ſee
She'll there take root and make her ſelf a Tree.
Her youth, 'tis true, by ſlow degrees aſcends,
But makes you with long flouriſhing years amends.
Nature her care in this did wiſely ſhow,
That uſeful *Olive* long and eaſily ſhou'd grow.
Moſt ſov'raign taken inward, is her Oil,
And outwardly confirms the Limbs for toil.
Lifes paſſages from all obſtruction frees,
Clears Natures walks, to ſmarting wounds gives eaſe.
With eaſie Banquets does the poor ſupply,
And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie.
The Painters flying Colours it binds faſt,
Makes ſhort-liv'd Pictures long as Statues laſt,
The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel
And laſt, but of *Minerva*'s Lamp muſt ſmell.
Nay, This does ſo! ———
Moſt juſtly therefore does this Liquor riſe
O'r all in mixture, juſtly does deſpiſe

T' incorporate with any other Juice;
Sufficient in himſelf for ev'ry Uſe.
Moſt juſtly therefore did *Judæa*'s Land,
(Who beſt religious Rites did underſtand)
Oyl, potent, chaſt, and ſacred Oyl appoint
Her Kings, her Prieſts, and Prophets to anoint.
 Such was th' appearance which the *Olive* made,
With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd;
From whom *Minerva* took, as ſhe withdrew,
A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow.
Freſh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain,
Firſt thoſe whoſe Fruit did many Stones contain,
In their firſt Liſts the *Medlar-Tree* was found
Proud of his putrid Fruit becauſe 'twas * crown'd.

*** The top thereof reſembling a Crown or Coronet.**

Of Beauties Goddeſs then the Plant more fair,
Whoſe fragrant motion ſo perfum'd the Air;
The ſmoak of Gums when from their Altars ſent,
Ne'r gave th' Immortal Gueſts ſuch ſweet content.

**The Myrtle.**

Let *Phœbus* Laurel bloody Triumphs lead
The *Myrtle* thoſe where little blood is ſhed,
Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden-head.
No Virgin Fort impregnable can be
To him that Crowns his Brow with *Venus* Tree.
 The tribe of *Pears* and *Apples* next ſucceed,
Of noble Families, and num'rous breed;
No Monarch's Table e'r deſpiſes them,
Nor they the poor Man's board or earthen diſh contemn.
Supports of Life, as well as Luxury,
Nor like their Rivals a few Months ſupply,
But ſee themſelves ſucceeded ere they die.
Where *Phœbus* ſhines too faint to raiſe the *Vine*,
They ſerve for Grapes, and make the Northern Wine.
Their Liquor for th' effects deſerves that name,
Love, Valour, Wit and Mirth it can enflame,
Care it can drown, loſt Health, loſt Wealth reſtore,
And *Bacchus* potent Juice can do no more.
With Cyder ſtor'd the * *Norman* Province ſees
Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages,

*** *Normandy* in *France*.**

Of *Pear* and *Apple*-kinds an Army ſtood,
Before the Court, and ſeem'd a moving Wood;
On them *Pomona* ſmil'd as they went off,
But flouting *Bacchus* was obſerv'd to ſcoff.
 The *Quince* yet ſcorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
Alone ſhe came, of ſignal Honours proud,
With which by grateful *Jove* ſhe was endow'd.
A ſilky Down her golden Coat o'r-ſpreads,
Her ripening Fruit a grateful Odour ſheds;
*Jove* otherwiſe ingrateful had been ſtil'd,
In Honey ſteep'd ſhe fed him when a Child,

In his moſt froward Fits ſhe ſtopt his cries;
And now he eats *Ambroſia* in the Skies,
Reflects ſometimes upon his Infant Years,
And juſt Reſpect to *Quince* and *Honey* bears.
The nobleſt of *Wine-Fruits* brought up the Rear,
But all to reckon, endleſs wou'd appear,
The *Barberry* and *Currant* muſt eſcape,
Though her ſmall Cluſters imitate the Grape.
The *Raſpberry*, and prickled *Goosberry*,
Tree-*Strawberry*, muſt all unmention'd be,
With many more whoſe names we may decline;
Not ſo the *Mulberry*, the *Fig* and *Vine*,
The ſtouteſt Warriours in our Combat paſt,
And of the preſent Field the greateſt hope and laſt.
But cautiouſly the *Mulberry* did move,
And firſt the temper of the Skies wou'd prove,
VVhat ſign the Sun was in, and if ſhe might
Give credit yet to *Winter's* ſeeming flight.
She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
Nor truſt her Leaves and Fruit to doubtful Heat:
Her ready Sap within her Bark confines,
Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns.
But for her long delay amends does make
At once her Forces the known ſignal take,
And with tumultuous Noiſe their Sally make.
In two ſhort Months her purple Fruit appears,
And of two Lovers ſlain the tincture wears.
*Pyramus* and *Thisbe.*
Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves ſhe does produce,
That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble Uſe;
The frame and colour of her Leaves ſurvey,
And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay,
But truſt not their appearance, they ſupply
The Ornaments of Royal Luxury.
The Beautiful they make more beauteous ſeem,
The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them.
Effeminate Men to them their Veſtments owe,
How vain that pride which inſect worms beſtow!
Such was the *Mulberry* of wondrous Birth,
The *Fig* ſucceeds; but to recite her worth,
And various Powers, what numbers can ſuffice?
Hail, *Ceres*, Author of ſo great a Prize.
By thee with Food and Laws we were ſupply'd,
And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aſide.
VVith Peace and Bread our Lives were bleſt before,
And modeſt Nature cou'd deſire no more;
But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'ſt care,
And kindly didſt this milky Fruit prepare.
The poor Man's Feaſt, but ſuch delicious Cheer
Did never at *Apicius* Board appear;

The

*Phitalus* who kindly entertain'd her, and in return receiv'd from her the *Fig-Tree. Pauſan.*

The grateful *Ceres* with this Plant is ſaid
Her hoſpitable Hoſt to have repaid;
Yet with no vernal Bloom the Tree ſupply'd;
To lighter Plants, ſaid ſhe, I leave that Pride;
To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dreſs,
Who meretricious qualities confeſs,
And who like wanton Proſtitutes expoſe
Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Noſe.
My Fruit, like a Chaſt Matron does proceed,
And has of painted Ornament no need,
They ſtudy Dreſs, but mine Fertility;
Forcing her Off-ſpring from her ſolid Tree.
Through haſte ſometimes abortive Births ſhe bears,
But ever makes amends in thoſe ſhe rears.
For whom her full-charg'd Veins ſupplies afford,
Like a ſtrong Nurſe with Milk ſhe's ever ſtor'd.
  Our Voice by thee refreſh'd, ingrateful 'twere
If, *Fig-Tree*, thy juſt praiſe it ſhou'd forbear;
The Paſſes of our vital Breath by thee
Are ſmooth'd and clear'd, obſtructed Lungs ſet free.
Nor only doſt to Speech a Friend appear,
Ev'n for that Speech thou doſt unlock the Ear,
Set'ſt ope the gate, and giv'ſt it entrance there.
The fouleſt Ulcers putrid ſinks are drein'd
By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage reſtrain'd;
The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leproſie;
Kings-evil, Cancers, Warts are cur'd by thee:
Of flaming Gout thou doſt ſuppreſs the Rage,
Of Dropſie thou the deluge doſt aſſwage.
'Twere endleſs all thy Vertues to recite,
With all the Hoſts of Poyſons thou doſt fight,
Aided by *Rue* and *Nut* put'ſt *Africa* to flight.
Encounter'ſt the Diſeaſes of the Air,
And baneful Miſchiefs ſecret Stars prepare;
Whence does this Vegetative Courage riſe?
Even angry *Jove* himſelf thou doſt deſpiſe,
His Lightning's furious Sallies thou doſt ſee,
That ſpares not his own Conſecrated Tree,
While he with Temples does wild havock make,
While Mountains rend, and Earths foundations quake,
Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is ſeen to ſhake.
  Hail *Bacchus*! hail, thou powerful God of Wine,
Hail *Bacchus* hail! here comes thy darling Vine,
Drunk with her own rich Juice, ſhe cannot ſtand,
But comes ſupported by her Husbands hand,
The luſty *Elm* ſupports her ſtagg'ring Tree;
My beſt lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee!
Bow down thy juicy Cluſters to my Lip,
Thy Nectar ſweets I wou'd not lightly ſip,

But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were ſwell'd,
Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd.
What God ſo far a Poets friend will be,
Who from great *Orpheus* draws his Pedigree?
(And tho his Muſe comes ſhort of *Orpheus* fame,
Yet ſeems inſpir'd, and may the *Ivy* claim)
To place him on *Mount Iſmarus*, or where
*Campanian Hills* the ſweeteſt Cluſters bear,
Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow,
With *Phœbus* beams above, *Veſuvius* flames below.
Or in the fortunate *Canarian Iſles*,
Or where *Burgundia's* purple Vintage ſmiles.
'Tis fit the Poet ſhould beneath their ſhade
Tranſported lye, or on their Hills run mad,
His Veins, his Soul ſwell'd with th' Inſpiring God,
Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful voice diſcharge agen
The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank ſo largely in.
O vital Tree, what bleſſings doſt thou ſend?
Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend,
Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joys, and Martial Fire.
Theſe are thy Fruits, thy Cluſters theſe inſpire;
The various Poyſons which ill Fortune breeds
(Not *Pontus* ſo abounds with baneful weeds,
Nor *Africa* ſo many Serpents feeds)
By thy rich Antidote defeated are,
'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War,
But 'tis when thou our Cordial art not by,
They watch their time and take us when w'are Dry.
Thou mak'ſt the Captive to forget his chain,
By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again,
The Exul thou reſtor'ſt, the Candidate
Without the People's Vote thou doſt create,
And mak'ſt him a *Caninian* Magiſtrate.
Like kind *Veſpaſian* thou Mankind mak'ſt glad,
None from thy preſence e'r departed ſad.
What more can be to *Wiſdom's* School aſſign'd,
Than from prevailing Miſts to purge the Mind?
From thee the beſt Philoſophy does ſpring,
Thou canſt exalt the Beggar to a King;
Th' unletter'd Peaſant who can compaſs thee,
As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he.
Thy Tranſports are but ſhort, I do confeſs,
But ſo are the Delights Mankind poſſeſs,
Our Life it ſelf is ſhort, and will not ſtay,
Then let us uſe thy Bleſſing while we may, (away.
And make it in full ſtreams of Wine more ſmoothly paſs
The Vine retires; with loud and juſt Applauſe
Of *European* Gods; -- As ſhe withdraws

*Caninius* was Conſul but ſeven hours, dying the ſame day he was choſen.

Each in his Hand a ſwelling Cluſter preſt;
But *Bacchus* much more ſportive than the reſt,
Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-ſtones drein'd,
And puts it in *Omelichilus* hand:
Take off this Draught, ſaid he, if thou art wiſe,
'Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.
He, unaccuſtom'd to the acid Juice
Storm'd, and with blows had anſwer'd the Abuſe,
But fear'd t' engage the *European* Gueſt,
Whoſe Strength and Courage had ſubdu'd the *Eaſt*;
He therefore chooſes a leſs dang'rous fray,
And ſummons all his Country's Plants away:
Forthwith in decent Order they appear,
And various Fruits on various Branches wear;
Like *Amazons* they ſtand in painted Arms,
*Coca* alone appear'd with little Charms,
Yet lead the Van, our ſcoffing *Venus* ſcorn'd
The ſhrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd.
The *Indian* Plants, ſaid ſhe, are like to ſpeed
In this Diſpute of the moſt fertile Breed,
Who chooſe a *Dwarf* and *Eunuch* for their Head.
Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what ſhe ſaid.
*Pachamama* defends her darling Tree,
And ſaid the wanton Goddeſs was too free,
You only know the fruitfulneſs of Luſt,
And therefore here your Judgment is unjuſt,
Your skill in other off-ſprings we may truſt.
With thoſe Chaſt Tribes that no diſtinction know
Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do.
Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear,
This Tree in Fruits the richeſt does appear,
It bears the beſt, and bears 'em all the year.
Ev'n now with Fruit 'tis ſtor'd — why laugh you yet?
Behold how thick with Leaves it is beſet,
Each Leaf is Fruit, and ſuch ſubſtantial Fare
No Fruit beſide to Rival it will dare.
Mov'd with his Countries coming Fate, (whoſe Soil
Muſt for her Treaſures be expos'd to ſpoil)
Our *Varicocha* firſt this *Coca* ſent,
Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nouriſhment,
Whoſe Juice ſuck'd in, and to the Stomach ta'n
Long Hunger and long Labour can ſuſtain;
From which our faint and weary Bodies find
More Succour, more they chear the drooping Mind,
Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd.
Three Leaves ſupply for ſix days march afford,
The *Quitoita* with this Proviſion ſtor'd,
Can paſs the vaſt and cloudy *Andes* o'r,
The dreadful *Andes* plac'd 'twixt Winters ſtore

Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth,
That gives the ſmall but valiant *Coca* Birth;
This Champion that makes war-like *Venus* Mirth.
Nor *Coca* only uſeful art at home,
A famous Merchandize thou art become;
A thouſand *Paci* and *Vicugni* groan,
Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy ſake alone
The ſpacious World's to us by Commerce known.
 Thus ſpake the Goddeſs, ( on her painted Skin
Were figures wrought ) and next calls *Hovia* in.
That for its ſtony Fruit may be deſpis'd,
But for its Vertue next to *Coca* priz'd.
Her ſhade by wondrous Influence can compoſe,
And lock the Senſes in ſuch ſweet Repoſe,
That oft the Natives of a diſtant Soil
Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil,
Only to ſleep beneath her Branches ſhade:
Where in tranſporting Dreams entranc'd they lye,
And quite forget the *Spaniards* Tyranny.
 The Plant ( at *Braſil Bacoua* call'd ) the name
Of th' Eaſtern *Plane-Tree* takes, but not the ſame:
Bears Leaves ſo large, one ſingle Leaf can ſhade
The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid;
Under whoſe verdant Leaves fair Apples grow,
Sometimes two hundred on a ſingle Bough;
Th' are gather'd all the year, and all the year
They ſpring, for like the *Hydra* they appear,
To ev'ry one you take ſucceeds a Golden Heir.
'Twere loſs of time to gather one by one,
Its Boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done;
New-ſprouting Branches ſtill the loſs repair,
What would ſo ſoon return 'twere vain to ſpare.
 The *Indian Fig-Tree* next did much ſurpriſe
With her ſtrange figure all our Deities.
Amongſt whom, one, too raſhly did exclaim,
(For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful ſhame)
This is a Cheat, a work of Art, ſaid he,
And therefore ſtretcht his hand to touch the Tree;
At which the *Indian* Gods laugh'd out aloud,
And ours, no leſs ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtood.
For lo! the Plant her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,
Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd;
New Leaves, and ſtill from them new Leaves unfold,
A ſight 'mongſt Prodigies to be enroll'd.
 The *Tuna* to the *Indian Fig* a kin
(The Glory of *Tlaſcalla*) next came in;
But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,
Than th' others Leaves, for living Fruit ſhe bears.
To her alone great *Varicocha* gave
The Priviledge, that ſhe for Fruit ſhould have

Live Creatures, that with purple Dye adorn
Th' Imperial Robe; the precious Tincture's worn
With pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,
But ah! they had not grudg'd that Purple ſpoil,
Our *Cochinel* they freely might have gain'd,
If with no other Blood they had been ſtain'd.
*Guatimala* produc'd a Fruit unknown
To *Europe*, which with pride ſhe call'd her own;
Her *Cacao-Nut* with double Uſe endu'd,
(For *Chocolate* at once is Drink and Food)
Does ſtrength and vigour to the Limbs impart,
Makes freſh the Countenance and chears the Heart.
In *Venus* Combat ſtrangely does excite
The fainting Warriour to renew the fight;
Not all *Potoſi's* ſilver Grove can be
Of equal value to this uſeful Tree,
Nor cou'd the wretched hungry owner dine,
Rich *Cartama*, upon thy Golden Mine.
Of old the wiſer *Indians* never made
Their Gold or Silver the ſupport of Trade,
Nor us'd for Life's ſupport what well they knew
Uſeleſs to Life, at beſt, and ſometimes hurtful too.
With Nuts inſtead of Coin they bought and ſold,
Their Wealth by *Cacao's*, not by Sums, they told.
One Tree, the growing Treaſure of the Field,
Both Food and Cloths did to its owner yield;
Procur'd all Utenſils, and wanting Bread,
The happy Hoarder on his Money fed.
This was true Wealth, thoſe Treaſures we adore
By Cuſtom valu'd, in themſelves are poor,
And Men may ſtarve amidſt their Golden ſtore.
Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,
And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniard* known.
The *Aguacat* no leſs is *Venus* Friend
(To th' *Indies Venus* Conqueſt does extend)
A fragrant Leaf the *Aguacata* bears,
Her Fruit in faſhion of an Egg appears;
With ſuch a white and ſpermy Juice it ſwells,
As repreſents moiſt Life's firſt Principles.
The *Cacao's* owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the *Metla*, may ſupply
Himſelf with almoſt all things he can want;
From *Metla's* almoſt all-ſufficient Plant;
*Metla* to paſs as Money does deſpiſe,
Or Traffick ſerve, it ſelf is Merchandiſe.
She bears no Nuts for Boys, nor luſcious Fruit,
That may with nice Effeminate Palates ſuit,
Her very Tree is fruit; her Leaves when young,
Are wholeſom Food, for Garments ſerve when ſtrong;

The Thorn growing at the end of each Leaf, which together with the ſtringy part joyning to it, is uſed in manner of a Needle and Thread to ſew withal.

Nor only ſo, but to make up the Cloth
They furniſh you with Thread and Needle both.
What though her native Soil with drought is curſt,
Cut but her Bark, and you may ſlake your thirſt,
A ſudden Spring will in the Wound appear,
Which through ſtreight paſſes ſtrein'd comes forth more clear;
And though through long Meanders of the Veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and ſweet the Virgin-ſtream remains.
Theſe Gifts for Nature might ſufficient be,
But bounteous *Metla* ſeem'd too ſmall for thee;
Thou gratifi'ſt our very Luxury.
For liqu'riſh Palates Honey thou doſt bear,
For thoſe whoſe Guſt wants quickning, Vinegar.
But theſe are trifles, thou doſt Wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the Heart.
If any wretch of Poverty complains,
Thou pour'ſt a golden Stream into his Veins.
The pooreſt *Indian* ſtill is rich in thee,
In ſpight of *Spaniſh* Conqueſts ſtill is free,
The *Spaniard*'s King is not ſo bleſt as he.
If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,
Becauſe no Cryſtal VVater looks more fine,
Let him but drink he'll find the weak Nymph fled,
And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her ſtead.
To all theſe Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,
Thou giv'ſt us ſov'reign Med'cines too for Health:
Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth,
Thou ſhedſt no Tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than faireſt Gems, no Lover more can prize
The tears in his conſenting Miſtris Eyes,
When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies:
No Antidote affords more preſent aid
'Gainſt doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous Arrows made:
Almoſt all Needs thou *Metla* doſt ſupply,
Yet muſt not therefore bear thy ſelf too high;
VVhile th' all-ſufficient *Coccus Tree* is by.
To *Coccus* thou muſt yield the Victory.
VVhere ſhe preſerves this *Indian* Palm alone,
*America* can never be undone,
Embowell'd and of all her Gold bereft,
Her liberty and *Coccus* only left,
She's richer than the *Spaniard* with his theft.
What ſenſleſs Miſer by the Gods abhorr'd,
Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford?
Houſe, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine,
Supplies both Meat and Diſh, both Cup and Wine.
Oyl, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,
And poignant Sawce to whet the Appetite.

Nor is her ſervice to the Land confin'd
For Ships intire compos'd of her we find,
Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Maſt,
Wherewith the Veſſel fitted up, at laſt
With her own Ware is freighted, all ſhe bears
Is *Coccus* growth, except her Mariners;
Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude
Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their food.

The *Indian* Gods with wild and barb'rous voice
And Geſtures rude, tumultuouſly rejoice;
Ours as aſtoniſh'd and with envious Eyes
Each other view'd, if as weak Men ſurmiſe,
Envy can touch immortal Deities.
My modeſt Muſe that Cenſure does decline,
Nor dares interpret ill of Pow'rs Divine.
The *Indian* Pow'rs ( though yet they had not ſhown
The hundredth part of Plants to *India* known )
Already did conclude the Day their own.
Raſh and impatient round the Goddeſs throng,
And think her Verdict is deferr'd too long.

*Pomona* ſeated high above the reſt,
Was cautiouſly revolving in her Breſt,
( The cauſe depending was no trifling toy,
That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ )
T' expreſs her ſelf at large ſhe did deſign,
And handſomly the Sentence to decline;
( If I may gueſs at what the Goddeſs meant )
But lo! a ſlight and ſudden Accident
Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment.
For, during th' tryal, the moſt tipling Brace,
*Omelochilus* of the *Indian* Race,
And our * *Lenæus*, at whate'r was ſpoke
Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took
And drank to t' other, him the *Metla*-Tree
Supply'd with juice, thy Vine, *Lenæus* thee.
Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up,
And gave a brisk Huzza at ev'ry Cup.
Their Heads at laſt the riſing vapour gains
And proves too hard for their immortal Brains,
With mutual Repartees they jok'd at firſt,
Till growing more incens'd they ſwore and curſt;
*Omelochilus* does no longer dread
(With preſent *Metla* warm'd) the *Grecian* God,
But throws a Coco Bowl at *Bacchus* Head.
Which ſpoil'd his Draught; but left his forehead ſound,
And reſts betwixt his Horns without a wound.
*Bacchus* enrag'd with Wine and paſſion too,
With all his might his maſſy Goblet threw,

* *Bacchus.*

Directly levell'd at the Ruſtick's Face,
That laid him bruis'd and ſprawling on the place:
He in his native Gibb'riſh cries aloud,
And with his Noiſe alarms the ſavage Crowd;
Gnaſhing their foamy Teeth, like Beaſts of prey,
Promiſcuouſly they bellow, roar and bray;
The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,
The very Iſland trembles with the ſound.
Next him *Vitziliputli* ſat, in ſmoak
Of foul *Tobacco* almoſt hid, that broke
In Belches from his gormandizing Maw,
Where humane fleſh as yet lay crude and raw,
Throwing in rage his kindled Pipe aſide
And ſnatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd.
*Teſcalipuca* (of the ſalvage Band
The next in fierceneſs) took his Spear in hand,
And all in Arms the barb'rous Legion ſtand.
The Goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The Thickets, frighted *Venus* bore in mind
Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where Gods engage?
*Pallas*, who onely courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful *Olive* did diſplay:
Th'e~~He-~~gods with manly weapons in their Hand
Devoted to the dire Encounter ſtand;
Moſt woful ſome had that days Battel found,
And long been maim'd with many an aking wound,
(For to ſuppoſe th' Immortals can be ſlain
Though with Immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not *Apollo* in the nick of time
Found out a Strat'gem to divert that Crime;
Which with his double Title did agree
The God of Wit and healing Deity;
None better knew than he to uſe the Bow,
But now reſolv'd his nobler Skill to ſhow
Sweet Muſicks Powr; he takes his Lyre in hand,
And does forthwith ſuch charming ſounds command,
As ſtruck the Ear of Gods with new delight,
When Nature did this world's great frame unite:
When jarring Elements their War did ceaſe,
And danc'd themſelves into harmonious Peace.
Such ſtreins had ſurely charm'd the *Centaur's* Rage,
Such ſtreins the raving Billows cou'd aſſwage;
Wild Hurricanes had due obedience ſhown,
And to attend his ſounds ſuppreſt their own.
The wrangling Gueſts at once appear bereft
Of ev'ry ſenſe, their Hearing onely left.
*Vitziliputli*, fierceſt of the Crew,
While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew,

Lets fall both Dart and Bow; with lifted Hands
Aſtoniſh'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping ſtands,
So high to raiſe his greedy Ears he's ſaid,
As forc'd his feather'd Di'dem from his Head.
*Pomona*'s Altar hew'd from ſolid Rock
In both his Hands bold *Varicoca* took;
Which like a Thunder bolt he wou'd have hurld,
( He is the Thund'rer in the *Indian* world )
But at the firſt ſweet ſtrain forgot his heat,
Laid down the ſtone, and us'd it for a Seat:
His raviſh'd Ears the peaceful ſounds devour,
His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more.
Their Magick force in ſpight of his diſgrace
And gore yet ſtreaming from his batter'd Face,
*Omelichilus* ſelf did reconcile;
At firſt, 'tis true, he did but faintly ſmile,
And laugh'd anon as loud as any there;
For ſuch the ſacred Charms of Meaſures are;
The ambient Air ſtruck with the healing ſounds
Of *Phœbus* Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds.
Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches cloſe,
For pow'rful Muſick all things can compoſe.
Pleas'd with his Art's ſucceſs, *Apollo* ſmil'd
To ſee the aukward Mirth and Geſtures wild
Of his charm'd Audience; having thus ſubdu'd
Their raviſh'd ſenſe, his Conqueſt he purſu'd,
And ſtill to make the pleaſing Spell more ſtrong,
Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.
He ſung, how th' inſpir'd Hero's mind beheld *Columbus.*
A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd.
Moſt happy thou whoſe Fancy cou'd deſcry
A World ſeen onely by my circling Eye.
Thou who alone in Toils haſt equal'd me,
Great *Alexander* is out-done by thee;
By thee whoſe Skill cou'd find and courage gain
That other world for which he wiſh'd in vain.
Not my own Poets Tales cou'd thee deceive,
No credit to their fables thou didſt give,
Me, weary'd with my Day's hard courſe, they feign
To reſt each Night in the *Heſperian* Main,
Can *Phœbus* tire? my great *Columbus* thou
Didſt better judg, and *Phœbus* better know.
For I my ſelf did then thy thoughts incline,
Inſpir'd by Skill, and urg'd the bold Deſign.
*Herculean* Limits cou'd not thee contain
Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd Main;
Nor Nature's awful Darkneſs cou'd reſtrain.
Thy Native worlds dear ſight for three Months loſt,
For three long Months on the wide Ocean toſt.

New Stars, new Floods, and Monſters thou didſt ſpy
Unterrify'd thy ſelf, new Gods didſt terrifie.
Thou only thou undaunted didſt appear,
While thy faint Comrades half expir'd with fear;
They urge thee to return and threaten high,
When, *Guanahan*, thy Watch-light they deſcry,
Thy flaming Beacon from afar they ſpy:
Whoſe happy Light to their tranſported Eyes
Diſcloſes a new World; with joyful cries
They hail the ſign that to a golden Soil
Unlock'd the Gate; forgetting now their Toil.
They hug their Guide at whom they late repin'd,
From this ſmall Fire, and for ſmall uſe deſign'd,
How great a Light was open'd to Mankind!
How eaſily did Courage find the way
By this Approach to ſeize the golden Prey,
That in a ſecret World's dark Entrails lay!
For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
Or rather what for thirſt of Pow'r and Gold?
VVhile to the ſhoar the *Spaniſh* Navy drew,
The *Indian* Natives with amazement view
Thoſe floating Palaces, which fondly they
Miſtook for living Monſters of the Sea;
Wing'd VVhales — nor at the *Spaniards* leſs admire,
A Race of Men with Beards and ſtrange Attire,
VVhoſe Iron-dreſs their native Skin they deem'd:
The Horſe-man mounted on his Courſer ſeem'd
To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
A compound Monſter of two Bodies join'd:
That cou'd at once in ſev'ral accents break,
Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other ſpeak.
But moſt the roaring Cannon they admire,
Diſcharging ſulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire;
Mock-Thunder now they hear, mock-Light'ning view,
With greater Dread than e'r they did the true.
Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky
(Nor wilt thou *Varicocha* this deny)
Ev'n thou thy ſelf aſtoniſh'd didſt appear
When Mortals louder Thunder thou didſt hear.
Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of things
No leſs amazement to the *Spaniard* brings,
New Forms of Animals their ſight ſurpriſe,
New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities,
Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes.
But moſt tranſported with the glitt'ring Mould,
And wealthy Streams whoſe Sands were fraught with Gold,
Theſe they too much admire with too much love behold.
For theſe forthwith againſt their Hoſts engage
The treach'rous Gueſts in impious War and Rage;

From theſe, inhumane ſlaughter did enſue
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I bluſh'd to view.
By ſudden force, like ſome demoliſh'd Town,
I ſaw the *Indian* world at once o'rthrown.
What can this Land by this Diſpute intend?
About her Fruits ſhe does in vain contend,
Who knows not how her Entrails to defend.
Thy Slaughters paſt, do thou at length forget
For with no ſmall Revenge thy wrongs have met;
And Heav'n will give thee greater Comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate whoſe bitter Part is o'r
And all the ſweet for thee reſerv'd in ſtore.
Here *Phœbus* his moſt chearful Airs employs
And melts their ſavage Hearts in promis'd Joys.
They felt his Muſick glide through ev'ry vein,
Their brawny Limbs from Dancing ſcarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming ſtrain.
That Gold which *Europe* raviſh'd from your Coaſt
O'r *Europe* now a Tyrants pow'r does boaſt.
Already has more Miſchiefs brought on *Spain*
Than from inſulting *Spaniards* you ſuſtain.
Where e'r it comes all Laws are ſtraight diſſolv'd,
In gen'ral Ruin all things are involv'd:
No Land can breed a more deſtructive Peſt
Grieve not that of your Bane y' are diſpoſſeſt
Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the reſt.
The fatal *Helen* drive from your Aboads,
Th' *Erinnys* that has ſet both worlds at odds.
Fire, Sword and ſlaughter on her footſteps wait;
Whole Empires ſhe betrays to utmoſt Fate.
Mean while theſe benefits of Life you reap
Conſider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former ſalvage Cuſtoms are remov'd,
The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd:
With humane fleſh no more they ſhall be fed;
Whether dire Famine firſt that practice bred,
Or more deteſted Luxury ——
Not long ſhalt thou *Vitziliputli* feed
On bloudy feaſts, or ſmoak thy *Indian* weed;
E'r long (like Us) with pure Ambroſial Fare
Thou ſhalt be pleas'd, and taſt Celeſtial Air.
To live by wholeſom Laws you now begin,
Buildings to raiſe and fence your Cities in,
To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,
And Traffick with the Univerſe maintain;
Defenſive Arms and Ornaments of Dreſs,
All Implements of Life you now poſſeſs.
To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,
And whole *Minerva* is become your own.

Our Muſes to your Sires an unknown Band,
Already have got footing in your Land,
And like the Soil ——
*Inca*'s already have Hiſtorians been,
And *Inca*-Poets ſhall ere long be ſeen.
But (if I fail not in my Augury
And who can better judg events than I?)
Long rowling years ſhall late bring on the times,
When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes,
*Europe* (the world's moſt noble Part) ſhall fall,
Upon her baniſh'd Gods and Virtue call
In vain; while forein and domeſtick War
At once ſhall her diſtracted Boſom tear;
Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you.——
Mean while your riſing Glory you ſhall view;
Wit, Learning, Virtue, Diſcipline of War
Shall for protection to your world repair,
And fix a long illuſtrious Empire there.
Your native Gold (I would not have it ſo;
But fear th' Event) in time will follow too:
O, ſhould that fatal Prize return once more,
'Twill hurt your Countrey as it did before.

Late Deſtiny ſhall high exalt your Reign
Whoſe Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needleſs Train,
Nor Gold (the Rabble's Idol) ſhall ſupport
Like *Motezume*'s, or *Guanapaci*'s Court.
But ſuch true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,
Where Fortune was a Slave and Virtue Reign'd.

## The End of the Fifth Book.

# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK VI.

### *SYLVA.*

CEASE, O my Muſe, the ſoft delights to ſing
Of flowry Gardens in their fragrant Spring;
And trace the rougher paths of obſcure Woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs:
Where *Phœbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no ray
T' inſpire thy flight, and make the Scene look gay.
Courage, my Huntreſs, let us range the Glades,
And ſearch the inmoſt Grotto's of the Shades:
Even to the lone Receſſes let us paſs,
Where the green Goddeſs reſts on Beds of Moſs.
Let looſe, my Fancy, ſwift of foot to trace
With a ſagacious ſcent the noble chaſe,
And with a joyful cry purſue the Prey;
'Tis hidden Nature we muſt rouſe to day.
Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,
Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And ſeize her panting with her eager haſte.
Nor yet diſdain, my Muſe, in Groves to range,
Or humbler Woods for nobler Orchards change.
Here Deities of old have made abode,
And once ſecur'd Great *Charles* our earthly God.
The Royal Youth, born to outbrave his Fate,
Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:
The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance ſpread
Their ſheltring Branches round his awful Head,
Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.
To thee, belov'd of Heaven, to thee I ſing
Of ſacred Groves blooming perpetual Spring:
Mayſt thou be to my Rural Verſe and Me,
A preſent and aſſiſting Deity.
Diſdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,
Who its lov'd Monarch did ſecure ſo well.

Th' Eternal *Oak* now conſecrate to thee
No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne ſhall be.
We'll place thee Conqueror now, and crown thy brows
With Garlands made of its young gayeſt boughs:
While from our oaten Pipes the world ſhall know
How much they to this ſacred ſhelter owe.
  And you, the ſoft Inhabitants of the Groves,
You Wood-Nymphs, Hamadryades and Loves,
Satyrs and Fauns, who in theſe Arbors play,
Permit my Song, and give my Muſe her way.
She tells of ancient Woods the wondrous things,
Of Groves long veil'd in ſacred darkneſs ſings,
And a new Light into your Gloom ſhe brings.
Let it be lawful for me to unfold
Divine Decrees that never yet were told:
The Harangues of the Wood-Gods to rehearſe,
And ſing of Flowry Senates in my Verſe.
Voices unknown to Man he now ſhall hear,
Who always ignorant of what they were,
Have paſs'd 'em by with a regardleſs ear;
Thought 'em the murmurings of the ruffled Trees,
That mov'd and wanton'd with the ſporting Breeze.

*Daphne* being turn'd into a Laurel.

But *Daphne* knew the Myſteries of the Wood,
And made diſcoveries to her amorous God;
*Apollo* me inform'd, and did inſpire
My Soul with his Divine Prophetic fire:
And I, the Prieſt of Plants, their ſenſe expound.
Hear, O ye Worlds, and liſten all around.
  'Twas now when Royal *Charles* that Prince of peace,
(That pious Off ſpring of the Olive Race)
Sway'd *Englands* Scepter with a God-like hand,
Scattering ſoft Eaſe and Plenty o'r the Land,
Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet
Unruffled by the rudeſt ſtorms of Fate,
More fortunate the People, till their Pride
Diſdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide,
And to a baſe Plebeian Senate gave
The Arbitrary Priv'lege to enſlave;
Who through a Sea of Nobleſt Blood did wade,
To tear the Diadem from the Sacred Head.
Now above Envy, far above the Clouds
The Martyr ſits triumphing with the Gods.
While Peace before did o'r the Ocean fly
On our bleſt Shore to find ſecurity:
In *Britiſh* Groves ſhe built her downy neſt,
No other Climate could afford her reſt:
For warring Winds o'r wretched *Europe* range,
Threatning Deſtruction, univerſal Change.
The raging Tempeſt tore the aged Woods,
Shook the vaſt Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.

Nor did the fruitful Goddeſs brood in vain,
But here in ſafety hatch'd her golden train.
Juſtice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill,
Of uſeful Med'cines known to many an Ill.
Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn*'s ſway,
Eaſie and innocent it paſs'd away:
But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloys,
And Virtues ſhe ſhould cheriſh ſhe deſtroys.
What we moſt wiſh, what we moſt toil to gain
Enjoyment palls, add turns the Bliſs to pain.
Poſſeſſion makes us ſhift our Happineſs,
From peaceful Wives to noiſie Miſtriſſes.
The Repetition makes the Pleaſure dull;
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
O Notion falſe! O Appetite deprav'd,
That has the nobler part of Man enſlav'd.
Man born to Reaſon, does that Safety quit,
To ſplit upon the dangerous Rock of Wit.
Phyſicians ſay, there's no ſuch danger near,
As when, though no ſigns manifeſt appear,
Self-tir'd and dull, man knows not what he ails,
And without toil his Strength and Vigor fails.
Such was the State of *England*, ſick with Eaſe,
Too happy, if ſhe knew her Happineſs.
Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuſe can plead,
That wretched refuge for Ingratitude.
'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came
A kind admoniſhing Anger to reclaim
In dreadful Prodigies; but, alas, in vain,
So rapid Thunder-bolts before the Flame
Fly, the conſuming Vengeance to proclaim.
I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
And ſtill thoſe horrid Images I bear.
The mournful Signs are preſent to my Eyes.
I ſaw o'r all the Region of the Skies,
The Hiſtory of our approaching Wars
Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters.
The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,
And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms,
And form'd an Image of th' Infernal Hell;
(I ſhake with the portentous things I tell)
Like ſulph'rous waves the horrid Flames did roll,
Whoſe raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole;
Then ſuddenly the burſting Clouds divide,
A Fire-like burning mounts on either ſide,
Diſcovering (to th' aſtoniſh'd World) within
At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene:
Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array
Ready by Combat to diſpute the day:

This relation of Prodigies, Mr. *Cowley* aſſures to be true; *Veram eſſe in me recipio.* In the Margin to the Original.

Their waving Plumes aud glittering Armour ſhone,
Mov'd by the Winds and guilded by the Sun.
So well in order ſeem'd each fearleſs Rank,
As they'd been marſhall'd by our Hero, *Monk*,
*Monk*, born for mighty things and great command,
The glorious Pillar of our falling Land.
Perhaps his Genius on the Royal ſide
One of thoſe Heav'nly Figures did deſcribe,
Here pointed out to us his noble force,
And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horſe.
We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet ſound,
We ſaw the fire-wing'd Horſes fiercely meet,
And with their fatal Spears each other greet.
Here ſhining brandiſh'd Pikes like Lightning ſhook,
While from Ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.
With gloomy Miſts th' involv'd the Plains of Heaven,
And to the Cloud-begotten men was given
A memorable Fate —
By the dire Splendor which their Arms diſplay'd,
And dreadful Lightning that from Cannons play'd,
We ſaw extended o're the Aereal Plain
The wounded Bodies of the numerous ſlain.
(Their Faces fierce with anger underſtood)
Turning the Sky red with their guſhing Blood,
At laſt that Army we the Juſt eſteem'd,
And which adorn'd by nobleſt Figures ſeem'd
Of Arms and Men, alas! was put to flight;
The reſt was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night,
And Fates to come ſecur'd from humane ſight.
But ſtupid *England* touch'd with no remorſe,
Beholds theſe Prodigies as things of courſe.
(With many more, which to the Juſt appear'd
As ominous Preſages.) Then who fear'd
The Monſters of the *Caledonian* Woods,
Or the hid ferments of Schiſmatic Crowds?
Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,
For *England*'s Ruin, and for *England*'s Shame.
Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort
By ſigns the reſtive City and the Court.
Th' impending Fates o'r all the Thickets reign'd,
And Ruin to the *Engliſh* Wood proclaim'd,
We ſaw the ſturdy Oaks of monſtrous growth,
Whoſe ſpreading roots fix'd in their native Earth,
Where for a thouſand years in peace they grew,
Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zeph'rus* blew.
But who ſuch violent Outrages could find
To be th' effects of the ſoft Weſtern wind?
The *Dryads* ſaw the right hand of the Gods
O'rturn the nobleſt ſhelters of the Woods.

Others their Arms with baneful leaves were clad,
That new unuſual Forms and Colours had,
Whence now no *Aromatic* moiſture flows,
Or noble *Miſſeltoe* enrich the boughs.
But bow'd with Galls, within whoſe boding hulls
Lurk'd Flies, diviners of enſuing ills.
Whoſe fatal buz did future ſlaughters threat,
And confus'd murmurs full of dread, repeat.
When no rude winds diſturb'd the ambient Air,
The Trees, as weary of repoſe, made war.
With horrid noiſe grappling their knotty Arms,
Like meeting Tides they ruffle into Storms;
But when the VVinds to ratling Tempeſts riſe,
Inſtead of warring Trees we heard the Cries
Of warring Men, whoſe dying Groans around
The VVoods and mournful Echo's did reſound.
  The diſmal Shades with Birds obſcene were fill'd,
Which, ſpight of *Phœbus*, he himſelf beheld.
On the wild Aſhes tops the Bats and Owls,
With all night, ominous and baneful Fowls
Sate brooding, while the Scrieches of theſe Droves
Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.
If ought that Poets do relate be true,
The ſtrange Spinturnix led the feather'd crew.
Of all the Monſters of the Earth and Air
Spinturnix bears the cruelſt Character.
The barbarous Bird to mortal Eyes unknown
Is ſeen but by the Goddeſſes alone:
And then they tremble; for ſhe always bodes
Some fatal Diſcord, even among the Gods.

What this Bird truly was, is not known, but it was much dreaded by the *Aruſpices. Plin. Servius, &c.*

But that which gave more wonder than the reſt,
Within an Aſh a Serpent built her neſt,
And laid her Eggs; when once, to come beneath
The very ſhadow of an Aſh, was death:
Rather, if Chance ſhould force, ſhe through the Fire
From its faln Leaves ſo baneful, would retire.

For the truth hereof take *Pliny*'s word, *l. 16. 13.*

But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies
Did more ſurpriſe the Rural Deities,
Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blaſt,
The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel, which by *Jove*'s Divine Decree
Since ancient time from injuring Tempeſts free;
No angry threats from the celeſtial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her Bowers:
But always ſhe enjoy'd a certain Fate,
Which ſhe cou'd ne'r ſecure the Victor yet.
In vain theſe Signs and Monſters were not ſent
From angry Heav'n; the wiſe knew what they meant.
Their coming by Conjectures underſtood,
As did the *Dryads* of the *Britiſh* wood,

The Foreſt of Dean.

There is an ancient Foreſt known to fame
On this ſide ſeparate from the *Cambrian* Plain
By wandering *Wye*; whoſe winding Current glides,
And murmuring Leaves behind its flowry ſides.
On that, 'tis waſh'd by nobler *Severn*'s ſtreams
Whoſe Beauties ſcarce will yield to famous *Thames.*
Of Yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,
As like her ſelf diminiſh'd, into *Dean.*
The curſed Weapons of deſtructive War
In all their Cruelties have made her ſhare;
The Iron has its nobleſt Shades deſtroy'd,
Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd;
And ſo unhappy 'tis as it preſents
Of its own Death the fatal Inſtruments.
With Induſtry its ruin to improve
Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.
Oh Poverty! thou happineſs extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And oh thou ſubtle Treaſure of the Earth,
From whence all Rapes and Miſchiefs take their birth;
And you, triumphing Woods, ſecur'd from ſpoil
By the ſafe bleſſing of your barren Soil.
Here, unconſum'd, how ſmall a part remains
Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains.
Yet that ſmall part that has eſcap'd the Ire
Of lawleſs Steel, and avaritious Fire,
By many Nymphs and Deities poſſeſt
Of all the *Britiſh* ſhades continues ſtill the beſt.
Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been
Of all the ſhady verdant Regions Queen,
To which by Conqueſt ſhe had forc'd the Sea
His conſtant tributary Waves to pay)
Proclaim'd a general Council through her Court
To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs ſhou'd all reſort.
  All the Wood-Goddeſſes do ſtrait appear,
At leaſt who cou'd the *Britiſh* Climate bear,
And on a ſoft aſcent of riſing Ground
Their Queen, their charming *Dryas* they ſurround,
Who all adorn'd was in the middle plac'd,
And by a thouſand awful Beauties grac'd.
  Theſe Goddeſſes alike were dreſt in Green,
The Ornaments and Liveries of their Queen.
Had Travellers at any diſtance view'd
The beauteous Order of this ſtately Crowd,
They wou'd not gueſs they'd been Divinities,
Bnt Groves all ſacred to the Deities.
Such was the Image of this leafy Scene,
On one ſide water'd by a cooling Stream,
Upon whoſe brink the *Poplar* took her place,
The *Poplar* whom *Alcides* once did grace,

Whoſe double colour'd ſhadow'd Leaves expreſs
The Labours of her Hero *Hercules*:
Whoſe upper ſides are black, the under white
To repreſent his Toil and his Delight.
The *Phaetonian Alder* next took Place,
Still ſenſible of the burnt Youths diſgrace,
She loves the purling Streams, and often Laves
Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.
Cloſe by her ſide the Penſive *Willows* join'd,
Chaſt Siſters all, to Lovers moſt unkind.
* *Oleſicarpians* call'd, in Youth ſevere
Before the VVinter age had ſnow'd their Hair.
In Rivers take delight, whoſe chilling Streams,
Mixt with the native coldneſs of their Veins,
Like *Salamanders* can all Heat remove,
And quite extinguiſh the quick fire of Love.
Firm laſting Bonds they yield to all beſide,
But take delight the Lovers to divide.
The *Elders* next, who though they Waters love
The ſame from Humane Bodies yet remove,
And quite diſperſe the humid moiſture thence,
And parly with the *Dropſie* in this ſenſe.
" Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood?
" This Soil belongs to Rivolets of Blood.
" Why do you Men torment, when many a ſhade,
" And honeſt Trees and Plants do want your Aid?
" Begon, from Humane Bodies quick begon,
" And back into your native Channels run
" By every Pore, by all the ways you can."
The Moiſture frightned flies at the command,
And awful terror of her powerful wand.
The Hoſpitable *Birch* does next appear,
Joyful and Gay in hot or frigid Air,
Flowing her Hair, her Garments ſoft and white,
And yet in Cruelty ſhe takes delight,
No wild Inhabitant of the Woods can be
So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge as ſhe;
In Houſes great Authority aſſumes,
And's the ſole puniſher of petty Crimes.
But moſt of all her Malice ſhe employs
In Schools, to terrifie and awe young Boys,
If ſhe chaſtiſe, 'tis for the Patients good,
Though oft ſhe bluſhes with their tender Blood.
Not ſo the generous *Maples*; they preſent
What e'r the City Luxury can invent,
Who with induſtrious Management and Pains
Divide the Labyrinth of their curious Grains,
And many neceſſary things produce,
That ſerve at once for Ornament and Uſe.

* That is, a Tribe which early drops its Seed; or which is an Enemy to Venery.

The *Elm.* But thou, O *Pteleas*, to the Swain allows
Shades to his Cattel, Timber for his Plows,
Ennobled thou above the leafie Race
*Bacchus*, or the *Vine.* In that an Amorous God does thee embrace.
Next the *Oxias* of her ſelf a Grove,
The *Beech.* Whoſe ſpreading ſhade the Flocks and Shepherds love,
Whether thy murmurs do to ſleep invite,
Or thy ſoft noiſe inſpire the rural Pipe;
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canſt always charm,
In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm.
*Tityrus* of yore the Nymph with Garlands hung,
And all his Love-lays in her ſhadow ſung.
When firſt the infant-World her reign began,
Ere Pride and Luxury had corrupted Man,
Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,
The uſeful Houſhold-ſtuff of *Beech* was made;
No other Plate the humble Side-board dreſt,
No other Bowls adorn'd the wholeſom Feaſt,
Which no voluptuous Cookery cou'd boaſt,
The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the coſt.
The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,
Surpaſt the loaded Boards of high-priz'd Fare.
There came no Gueſt for Intereſt or Deſign,
For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.
The *Beechen*-Bowl without Debauch went round,
And was with harmleſs Mirth and Roſes crown'd:
In theſe — the Ancients in their happy ſtate
Their Feaſts and Banquets us'd to celebrate,
Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,
They made Libations to the Powers Divine
To keep 'em ſtill benign, no Sacrifice
They need perform the angry Gods t'appeaſe.
They knew no Crimes the Deities to offend,
But all their care was ſtill to keep 'em kind.
No Poyſon ever did thoſe Bowls infeſt,
Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his thirſt;
'Twas not that any Vertue in the Wood
Againſt the baneful Liquor was thought good,
But Poverty and Innocence were here
The Antidotes againſt all Ills, and Fear.
Such was the *Aſh*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,
For peaceful Uſe, and liberal Virtues fam'd:
But when *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood
Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector*'s Blood,
O wretched Glory! O unhappy Power,
She loves the Rain, and neighbouring Floods no more,
No more the falling Showers delight her now,
She only thirſts to drink of bloody Dew.

*Philyra*, not Inferiour to her Race,
The *Lime-tree.*
For her *Bel-taille*, good Mien and handſom Grace,
For pious uſe, and nobleſt ſtudies fit,
*Minerva* here might exerciſe her wit,
And on the laſting Vellum which ſhe brings,
May in ſmall Volumes write Seraphic things;
'Mongſt all the Nymphs and Hamadryades,
There's none ſo fair, and ſo adorn'd as this.
All ſoft her Body, Innocent and White,
In her Green flowing Hair ſhe takes delight,
Proud of her perfum'd Bloſſoms far ſhe ſpreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades.
Her native Beauties even excelling Art;
Her Vertues many Medicines ſtill impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does reſt,
And ſhe deſerv'dly triumphs o'er the Beſt.
Next her *Orcimelis* and *Achras* ſtood,
*Wood-pear* and *Crab-apple.*
Whoſe Off-ſpring is a ſharp and rigid Brood,
A Fruit no Seaſon e'er cou'd work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening Sun.
Hither the fair Amphibious Nymphs reſort,
Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court,
The *Ouas*, but of no ignoble Fame,
*Service-Tree.*
Although ſhe bears a baſe and ſervile Name,
Sharp *Oxyacantha*, next the *Mulberry* ſtood,
*Barberry.*
The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapleſs Lovers blood.
*Craneia*, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd,
*Pyramus* and *Thisbe.*
But hard-gain'd *Carya* is by all deſir'd,
*Cornelian-berry.*
The pretty *Corylus* ſo neat and trim,
Wall-Nut.
And *Caſtanis* with rough ungrateful Skin.
Small *Nuts.*
Theſe Nymphs of all their Race live rich and high,
They taſte the City Garden Luxury,
And Woods their Country *Villa's* do ſupply.
Nor was the *Hawthorn* abſent from this place,
All Soils are native to her harden'd Race,
Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,
She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.
*Helvetia* rough with Cold and Stones firſt bred
*Switzerland.*
The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled,
Of her a warlike ſturdy Race was born,
Whoſe dreſs nor Court, nor City can adorn,
But with a faithful hand they both defend
While they upon no Gariſon depend,
No ſhow, or noiſie Grandeur they affect,
But to their Truſt they'r conſtant and exact:
Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battel-array,
All muſter'd in due order, you wou'd ſay,
That no *Militia* were ſo fine and gay.
Let none the Ancients raſhly then reproach,
Who cut from hence the Hymeneal Torch.

Since they ſuch ſafeguards were 'gainſt Thieves and Beaſts,
Which with an equal force their charge moleſts.
And 'twas commanded they ſhould always bear
Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.
With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,
All her Companions to the Circle came.
The fruitful *Bullace* firſt, whoſe Off-ſpring are,
Though harſh and ſharp, yet moderately fair.
The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Roſe*
So nice and coy, they never will diſpoſe
Their valu'd Favours, but ſome wounds they give
To thoſe who will their guarded Joys receive.
No leſs a Troop of thoſe gay Nymphs were ſeen,
Who nobly flouriſh in Eternal Green,
Unſubject to the Laws o'th' changing Year,
They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.
But happy in their own peculiar Spring,
While the Pole weeps in ſhowers, they laugh and ſing.
The *Box-tree.* The generous *Pyxias*, who a Conqueſt gains
O'r armed Winter with her Hoſt of Rains,
All Ages ſhe ſuddues: devouring Time
In vain endeavours to deſtroy her prime;
Still in her Youth and Beauty ſhe ſurvives,
When all the Spring is dead, ſhe ſmiles and lives:
Yet though ſhe's obſtinate to time, and ſtorms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms;
To artful Maſters ſhe Obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand with eaſe ſhe bends.
Into a thouſand True-loves knots ſhe twines,
And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines,
Still looking up with gay and youthful Love
To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above.
Or if you pleaſe, ſhe will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her ſtature vie,
And chearfully will any figure take,
VVhether Man, or Lyon, or a Bird you make,
Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot ſhow,
Or ſometimes like a *Hercules* ſhe grow:
And hence *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,
When with Green Gods the Gardens he adorns.
Nor yet being dead does of leſs uſe appear
To the Induſtrious Artificer:
From her the nobleſt Figures do ariſe,
And almoſt are Immortal Deities;
Of her the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,
That charms its native Mountain and its ſhade,
That in ſuch tuneful Harmonies expreſs
The Praiſes of their Goddeſs *Cibeles*.
Combs made of its Wood. VVith this the lovely Females dreſs their Hair,
That not leaſt powerful Beauty of the Fair,
Their nobleſt Ornament and th' Lovers ſnare.

This into form the beauteous Nets ſtill lay
That the poor heedleſs Gazer does betray.
*Agrias* is content with eaſier ſpoils,

The *Holly*. Hereof Bird-Lime is made.

Onely for ſilly Birds ſhe pitches toyls.
The wanton Bird ſhe ſtops upon the wing,
And can forbid the inſolence of Men;
With a Defence the Garden ſhe ſupplys,
And does perpetually delight the Eyes:
Her ſhining Leaves a lovely green produce,
And ſerve at once for Ornament and Uſe.
Deform'd *December* by her Poſie-boughs
All deck'd and dreſt like joyful *April* ſhows:
Cold Winter-days ſhe both adorns and chears,
While ſhe her conſtant ſpringing Livery wears.
* *Camaris*, who in *Winter* give their Birth,

* *Strawberry* Tree.

Not humbly creeping on the ſervile Earth,
But rear aloſt their nobler fruitful heads,
Whoſe *Sylvan* food unhappy *Janus* feeds.
His hungry Appetite he here deſtroys
And both his ravenous Mouths at once deſtroys.
* *Phillyrea*, here and *Pyracantha* riſe,
Whoſe Beauty onely gratifies the Eyes

* Ever-green *Privet*, and prickly *Coral*-Tree.

Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford
But to the welcome though unbidden Bird,
Here gratefully in *Winter* they repay
For all the Summer Songs that made their Groves ſo gay.
Next came the melancholy *Yew*, who mourns
With ſilent Languor at the Warriers Urns,
See where ſhe comes all in black ſhadow veil'd,
Ah too unhappy Nymph on every ſide aſſail'd!
Whom the *Greek* Poets and Hiſtorians blame,
(Deceiv'd by eaſie faith and common fame)
Thee as a guilty poiſoner they preſent;
Oh falſe Aſperſers of the Innocent!
If Poets may find credit when they ſpeak,
(At leaſt all thoſe who are not of the *Greek*)
No baneful Poiſon, no Malignant dew
Lurks in, or hangs about the harmleſs *Yew*,
No ſecret miſchief dares the Nymph invade,
And thoſe are ſafe that ſleep beneath her ſhade.
* Nor thou *Arceuthis*, art an Enemy
To the ſoft Notes of charming Harmony.

* *Juniper* Tree.

Falſly the chief of Poets would perſuade
That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal ſhade,
Thy Aromatick ſhade, whoſe verdant Arms
Even thy own uſeful fruits ſecures from harms;
Many falſe Crimes to thee they attribute,
Wou'd no falſe Virtues too, they wou'd to thee impute.
But thou *Sabina*, my impartial Muſe

*Savin.*

Cannot with any honeſty excuſe,

By thee, the firſt new ſparks of Life, not yet
Struck up to ſhining flame to mature heat,
Sprinkled by thy moiſt Poiſon fade and die,
Fatal *Sabina* Nymph of Infamy.
For this the *Cypreſs* thee Companion calls,
Who piouſly attends at Funerals:
But thou more barbarous, doſt thy pow'r employ,
And even the unborn Innocent deſtroy.
Like Fate deſtructive thou, without remorſe,
While ſhe the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.
Such *Cypariſſus* was, that baſhful Boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day;
Of ſuch a tender mind, ſo ſoft a Breaſt,
With ſo compaſſionate a Grief oppreſt,
For wounding his lov'd Dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his ſighing Soul away.
*Apollo* pitying it, renew'd his fate
And to the *Cypreſs* did the Boy tranſlate,
And gave his hapleſs life a longer Date.
Then thus decreed the God —— and thou oh Tree,
Chief Mourner at all Funerals ſhall be.
And ſince ſo ſmall a cauſe ſuch grief cou'd give,
Be't ſtill thy Talent (pitying youth) to grieve.
Sacred be thou in *Pluto's* dark abodes,
For ever ſacred to th' Infernal Gods!
This ſaid, well ſkill'd in truth he did bequeath
Eternal life to the dire Tree of Death,
A ſubſtance that no Worm can e'r ſubdue
Whoſe never dying Leaves each Day renew,
Whoſe Figures like aſpiring flames ſtill riſe,
And with a noble Pride ſalute the Skies.
Next the fair Nymph that *Phœbus* does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore:
She hates all fires, and with averſion ſtill
She chides and crackles if the flame ſhe feel.
Yet though ſhe's chaſt, the burning God no leſs
Adores, and makes his Love his Propheteſs.
And even the Murmurs of her ſcorn do now
For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.
Nor does the Humble, though the ſacred Tree
Fear wounds from any Earthly Enemy;
For ſhe beholds when loudeſt ſtorms abound,
The flying thunder of the Gods around,
Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will
Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it ſtill.
Oh thou! ——
Of all the woody Nations happieſt made
Thou greateſt Princeſs of the fragrant ſhade,
But ſhou'd the Goddeſs *Dryas* not allow
That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,

At leaſt her juſtice muſt this truth confeſs
If not a Princeſs, thou'rt a Propheteſs,
And all the Glories of immortal Fame
Which conquering Monarchs ſo much ſtrive to gain,
Is but at beſt, from thy triumphing Boughs
To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,
And after Monarchs, Poets claim a ſhare
As the next worthy thy priz'd wreaths to wear.
Among that number, do not me diſdain,
Me, the moſt humble of that glorious Train.
I by a double right thy Bounties claim,
Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo*'s Name:
Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be
Oh ever ſacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee;
And give my Verſes Immortality.

**The Tranſlatreſs in her own Perſon ſpeaks.**

The tall *Elate* next, and *Peuce* ſtood
The ſtatelieſt Siſter-Nymphs of all the wood.
The flying Winds ſport with their flowing Hair,
While to the dewy Clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty Hills above the Valleys ſhow,
And look with ſcorn on the deſcent below,
So do theſe view the Mountains where they grow.
So much above their humbler Tops they riſe,
So ſtood the Giants that beſieg'd the Skies,
The terror of the Gods! they having thrown
Huge *Oſſa* on the Leafy *Pelion*;
The *Firr* with the proud *Pine* thus threatning ſtands
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands,
In this vaſt proſpect they with eaſe ſurvey
The various figur'd Land and boundleſs Sea,
With joy behold the Ships their timber builds,
How they've with Cities ſtor'd once ſpacious Fields.
This Grove of *Engliſh* Nymphs, this noble train
In a large Circle compaſs in their Queen,
The Scepter bearing *Dryas* ———
Her Throne-ariſing Hillock where ſhe ſat
With all the Charms of Majeſty and State,
With awful Grace the numbers ſhe ſurvey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her ſhade.
If I the voice of the loud winds cou'd take
Which the re echoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twou'd not ſuffice to celebrate thy Name
Oh, ſacred *Dryas* of Immortal Fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity
That ſings of many Miracles, from thee
In the worlds Infant-Age Mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble Race receiv'd their Birth;
Thou then in a green tender Bark wert clad,
But in *Deucalion*'s Age a rougher covert had,

More hard and warm, with cruſted white all o'r,
As noble Authors ſung in times of yore;
Approv'd by ſome, condemn'd and argu'd down
By the vain troop of Sophiſts, and the Gown,
The ſcoffing Academy, and the Schools
Of *Pyrrho*; who Traditions over-rule:
But let 'em doubt, yet they muſt grant this truth
Thoſe Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,
Did on thy Acorns feed, and feaſt and thrive
And with this wholſom Nouriſhment ſurvive
In health and ſtrength an equal Age with thee,
Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.
Oh happy Age! oh Nymph Divinely good!
That mak'ſt thy ſhade Mans houſe, thy fruit his food.
When onely Apples of the Wood did paſs
For noble Banquets ſpread on Beds of Graſs.
Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,
And fruit that ne'r the Grudgers hand reproach'd.
Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little uſe,
And thy ſweet food ill Manners did produce:
Unluckily they did thy Virtues find
With that of the wild Boar and hunted Hind;
With all wild Beaſts on which their Luxury prey'd,
While new deſires their Appetites invade.
The Natures they partake of what they eat,
And ſalvage they become as was their Meat.
  Hence the Republick of the world did ceaſe,
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace.
The common good was now peculiar made,
A generous Int'reſt now became a Trade,
And Men began their Neighbour's rights t'invade.
For now they meaſur'd out their common ground,
And outrages commit t'inlarge their Bound:
Their own ſeem'd deſpicable, poor and ſmall;
Each wants more room and wou'd be Lord of all.
The Plowman with diſdain his Field ſurveys,
Forſakes the Land, and plows the faithleſs Seas.
The Fool in theſe deep furrows ſeeks his gain,
Deſpiſing Dangers, and induring pain.
The ſacred Oak her peaceful Manſion leaves
Tranſplanted to the Mountains of the Waves.
  Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th'induſtrious kind,
If Man were wiſe and wou'd his ſafety find;
What perfect Bliſs thy happy Shade wou'd give?
And Houſes that their Maſters wou'd out-live.
All neceſſaries thou afford'ſt alone
For harmleſs Innocence to live upon,
Strong yokes for Oxen, handles for the Plow,
What Husbandry requires thou doſt allow;

But if the madneſs of deſiring Gain,
Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,
Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,
And none more juſtly ſerves the Mariner.
Thou cutſt the Air, doſt on the waves rebound
Wild Death and Fury raging all around,
Diſdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,
Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.
 To Swine, O richeſt Oak, thy Acorns leave,
And ſearch for Man what e'er the Earth can give,
All that the ſpacious Univerſe brings forth,
What Land and Sea conceals of any worth,
Bring Aromaticks from the diſtant Eaſt,
And Gold ſo dangerous from the rifl'd Weſt,
What e'er the boundleſs Appetite can feaſt.
 With thee the utmoſt bounds of Earth w' invade,
By thee the unlockt Orb is common made.
By thee——
The great Republique of the World revives,
And o'er the Earth luxurious traffick thrives;
If *Argos* Ship were valued at that rate
(Which Ancient Poets ſo much celebrate,
From Neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home
The Golden Fleece from Seas whoſe Tracts were known:
If of the dangers they ſo much have ſpoke
(More worthy ſmiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,
What Oceans then of Fame ſhall thee ſuffice?
What Waves of eloquence can ſing thy Praiſe!
O ſacred Oak, that great *Columbus* bore
IO! thou bearer of a happier Ore,
Than celebrated *Argo* did before.
 And *Drake*'s brave Oak that paſt to Worlds unknown,
Whoſe Toils, O *Phebus*, were ſo like thy own;
Who round the Earths vaſt Globe triumphant rode,
Deſerves the Celebration of a God.
O let the *Pegaſean* Ship no more
Be worſhipt on the too unworthy ſhore.
After her watery life, let her become
A fix't Star ſhining equal with the Ram.
Long ſince the Duty of a Star ſhe's done,
And round the Earth with guiding light has ſhone.
 Oh how has Nature bleſt the Britiſh Land,
Who both the valued *Indies* can command!
What tho thy Banks the Cedars do not grace
Thoſe lofty Beauties of fam'd *Libanus.*
The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plaines,
*Arabs* rich Wood or its ſweet ſmelling Greens,
Or lovely Plantan whoſe large leafy boughs
A pleaſant and a noble ſhade allows.

She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains bleſt
With ſturdy Oak's, ore all the World the beſt,
And for the happy Iſlands ſure Defence
Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immenſe,
While to declare her Safety and thy Pride,
With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortifi'd.
Nor was that Adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the Ancient *Druids* paid,
Who reaſonably believed a God within,
Where ſuch vaſt wonders were produc'd and ſeen.
Nor was it the dull Piety alone,
And ſuperſtition of our *Albion*,
Nor ignorance of the future Age, that paid
Honours Divine to thy ſurpriſing ſhade.
But they foreſaw the Empire of the Sea,
Great *Charles*, ſhould hold from the Triumphant Thee.
No wonder then that Age ſhould thee Adore,
Who gav'ſt out ſacred Oracles heretofore,
The hidden pleaſure of the Gods was then
In a hoarſe voice deliver'd out to Men.
So vapors from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke
Inſpir'd *Apollo*'s Prieſteſs when ſhe ſpoke.
While raviſht the fair Enthuſiaſtic ſtood,
Upon her *Tripos*, raging with the God.
So Prieſt Inſpir'd with ſacred fury ſhook,
When the Winds ruffld the *Dodonian* Oak,
And toſt their Branches, till a dreadful ſound
Of awful horror they proclaim around,
Like frantic Bacchanals; and while they move
Poſſeſs with trembling all the ſacred Grove.
Their rifl'd leaves the tempeſt bore away,
And their torn Boughs ſcatter'd on all ſides lay.
The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
A God Triumphant in the Hurricane,
Till the wing'd winds with an amazing cry,
Deliver'd down the preſſing Deity.
Whoſe thundering voice ſtrange ſecrets did unfold,
And wond'rous things of Worlds to come he told.
But truths ſo veil'd in obſcure Eloquence,
They 'muze the Adoring crowd with double ſenſe.
But by Divine Decree the Oak no more,
Declares ſecurity as heretofore,
With words, or voice, yet to the liſtening Wood,
Her differing Murmurs ſtill are underſtood:
For ſacred Divinations while the ſound,
Informs, all but Humanity, around.
Nor e'er did *Dryas* Murmur awful truth
More clear and plain, from her Prophetic mouth,
Than when ſhe ſpoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,
While all the Groves with eager ſilence ſtood.

And with erected Leaves themſelves diſpoſe,
To liſten to the Language of her Boughs.
You ſee (oh my companions) that the Gods,
Threaten a dire Deſtruction to the Woods,
And to all human kind — the black portents
Are ſeen, of many ſiniſter Events;
But leſt their quick Approach too much ſhould preſs,
(Oh my aſtoniſh'd Nymphs) your Tenderneſs,
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,
And prepoſſeſs ye with the Fate to come.
With heedful Reverence then their Will obſerve,
And in your Barks deep Chinks my Words preſerve:
Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,
This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am
From a long Honored Ancient Lineage came,
Who in the fam'd *Dodonian* Grove firſt ſpoke,
When with aſtoniſh'd Awe the Sacred Valley ſhook.
‘Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate
‘Murdering his Sire, did bear an immortal Hate
‘To his own Kingdom, who's ungrateful ſhore
‘He leaves with Vows ne'er to reviſit more.
‘Then to *Epirus* a ſad Exile came,
‘(Unhappy Son who haſt a Father ſlain,
‘But happy Father of the *Britiſh* Name.)
‘There by victorious Arms he did reſtore
‘Thoſe Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore,
‘In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,
‘And by that Piety his fatal Crime defac'd.
‘There *Jupiter* diſdain'd not to relate
‘Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate.
‘Who for his Grandſire's, great *Æneas*, ſake
‘Upon the Royal Youth will pity take:
‘Whoſe Toils to his ſhall this Reſemblance bear
‘A long and tedious Wandring to endure.
‘'Tis ſaid the Deity-retaining Oak
‘Burſting her Bark, thus to the Hero ſpoke,
‘Whoſe Voice the Nymphs ſurpriz'd with awful Dread,
‘Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited.
‘Oh noble *Trojan* of great *Sylvia*'s Blood,
‘Haſte from the Covert of this threatening Wood.
‘A Manſion here the Fates will not permit,
‘Vaſt Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,
‘Ere for a murder'd Father thou canſt be
‘Abſolv'd, tho innocently ſlain by thee,
‘But much muſt bear by Land, and much by Sea,
‘Then arm thy ſolid mind, thy Virtues raiſe,
‘And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,
‘Whoſe End ſhall crown thee with immortal Bays.
‘Tho *Hercules* ſo great a Fame atchiev'd,
‘His Conqueſts but to th' Weſtern *Cales* arriv'd:

‘There finiſh'd all his Glories and his Toils,
‘He wiſh'd no more, nor ſought more diſtant Spoils.
‘But the great Labors which thou haſt begun
‘Muſt, fearleſs of the Oceans Threats, go on.
‘And this remember, at thy lanching forth,
‘To ſet thy full ſpread Sails againſt the North.
‘In *Charles's Wain* thy Fates are born above
‘Bright Stars deſcended from thy Grandſire *Jove*,
‘Of motion certain, tho they ſlowly move.
‘The *Bear* too ſhall aſſiſt thee in thy Courſe
‘With all her Conſtellations glittering Force.
‘And as thou goeſt, thy Right Hand ſhall deſtroy
‘Twice ſix *Gomeritiſh* Tyrants in thy way.
‘Tho exil'd from the World, diſdain all Fear,
‘The Gods another World for thee prepare,
‘Which in the Boſom of the deep conceal'd
‘From Ages paſt, ſhall be to thee reveal'd.
‘Reſerv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,
‘And ſhall be bleſs'd ſtill with thy Race and Name.
‘All that the Air ſurrounds, the Fates decree
‘To *Brutus* and *Æneas* Progeny,
‘*Æneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.
This ſaid the God, from the Prophetick Oak,
Who ſtretching out her Branches further ſpoke:
‘Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from my Tree,
‘Which in thy tedious Toils of uſe ſhall be,
‘And Witneſſes of all I promiſe thee.
‘And when thy painful wandring ſhall be o'er,
‘And thou arriv'd on happy *Britains* ſhore,
‘Then in her fruitful Soil theſe Acorns ſow,
‘Which to vaſt Woods of mighty uſe ſhall grow.
‘Not their *Chaonian* Mother's ſacred Name
‘Shall o'er the World be ſung with greater Fame.
‘Then holy *Druids* thou ſhalt conſecrate,
‘My Honor and my Rites to celebrate.
‘*Teutates* in the ſacred Oak ſhall grow,
‘To give bleſs'd Omens of the *Miſſeltoe*.
Thus ſpake the Oak—with reverend Awe believ'd,
And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.
My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came,
I two Deſcents from that firſt Parent am;
And now Oraculous Truths to you proclaim.
My Grandam Oak her Blooming Beauties wore,
When firſt the *Daniſh* Fleet ſurpriz'd our Shore:
When *Thor* and *Tuiſco* and the *Saxon* Gods
Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,
Her Age two hundred years; a ſmall Account
To what our long-lived Numbers do amount,
Such Prodigies then ſhe ſaw as we behold;
And ſuch our Ruins, as their ſigns foretold.

Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came
New riſen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain,
The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,
But driv'n by Popular Winds uſurps the Shore;
In her wild Courſe a horrid Murmur yields,
And frightens with her Sound the *Engliſh* Fields.
Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
Thoſe raging Prologues to approaching War.
But Silver Showers did ſoon the Foe ſubdue,
Weapons the Noble *Engliſh* never knew.
The People, who for Peace ſo laviſh were,
Did after buy the Merchandiſe more dear.
Curſt Civil War even Peace betray'd to Guilt,
And made her bluſh with the firſt Blood was ſpilt.
O cruel Omens of thoſe future Woes,
Which now ſate brooding in the Senate Houſe!
That Den of Miſchief, where obſcur'd ſhe lyes,
And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.
The working Furies there, lay unreveal'd
Beneath the Privilege of the *Houſe* conceal'd.
There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,
And unjuſt Clamors of the frantick Crowd,
The Great, the Learned *Strafford* met his Fate;
O Sacred Innocence! what can expiate
For guiltleſs Blood, but Blood? and much muſt flow
Both from the Guilty and the Faultleſs too.
O *Worceſter*, condemn'd by Fate to be
The Mournful Witneſs of our Miſery,
And to bewail our firſt Inteſtine Wars
By thy ſoft *Severn*'s Murmurs, and her Tears;
Wars that more formidable did appear
Even at their End, than their Beginnings were.
  Me to *Kintonian* Hills ſome God convey,
That I the horrid Valley may ſurvey;
Which like a River ſeem'd of human Blood,
Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.
What Slaughters makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,
Whoſe Conqueſts Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld;
And had not Fate the Courſe of Things forbade,
This Day an End of all our Woes had made.
  But our Succeſs the angry Gods controul,
And ſtopt our Race of Glory near the Goal.
Where e'er the *Britiſh* Empire did extend,
The Tyrant War with Barbarous Rigor reign'd;
From the remoteſt Parts it rifled Peace
From the * *Belerian* Horn even to the *Orcades*.
The Fields oppreſt, no joyful Harveſts bear,
War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.
Unhappy *Albion*! by what Fury ſtung?
What Serpent of *Eumenides* has flung

*Keinton-Field. Edge-Hill,*

* *S. Burien,* the uttermoſt Point of *Cornwal.*

His Poiſon thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'ſt all o'er,
Art all one Wound, one univerſal Gore.
Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,
( Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld. )
In horrors thou *Philippi*'s Fields outvi'd
Which twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.
Long mutual Loſs, and the alternate Weight
Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate.
Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow;
At laſt in *Northern* Fields like Lightening broke;
And *Naſeby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.
But, Oh ye Gods, permit me not to tell
The Woes, that after this, the Land befel:
Oh, keep 'em to your ſelves, leſt they ſhou'd make
Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forſake:
To future Ages let 'em not be known,
For wretched *England*'s Credit, and your own.
And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,
And let my Oracles all ſilent lye,
Rather than by my Voice they ſhou'd declare
The dire Events of *England*'s Civil War.
And yet my Sight a confus'd Proſpect fills,
A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills;
Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'r behold,
Such as no human Language can unfold.
But now————
The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars,
The impious Victor all before him bears;
And oh,—behold the Sacred Vanquiſh'd flies,
And tho in a *Plebean*'s mean Diſguiſe,
I know his God-like Face; the Monarch ſure
Did ne'er diſſemble till this fatal hour.
But oh he flies, diſtreſt, forlorn he flies,
And ſeeks his ſafety 'mong his Enemies.
His Kingdoms all he finds hoſtile to be,
No place to th' vanquiſh'd proves a Sanctu'ry.
Thus Royal *Charles*————
From his own People cou'd no ſafety gain,
Alas, the King! ( their Gueſt ) implores in vain.
The Pilot thus the burning Veſſel leaves,
And truſts what moſt he fears, the threatning Waves.
But oh the cruel Flood with rude Diſdain
Throws him all ſtruggling to the Flames again:
So did the *Scots*, alas, what ſhou'd they do,
That Prize of War ( the Soldiers Intereſt now )
By Prayers and Threatnings back they ſtrive to bring,
But the wiſe *Scot* will yield to no ſuch thing;
And *England* to retrieve him buys her King.

Oh ſhame to future Worlds! who did command,
As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,
Is now a Captive-Slave expoſed to Sale;
And Villany o'er Virtue muſt prevail.
The Servant his bought Maſter bears away,
Oh ſhameful Purchaſe of ſo glorious Prey.
But yet, O *Scotland,* far be it from me,
To charge thee wholly with this Infamy;
Thy Nations Virtues ſhall reverſe that Fate,
And for the Criminal Few ſhall expiate:
Yet for theſe Few the Innocent Reſt muſt feel,
The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.
  But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,
Their Sovereign, Gods anointed they dethrone,
Who to the *Iſle of Wight* is Priſoner ſent:
What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament?
That thee, O *Scotland*, with juſt Anger moves,
And *Kent* who valued Liberty ſo loves;
And thee, O *Wales*, of ſtill as noble Fame,
As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.
But why ſhould I diſtinctly here relate
All I behold, the many Battels fought
Under the Conduct ſtill of angry Stars:
Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars;
The Blood that did the trembling *Ribla* dy,
Stopping its frighted Stream that ſtrove to fly.
Or thou, O *Medway*, ſwell'd with Slaughters, born
Above the flowery Banks that did thee once adorn.
Or why, O *Colcheſter*, ſhou'd I rehearſe
Thy brave united Courage and thy Force,
Or Deaths of thoſe illuſtrious Men relate,
Who did with thee deſerve a kinder Fate.
Or why the miſerable Murders tell
Of Captives who by cooler Malice fell.
Nor to your Griefs will this Addition bring,
The ſad Idea's of a Martyred King;
A King who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,
Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore,
Leſt that Celeſtial Piety (of Fame
O'er all the World) ſhould my ſad Accents blame.
Since Death he ſtill eſteem'd, how e'er 'twas given,
The greateſt Good, and nobleſt Gift of Heaven.
But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedneſs,
(Oh horrid to beheard, or to expreſs.)
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
With her eternal Pains and Puniſhment.
  But oh what do I ſee! alas they bring
Their Sacred Maſter forth, their God-like King,
There on a Scaffold rais'd in ſolemn State,
And plac'd before the Royal Palace Gate,

'Midſt of his Empire the black Deed was done,
While Day, and all the World were looking on.
By common Hangman's Hands—Here ſtopt the Oak,
When from the bottom of its Root there broke
A thouſand Sighs, which to the Sky ſhe lifts,
Burſting her ſolid Bark into a thouſand Clefts.
Each Branch her Tributary ſorrow gives,
And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves;
Such numbers after rainy Nights they ſhed,
When ſhowering Clouds that did ſurround her Head,
Are by the riſing Goddeſs of the Morn,
Blown off, and flie before the approaching Sun.
At which the Troop of the Green Nymphs around
Ecchoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,
Whoſe piercing ſounds from far were underſtood,
And the loud Tempeſt ſhook the wondering Wood:
And then a cruel Silence did ſucceed,
As in the gloomy Manſions of the Dead.
But after a long awful Interval
*Dryas* aſſum'd her ſad Prophetick Tale.
Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound,
Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd:
A horrid Carcaſe, without Mind or Soul,
A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.
And now who wou'd not hope there ſhou'd have been
After ſo much of Death, a quiet Scene:
Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral
Eternal Sleep ſhou'd not have ſeis'd 'em all.
But nothing leſs, for in the room of One,
Who govern'd juſtly on his peaceful Throne,
A thouſand Heads ſprung up, deform'd and baſe,
With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;
The vile, the vulgar Off-ſpring of the Earth,
Inſects of poiſonous kinds, of monſterous Birth,
And ravenous Serpents now the Land infeſt;
And *Cromwel* viler yet than all the reſt.
That Serpent even upon the Marrow preys,
Devouring Kingdoms with inſatiate Jaws.
Now Right and Wrong (mere Words confounded ly)
Rage ſets no Bounds to her Impiety;
And having once tranſgreſt the Rules of Shame,
Honor or Juſtice counts an empty Name.
In every Street, as Paſtime for the Crowd,
Erected Scaffolds reek'd with Noble Blood.
Priſons were now th' Apartments of the Brave,
Whom Tyranny commits, and only Death retrieve;
Whoſe Paths were crowded ere the Morning dawn,
Some to the Dungeons, ſome to Gibbets drawn.
But tir'd-out Cruelty pauſes for a while,
To take new Breath amidſt her Barbarous Toil.

So does not Avarice, ſhe unwearied ſtill,
Ne'er ſtops her greedy Hand from doing ill;
The Warrior may a while his Spear forſake,
But Sequeſtrators will no Reſpit take.
What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,
The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War,
What ever liberal Piety did preſent,
Or the Religion (all magnificent)
Of our Fore-fathers, to the Church had given,
And conſecrated to the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
Altars, or whatſo'er cou'd guilty be
Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,
Was not enough to ſatisfie the Rage
Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.
The impious Rout thought it a trivial thing
To rob the Houſes of their God and King,
Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,
Rejoyc'd to ſee 'em levell'd with the Ground;
As if the Nation (wicked and unjuſt)
Had even in Ruin found a certain Luſt,
On every ſide the labouring Hammers ſound,
And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound:
On every ſide the groaning Earth ſuſtains
The ponderous weight of Stones and wonderous Beams.
Fiercely they ply their Work, with ſuch a noiſe,
As if ſome mighty Structure they wou'd raiſe
For the proud Tyrant; no, this clamorous Din
Is not for building but demoliſhing.
---When (my Companions) theſe ſad things you ſee,
And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent Tree,
Long ſince repos'd in Palaces of Kings,
Torn down by furious Hands as uſeleſs things;
Then know your Fate is come; thoſe Hands that cou'd
From Houſes tear dead Beams, and long hewn Wood,
Thoſe cruel Hands by unreſiſted Force,
Will for your living Trunks find no remorſe.
  Religion, which was great of old, commands,
No Woods ſhou'd be profaned by impious Hands,
Thoſe noble Seminaries for the Fleet,
Plantations that make Towns and Cities great:
Thoſe Hopes of War, and Ornaments of Peace
Shou'd live ſecure from any Outrages,
Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,
Tear up your Roots, and rifle all your ſhade,
For gain they'll ſell you to the covetous Buyer,
A Sacrifice to every common Fire,
They'll ſpare no Race of Trees of any Age,
But murder infant Branches in their Rage:
Elms, Beeches, tender Aſhes ſhall be fell'd,
And even the Grey and Reverend Bark muſt yield:

The ſoft, the murmuring Troop ſhall be no more,
No more with Muſick charm as heretofore,
No more each little Bird ſhall build her Houſe,
And ſing in her Hereditary Boughs,
But only *Philomel* ſhall celebrate
In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate:
The baniſh'd *Hamadryads* muſt be gone,
And take their flight with ſad, but ſilent Moan;
For a Celeſtial Being ne'er complains,
Whatever be her Grief, in noiſie Strains.
The Wood-Gods fly, and whither ſhall they go,
Not all the *Britiſh* Orb can ſcarce allow,
A Trunk ſecure for them to reſt in now.
But yet theſe wild Saturnals ſhall not laſt,
Oppreſſing Vengeance follows on too faſt;
She ſhakes her brandiſh'd Steel, and ſtill denies
Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.
Do not deſpond, my Nymphs; that wicked Birth
Th' avenging Powers will chaſe from off the Earth;
Let 'em hew down the Woods, deſtroy and burn,
And all the lofty Groves to Aſhes turn;
Yet ſtill there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old *Tiburn* to rebuild,
Where they may hang at laſt; and this kind one
Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.
In the mean time (for Fate not always ſhows
A ſwift complyance to our Wiſh and Vows)
The Off-ſpring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor,
And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,
Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain
They ſeek thoſe Aids, alas, they cannot gain;
For ſtill their preſſing Fate purſues 'em hard,
And ſcarce a place of Refuge will afford.
Oh pious Son of ſuch a holy Sire!
Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?
How often toſt by Storms of Land and Sea,
Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didſt ſurvey,
And her Fatigues ſtill underwent with Joy.
Oh Royal Youth, purſue thy juſt Diſdain,
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,
Till tir'd with her Injuſtice ſhe give out,
And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.
Then that great Scepter which no human Hand
From the tenacious Tyrant can command,
Scorning the bold Uſurper to adorn,
Shall ripe and falling to thy Hand be born.
But oh, he rowzes now before his time!
Illuſtrious Youth, whoſe Bravery is a Crime,
Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why ſo faſt?
The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are caſt.

While thou all fire, fearleſs of future Harms,
And prodigal of life, aſſumeſt thy Arms.
And even provoking Fame he cuts his way
Through hoſtile Fleets, and a rude Winters Sea.
But neither ſhall his daring Courſe oppoſe,
Even to thoſe Shores ſo very late his Foes,
And ſtill to be ſuſpected; but mean while
The *Oliverian* Demons of the Iſle,
With all Hells Deities, with Fury burn,
To ſee great *Charles* preparing to return;
They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force
In vain, to ſtop his ſacred Veſſels courſe.
In vain their Storms a Ruine do prepare,
For what Fate means to take peculiar care;
And trembling find great *Ceſar* ſafe at Land,
By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortunes Hand.
But *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain,
While you your unchang'd Principles retain;
But yet the time ſhall come, when ſome ſmall ſhare
Of Glory, that great Honor ſhall confer,
When you a conquering Hero forth ſhall guide,
While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his ſide,
Who ſhall the exil'd King in Peace recal,
And *England*'s Genius be eſteem'd by all:
But this, not yet my Nymphs,—but now's the time,
When the illuſtrious Heir of *Fergus* Line,
From full a hundred Kings, ſhall mount the Throne,
Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,
After the ancient manner he receives the Crown;
But, oh, with no auſpicious Omens done,
The Left Hand of the Kingdom put it on.
But now th' inſulting Conqueror draws nigh,
Diſturbing the Auguſt Solemnity;
When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
And by a Father's Murder well inſpir'd,
The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares,
O Heir moſt worthy of thy hundred Scepter'd Anceſtors:
With Thoughts all Glorious now he ſallies forth;
Nor will he truſt his Fortune in the North,
That Corner of his Realms, nor will his haſte
Lazily wait till coming Winter's paſt;
He ſcorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppoſe
High Mountains gainſt the Fury of his Foes,
Nor their ſurrounding Force will here engage,
Or ſtay the Preſſures of a ſhameful Siege;
But boldly further on reſolves t' advance,
And give a generous Looſe to Fortunes Chance.
And ſhut from diſtant *Tay* he does eſſay
To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his way.

Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,
Amaz'd at this ſtupendous Enterpriſe.
And now the wiſh'd for happy Day appears,
Sought for ſo long by *Britain's* Prayers and Tears;
The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,
Avow'd Revenger of his Native Land.
And through a thouſand Dangers and Extremes,
Marches a Conqueror to *Sabrina's* Streams;
(Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames.*)
So wiſh'd the King, but the perſuaſive Force
Of kind miſtaken Councils ſtopt his Courſe.
Now, warlike *England*, rouze at theſe Alarms,
Provide your Horſes, and aſſume your Arms,
And fall on the Uſurper, now for ſhame,
If Piety be not Pretence and Name;
Advance the Work Heaven has ſo well begun,
Revenge the Father, and reſtore the Son.
No more let that old Cant deſtructive be,
Religion, Liberty and Property.
No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude,
(Oh you too credulous, ſenſeleſs Multitude,)
Words only form'd more eaſily to enſlave,
By every popular and pretending Knave.
But now your bleeding Land expects you ſhou'd
Be wiſe, at the expence of ſo much Blood;
Rouze then, and with awaken'd Senſe prepare
To reap the Glory of this Holy War,
In which your King and Heaven have equal ſhare.
His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,
And a juſt Ardor every Soul inflame.
But *England's* evil Genius watchful ſtill
To ruin Virtue, and incourage Ill;
Induſtrious, even as *Cromwel*, to ſubvert
Honor and Loyalty in every Heart;
A baneful Drug of four-fold Poiſon makes,
And an infernal ſleepy Aſp he takes
Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this
*Opium* that binds the Nerves with Lazineſs,
Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice:
Which all the Spirits benum, as when y' approach
The chilling wonderful *Torpedo's* Touch.
Next Drops from *Lethe's* Stream he does infuſe,
And every Breſt beſprinkles with the Juice,
Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,
Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.
Yet ſtill Great *Charles's* Valour ſtood the Teſt;
By Fortune tho forſaken and oppreſt,
Witneſs the Purple of *Sabrina's* Stream,
And the *Red-Hill*, not call'd ſo now in vain.

And *Worſter* thou, who didſt the Miſery bear,
And ſaw'ſt the End of a long fatal War.
The King, tho vanquiſh'd, ſtill his Fate outbraves,
And was the laſt the captiv'd City leaves;
Which from the Neighbouring Hills he does ſurvey,
Where round about his Bleeding Numbers lay.
He ſaw 'em rifled by th' inſulting Foe,
And ſighs for thoſe he cannot reſcue now.
But yet his Troops will rally once again,
Thoſe few eſcap'd, all ſcatter'd o'er the Plain;
Diſdain and Anger now reſolves to try
How to repair this Days Fatality,
The King has ſworn to conquer, or to dye.
*Darby* and *Willmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,
With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*,
Fiercer than Lightening; to his Monarch dear,
That brave *Achates* worth *Æneas* Care,
Applaud his great Reſolve! there's no delay
But toward the Foe in haſte they take their way,
Not by vain hopes of a new Victory fir'd,
But by a kind Deſpair alone inſpir'd.
This was the King's Reſolve, and thoſe great Few
Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to ſubdue,
Who knew that Death and the repoſing Grave
No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.
But oh this noble Courage did not reſt
In each ungenerous unconſidering Breſt,
They fearfully forſake their General,
Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,
Deaf to his Voice will no Obedience yield;
But in their haſty Flight ſcowr o'er the dreadful Field.
Oh vainly gallant Youth, what pitying God
Shall free thee from this Soul-oppreſſing Load
Of Grief and Shame; abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou haſt fed and pay'd.
Preſt with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,
And Fortune ſtill reſolv'd to be ſevere.
But yet that God———
To whom no Wonders are impoſſible
Will, to preſerve thee, work a Miracle.
And for the ſacred Father's Martyrdom
Will with a Crown reward the injur'd Son,
While thou, great *Charles*, with a prevailing Pray'r
Doſt to the Gods commend the ſafety of thy Heir;
And the Celeſtial Court of Powers Divine
With one conſent do in the *Chorus* joyn.
But why, oh why muſt I reveal the Doom,
(Oh my Companions) of the years to come;
And why divulge the Myſteries that lye
Inroll'd long ſince in Heav'ns vaſt Treaſury,

In Characters which no Dreamer can unfold,
Nor ever yet Prophetick Rapture told;
Nor the ſmall Fibres of the victim'd Beaſt,
Or Birds which Sacred Auguries have expreſt;
No Stars, or any Divination Shows
Made Myſtick by the Murmurs of the Boughs.
Yet I muſt on, with a Divine Preſage,
And tell the Wonders of the coming Age.
In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains
An ample View o'er all the Weſtern Plains,
A Grove appears, which *Boſcobel* they name,
Not known to Maps; a Grove of ſcanty Fame,
Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
But it enjoys it ſelf in its own Solitude.
And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade,
Of all the *Britiſh* Groves ſhall be more Glorious made.
Near this obſcure and deſtin'd happy Wood,
A Sacred Houſe of lucky Omen ſtood,
*White Lady* call'd; and old Records relate
'Twas once ———
To Men of Holy Orders conſecrate;
But to a King a Refuge now is made,
The firſt that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.
Oh Preſent of a wonderous Excellence!
That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.
Fortune ſhall here a better Face put on,
And here the King ſhall firſt the King lay down;
Here he diſmiſſes all his Mourning Friends,
Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,
With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to ſee,
But unconcern'd at his own Deſtiny:
Here he puts off thoſe Ornaments he wore
Through all the Splendor of his Life before;
Even his Blew Garter now he will diſcharge,
Nor keep the Warlike Figure of Saint *George*,
That holy Champion now is vanquiſh'd quite;
Alas, the Dragon has ſubdu'd the Knight;
His Crown, that reſtleſs weight of Glory now
Diveſts a while from his more eaſie Brow:
And all thoſe charming Curls that did adorn
His Royal Head—thoſe Jetty Curls are ſhorn;
Himſelf he cloaths in a coarſe Ruſſet Weed,
Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but ſo indeed;
And now the greateſt King the World e'er ſaw
Is ſubject to the Houſes ancient Law.
(A Convent once, which Poverty did profeſs,
Here, here puts off all worldly Pomp and Dreſs,)
And like a Monk a ſad Adieu he takes
Of all his Friends, and the falſe World forſakes.

But yet ere long, even this humble State,
Alas, ſhall be denied him by his Fate;
She drives him forth even from this mean Abode,
Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood,
Hungry and tir'd, to reſt and ſeek his Food.
The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,
Who feeds on Flowers, and drinks the murmuring Spring;
More happy here than on a reſtleſs Throne,
Cou'd he but call'd thoſe Shades and Springs his own:
No longer Fate will that Repoſe allow,
Who even of Earth it ſelf deprives him now.
A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford
Amidſt her Boughs, to her abandon'd Lord.
Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,
To ſave your Darling, haſten to that Grove;
(Nor think I vain Propheticks do expreſs)
In ſilence let each Nymph her Trunk poſſeſs;
O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree
Be uninhabited by a Deity;
While I the largeſt Foreſt-Oak inſpire,
And with you to this Leafy Court retire.
There keep a faithful Watch each night and day,
And with erected Heads the Fields ſurvey,
Leſt any impious Soldier paſs that way:
And ſhou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,
Which to our guarding Shade in charge was given:
Here then, my Nymphs, your King you ſhall receive,
And ſafety in your darkeſt Coverts give.
But ha, what ruſtick Swain is that I ſee
Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,
Upon whoſe knotty Root he leans his Head,
And on the Moſſy Ground has made his Bed?
And why alone? Alas, ſome Spy I fear,
For only ſuch a Wretch would wander here,
Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain defies,
Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.
Obſerve his Face, ſee his diſordered Hair
Is ruffl'd by the Tempeſt-beaten Air.
Yet look what Tracts of Grief have ag'd his Face,
Where hardly twenty years have run their Race,
Worn out with numerous Toils; and even in ſleep
Sighs ſeem to heave his Breſt, his Eyes to weep.
Nor is that Color of his Face his own,
That ſooty Veil, for ſome Diſguiſe put on,
To keep the Nobler Part from being known;
For 'midſt of all—ſomething of Sacred Light
Beams forth, and does inform my wondering ſight,
And now—ariſes to my View more bright.
Ha—can my Eyes deceive me, or am I
At laſt no true preſaging Deity?

Yet if I am, that wretched Ruſtick Thing,
Oh Heavens, and all your Powers, muſt be the King.
---Yes 'tis the King! his Image all Divine
Breaks thro' that Cloud of Darkneſs; and a Shine
Gilds all the ſooty Vizar! —but alas,
Who is't approaches him with ſuch a Pace?
Oh--'tis no Traytor, the juſt Gods I find
Have ſtill a pitying Care of human kind.
This is the Gallant, Loyal *Carles*, thrown
(By the ſame Wreck by which his King's undone.)
Beneath our Shades, he comes in Pious Care
(Oh happy Man! than *Cromwel* happier far
On whom ill Fate this Honor does confer)
He tells the King the Woods are overſpread
With Villains arm'd to ſearch that Prize, his Head:
Now poorly ſet to ſale; — the Foe is nigh,
What ſhall they do? Ah whither ſhall they fly?
They from the danger haſty Counſel took,
And by ſome God inſpir'd, aſcend my Oak;
My Oak, the largeſt in the faithful Wood;
Whom to receive I my glad Branches bow'd.
And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and ſpread
My thickeſt Leaves a Canopy o'er his Head.
The Miſſeltoe commanded to aſcend
Around his ſacred Perſon to attend,
(Oh happy Omen) ſtraight it did obey,
The Sacred Miſſeltoe attends with Joy.
Here without fear their proſtrate Heads they bow,
The King is ſafe beneath my ſhelter now;
And you, my Nymphs, with awful ſilence may
Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,
And cry, all hail, thou moſt belov'd of Heaven,
To whom it's chiefeſt Attributes are given;
But above all that God-like Fortitude,
That has the Malice of thy Fate ſubdu'd.
All hail!
Thou greateſt now of Kings indeed, while yet
With all the Miſeries of life beſet,
Thy mighty mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear,
Nor yet even then of ſafety cou'd deſpair.
This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul,
Who above Fortunes reach can all her Turns controul;
Thus if Fate rob you of your Empires Sway,
You by this Fortitude take hers away;
O brave Repriſal! which the Gods prefer,
That makes you triumph o'er the Conqueror.
The Gods who one day will this Juſtice do
Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.
That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on,
Wherein that wonderous Miracle ſhall be ſhown:

May its gay Morn be more than uſual bright,
And riſe upon the World with new created Light;
Or let that Star whoſe dazling Beams were hurl'd
Upon his Birth-Day, now inform the World,
That brave bold Conſtellation, which in ſight.
Of Mid-day's Sun durſt lift its Lamp of Light.
Now, happy Star again at Mid-day riſe,
And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies;
Great *Charles* again is born, *Monk*'s valiant Hand
At laſt delivers the long labouring Land.
This is the Month, Great Prince, muſt bring you forth,
*May* pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth;
This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,
O Month moſt Glorious, Month moſt Fortunate:
When you between your Royal Brothers rode,
Amidſt your ſhining Train attended like ſome God,
One would believe that all the World were met
To pay their Homage at your Sacred Feet.
The wandering Gazers, numberleſs as theſe,
Or as the Leaves on the vaſt Foreſt Trees.
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din
Reſounds to Heaven: and then, Long live the King:
And ſure the Shouts of their re-ecchoed Joys
Reach'd to the utmoſt Bounds of diſtant Seas,
Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,
And ſtrike the Foreign Shores with awful Fear.
O 'tis a wonderous Pleaſure to be mad,
Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.
Permit it now ye Stoicks, ne'er till now,
The Frenzy you more juſtly might allow,
Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,
And wretched Fury of ſo many years.
Nor will the Night her Sable Wings diſplay
T' obſcure the Luſtre of ſo bright a day.
At leaſt the much tranſported Multitude
Permits not the dark Goddeſs to intrude;
The whole Iſle ſeem'd to burn with joyful Flames,
Whoſe Rays gilt all the Face of Neighbouring *Thames*.
But how ſhall I expreſs the Vulgars Joys,
Their Songs, their Feaſts, their Laughter and their Cries;
How Fountains run with the Vines precious Juice,
And ſuch the flowing Rivers ſhou'd produce,
Their Streams the richeſt Nectar ſhould afford:
The Golden Age ſeems now again reſtor'd.
See --- ſmiling Peace does her bright Face diſplay,
Down thro' the Air ſerene ſhe cuts her way,
Expels the Clouds, and riſes on the Day.
Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy ſhe brings,
Embracing *Albion* with her Snowy Wings;

Nor comes ſhe unattended, but a Throng
Of Noble *Britiſh* Matrons brings along.
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modeſty,
Religion, long ſince fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety:
Juſtice from Fraud and Perjury forc'd to fly;
Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty.
Bleſt Liberty, thou faireſt in the Train,
And moſt eſteem'd in a juſt Prince's Reign.
With theſe, as lov'd, Great *Mary* too return'd,
In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd.
You, Royal Mother! you, whoſe only Crime
Was loving *Charles*, and ſharing Woes with him.
Now Heaven repays, tho ſlow, yet juſt and true,
For him Revenge, and juſt Rewards for you.
Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,
How well have you in either Fortune ſhown,
In either, ſtill your Mind was all your own;
The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in Virtues Centre ſtill remain.
And now, juſt Prince! thou thy great Mind ſhalt bring
To the true weighty Office of a King.
The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand ſhall cure,
Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and ſure;
And by inſenſible Degrees efface
Of foregone Ill the very Scars and Trace.
Force to the injur'd Law thou ſhalt reſtore,
And all that Majeſty it own'd before.
Thou long corrupted Manners ſhalt reclaim,
And Faith and Honor of the *Engliſh* Name;
Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain
Their baniſh'd Maſter, when return'd again.
All over-run with Weeds he finds, but ſoon
Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune,
The weaken'd Arms of the ſick Vine he'll raiſe,
And with kind Bands ſuſtain the looſen'd Sprays.
Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
And with his Art and Skill make all things new.
A Work immenſe, yet ſweet, and which in future Days,
When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raiſe,
The happy Gard'ners Labor over-pays.
Cities and Towns, Great Prince, thy Gardens be
With Labor cultivated, worthy Thee.
In decent Order thou doſt all diſpoſe:
Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves diſdain'd;
He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,
He all our drooping Fortunes has ſuſtain'd.

As young Colonies of Trees thou doſt replace
I'th' empty Realms of our Arboreal Race;
Nay, doſt our Reign extend to future Days;
And bleſt Poſterity, ſupinely laid,
Shall feaſt and revel underneath thy Shade.
Cool Summer Arbors then thy Gift ſhalt be,
And their bright Winter Fires they'll owe to thee.
To thee thoſe Beams their Palaces ſuſtain,
And all their floating Caſtles on the Main.
Who knows, Great Prince, but thou this happy Day
For Towns and Navies mayſt Foundations lay
After a thouſand years are roll'd away.
Reap thou thoſe mighty Triumphs then which for thee grow,
And mighty Triumphs for ſucceeding Ages ſow:
Thou Glory's craggy Top ſhalt firſt eſſay,
Divide the Clouds, and mark the ſhining Way;
To Fame's bright Temples ſhalt thy Subjects guide,
Thy *Britains* bold, almoſt of Night deny'd.
The foaming Waves thy dread Commands ſhall ſtay,
Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.
The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,
And thy three Kingdoms ſhall thy Trident be.
What Madneſs, O *Batavians!* you poſſeſt,
That the Sea's Scepter you'd from *Britain* wreſt,
Which Nature gave, whom ſhe with Floods has crown'd,
And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round;
The reſt o'th' World's juſt kiſs'd by *Amphitrite*,
*Albion* ſh' embraces, all her dear delight.
You ſcarce th' inſulting Ocean can reſtrain,
Nor bear the Aſſaults of the beſieging Main,
Your Graafts and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.
And yet, what fond Ambition ſpurs you on?
You dare attempt to make the Seas your own.
O'er the vaſt Ocean, which no Limit knows,
The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impoſe:
But *Charles* his lively Valour this defies,
And this the ſturdy *Britiſh* Oak denies.
O'er empty Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fleet
Sings Triumphs, while there was no Foe to meet.
But fear not, *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,
He'll ſoon be here, and interrupt thy Song,
Too late thou'lt of thy haſty Joys complain,
And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.
Great *James*, as ſoon as the firſt Whiſper came,
Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,
With eager haſte returns, as faſt as they
After the dreadful Fight will run away.
And now the Joyful *Engliſh* from afar
Approaching ſaw the floating *Belgian* War.

Hark what a Shout they give, like thoſe who come
From long *Eaſt-Indy* Voyage rich loaden home,
When firſt they make the happy *Britiſh* Land,
The dear White Rocks, and *Albion*'s Chalky Strand.
The way to all the reſt, brave *Rupert* ſhow'd,
And thro' their Fleet cuts out his flaming Road,
*Rupert*, who now had ſtubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heaven on his ſide engaging, and the Wind:
Famous by Land and Sea; whoſe Valor ſoon
Blunts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.
Next comes illuſtrious *James*, and where he goes,
To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes,
To th' Royal Sovereign's Deck he ſeems to grow,
Shakes his broad Sword, and ſeeks an equal Foe.
Nor did bold *Opdam*'s mighty Mind refuſe
The dreadful Honor which 'twas Death to chuſe.
Both Admirals with haſte for Fight prepare,
The reſt might ſtand and gaze; themſelves a War.
O whither, whither, *Opdam*, doſt thou flie?
Can this raſh Valor pleaſe the pow'rs on high:
It can't, it won't—or woud'ſt thou proudly die
By ſuch a mighty Hand? no *Opdam*, no:
Thy Fate's to periſh b' yet a nobler Foe.
Heav'n only, *Opdam*, ſhall thy Conqu'ror be,
A Labor worth its while, to conquer thee.
Heav'n ſhall be there, to guard its beſt lov'd Houſe,
And juſt Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.
The mighty Ship a hundred Canons bore,
A hundred Canons which like Thunder roar;
Six times as many Men in Shivers torn,
E'er one Broadſide, or ſingle Shot 't had born,
Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky
In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh,
Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen ſcatter'd lie.
Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty Wretches is not known,
Tho likely 'tis: *Amboina*'s Wickedneſs,
And broken Peace and Oaths deſerv'd no leſs,
Or whether fatal Gunpowder it were
By ſome unlucky Spark enkindled there;
Even Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod,
The fiery Shaft of an avenging God,
The flaming Wrack the hiſſing Deep floats o'er,
Far, far away, almoſt to either ſhore,
Which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw,
A trembling pity, mixt with dreadful aw.
But pity yet ſcarce any room can find,
What Noiſe, what Horror ſtill remains behind?

On either ſide does wild confuſion reign,
Ship grapples Ship, and ſink into the Main.
The *Orange* careleſs of loſt *Opdam's* Fate
Will next, To attack victorious *James* prepare,
Worthy to periſh at the ſelf ſame rate,
But *Engliſh* Guns ſufficient Thunder bear;
By *Engliſh* Guns, and human Fire o'erpowr'd,
'Tis quickly in the hiſſing Waves devour'd.
Three Ships beſides are burnt, if Fame ſays true,
None of whoſe baſer Names the Goddeſs knew;
As many more the Dolphin did ſubdue.
Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur ſteep,
And ſend 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
So burns a City, ſtorm'd and fir'd by night,
The Shades are pierc'd with ſuch a dreadful Light;
Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke
Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.
   Can Fire in Water then ſuch Licence claim?
Juſtly the Water hides it ſelf for ſhame:
The dreadful Wrack outſtretching far away
Vaſt Ruins o'er its trembling Boſom lay;
Here Maſts and Rudders from their Veſſels torn,
There Sails and Flags acroſs the Waves are born,
A thouſand floating Bodies there appear,
As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.
If any where the Sea it ſelf's reveal'd
With horrid purple Tracks the azure Wave's conceal'd.
All ſunk or took, 'twere tedious to relate,
And all the ſad variety of Fate
One day produces --- with what Art and Skill
Ev'n Chance ingenious ſeems, to ſave or kill,
To ſpare, or to torment who e'er ſhe will,
The vulgar Deaths, below the Muſe to heed
Not only Faith, but Number too exceed,
Three noble Youths by the ſame ſudden Death,
A brave Example to the World bequeath;
Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,
All at one fatal Moment's Warning die,
Torn by one Shot, almoſt one Body they,
Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay.
Who wou'd not Fortune harſh and barbarous call,
Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal,
For next to theſe --- I tremble ſtill with fear,
My Joys diſturb'd while ſuch a danger near,
Fearleſs, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral ſtood,
Stunn'd with the Blow, and ſprinkled with their Blood.
Fiercer he preſſes on, while they retir'd,
He preſſes on with Grief, and Anger fir'd.

Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage
The *Engliſh* Valor, warm'd with double Rage.
Breaks with their Loſſes, and a Cauſe ſo ill,
Their ſhatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,
Till trembling *Rhine* opens his Harbors wide,
Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:
From our hot Chaſe their ſhatter'd Fleet he'd hide,
And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.
In ſacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,
Yet many future wond'rous things conceal'd,
But this to grace ſome future *Bard* will ſerve,
For better Poets this the Gods reſerve.

*FINIS.*

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